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PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAYS;

TO WHICH ARE SUBJOINED,

498

2357

CPIOUS NOTES,

CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,

AND

A SUPPLEMENTARY NARRATIVE;

WITH

*AN APPENDIX.*

---

BY JAMES OGILVIE.

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PHILADELPHIA:

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DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the seventeenth day of October, in the forty-first year of the independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1816, JAMES OGILVIE, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit:

*Philosophical Essays; to which are subjoined, Copious Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and a Supplementary Narrative; with an Appendix.*

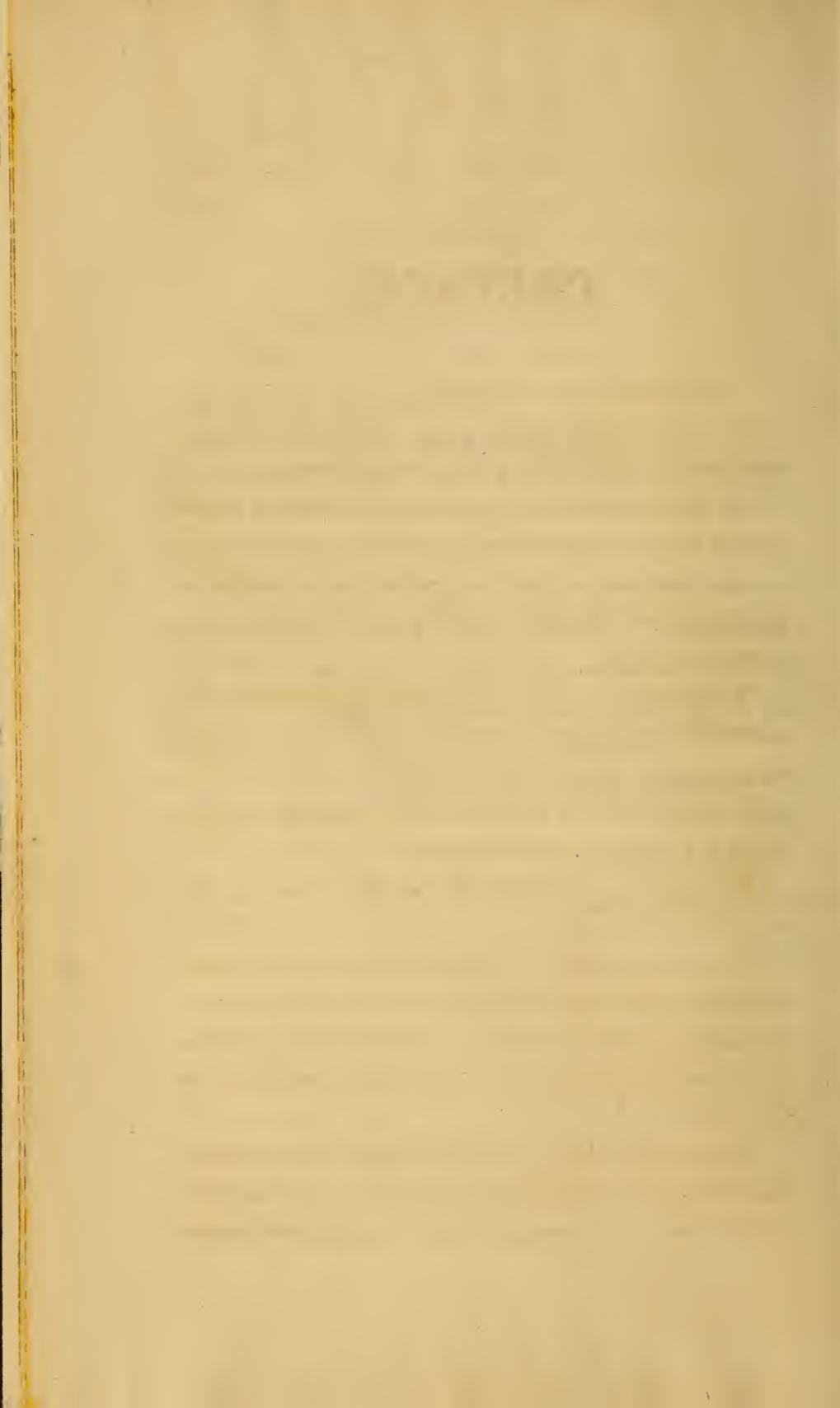
In conformity to the act of Congress of the United States entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned." And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

DAVID CALDWELL,  
Clerk of the District of Pennsylvania.

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## PREFACE.

NEARLY seven years have elapsed, since the Author of the contents of this volume, undertook a literary enterprise, of no ordinary magnitude and difficulty.

In the prosecution of his design, he arrived a few months ago, at a stage somewhat critical: Farther success became worthless, or hopeless; without the acquisition of permanent and extended celebrity, as a philosophical writer.

The views and motives, by which he was induced to undertake the execution of this enterprise, and the circumstances which brought him, (somewhat abruptly,) to the stage to which he now adverts; are fully explained and detailed in a Supplementary Narrative.

He could not stand still: He would not recede, and therefore must go on.

Whether that share of permanent and extended celebrity, which is essential to further success in the execution of this enterprise, be or be not, within his reach; will be determined by the reception of the volume, now offered to the public.

Far from auguring a favourable reception as an author, from his success as a disclaimer; he is fully aware, that this very success, is on several accounts unpropitious to the

completion of the aspiring hopes, which he would gladly indulge.

The eclat of popular declamation, on the Rostrum, depends upon so many circumstances wholly independent of superior capacity or cultivation; so many circumstances perfectly contemptible in the view of generous ambition; so many circumstances, compatible with mental imbecility, and even with depravity, in the characters of those who may obtain this eclat; that it would be difficult, even to imagine, a more equivocal or shallow evidence of personal merit, value, or virtue, than, (taken singly,) such success exhibits.

Any thing, how superficial and sophistical soever in substance; however faulty, tumid, or meretricious in its style, if delivered with a certain degree of animation, energy, and grace; will *often* not only escape censure, but even extort a plaudit, from a miscellaneous audience.

It ought to be recollected too, that the attempt, (in the incipient stages of the enterprise which he has undertaken,) to exhibit specimens of luminous analysis, or philosophical reasoning, on the Rostrum; would not only have been preposterous, but a whimsical kind of suicide.

Any public speaker, however gifted by nature, or graced by culture, with the natural and acquired powers of oratory, who may make this attempt, in the early stages of such an enterprise; may *begin* by addressing a very numerous and fashionable audience, but will assuredly *close* his oration, if he speaks *three-quarters of an hour*, in the presence of a very select one.

It would indeed be difficult to devise a more effectual process, for getting rid of all the *admiring* spectators and delighted *auditors* of popular declamation: of all the listless listeners, and yawning lookers on, who assemble to hearken “arrectis auribus,” to Stentorian declaimers; clap, shout, stare and wonder at dextrous, or ambidextral gesticulators and graceful attitudinarians.

As a “caveat” against misconception, the author again intimates; that these remarks have relation only to the incipient and retrospective stages, incident to the prosecution of the design, which he has undertaken.

A more enlarged view of the prospective dignity, grandeur, and usefulness of the oratory of the Rostrum, will be afterwards presented.

He charges no intelligent person, therefore, with illiberality or injustice, who refused him any portion of his admiration or respect, on the score of his success as a declaimer; or who, viewing his pretensions merely in that light, may have been disposed to regard, and even brand him, as a literary empiric and adventurer.

In his first efforts to execute this enterprise, it became in some measure unavoidable, that he should assume this character, and that he should appear in this character exclusively, to the view of a great majority of the intelligent persons to whom, (from the essential publicity of his exhibitions,) his name and pursuit became casually known.

To have for years submitted patiently, (or as patiently as he could,) to the abhorred suspicions and misconceptions, which this character necessarily and justly draws

along with it; is not the least painful or costly sacrifice, which he has made, with a view to the ultimate success of an enterprise, as disinterested in its purpose, as grand and noble in its objects, as any that has ever awakened the aspirations of philanthropy and generous ambition.

He has at length, however, arrived at a stage in the prosecution of his design, (and he is proud and happy that he has lived to reach a stage,) which calls for other and higher qualifications and accomplishments, than those of a popular disclaimer: And although at this stage, his self-love may be mortified, and his presumption punished, by a public exhibition of his deficiency in these qualifications and accomplishments; an opportunity is nevertheless afforded him, to vindicate the disinterestedness of his purpose, and to exhibit the dignity and usefulness of his pursuit, in a light so clear and conspicuous; as to make misconception impossible, misrepresentation impotent, and to strike disparagement and detraction dumb.

Such are the views and motives, and such is the tone of feeling, with which the contents of this volume, have been prepared for the press.

In selecting the subjects of the following Essays; in discussing the subtle and interesting questions which are involved in these subjects; in writing the copious and numerous notes which are annexed, and the singular narrative which is subjoined to these Essays; in a word,—from the *first* page of this volume to the *last*, these motives and views, and this tone of feeling; have never been, *even for a moment*, overlooked, postponed, or suspended.

It will, he trusts, be admitted, that the subjects are *fairly* chosen; that they are subjects in the highest degree interesting and important, and fitted to exercise the ingenuity, and task the strength of the most penetrated and cultivated intellect: In attempting to analyse and illustrate these subjects; no elegance of diction, no splendour of declamation, no artifice of rhetoric, no sophistical dexterity, (if the attempt be made through the medium of the press,) can, in an age like this, veil superficial thinking, or protect elementary error, from certain and speedy detection; from ignominious and public exposure.

In the progress of his attempt to analyse and illustrate these subjects, the Author has evaded the investigation of no question, which they fairly involve; turned his back upon no adversary, however formidable or authoritative; declined no contest, or controversy, however difficult or delicate.

If he has occasionally descended to verbal criticism, or to the discussion of questions comparatively frivolous; it has been, because he could not *meet* his adversary on more elevated ground; because his *rank* and *authority* in the Republic of letters, gave a *factitious* importance to his dicta and decisions; or because his dicta and decisions, disparage the FAME of bards, whose fame, every *living* admirer of poetry, is inviolably bound to vindicate, and whose wrongs he has sworn by “nature and nature’s God,” to avenge.

In an age like this, and in *this country*, in the composition of Philosophical Essays; to extend indulgence, grant mercy, or even to give quarter, to what the Author con-

scientiously believes to be ERROR, is base; to ask for indulgence, mercy or even quarter, is pusillanimous; to indulge a hope, or harbour an expectation, that he can claim or obtain any thing but JUSTICE, betrays egregious ignorance and weakness.

*Candid* and *intelligent* readers may be disposed to construe the precipitancy and unpreparedness, with which the contents of this volume have been committed to the press, as a sort of apology, not for errors in reasoning, (such errors are inexpiable,) but for occasional looseness, infelicity, or inaccuracy of expression.

But the Author does not urge, much less does he *rely* on, any apology of this sort; even for faultiness or negligence of expression.

The reader has unquestionably a right to say to the Author,

“ If you were unprepared, *why* did you publish? your exigencies and unpreparedness, are no concern of mine. The book which I have purchased, and its merits and demerits, are all about you, respecting which I feel any interest.”

Agreed:

But although in cases of this sort, apologies are inadmissible, and in fact do nothing, or do mischief: The propriety of polite and candid explanation, will not be questioned.

Where an author writes in a style, in any respect peculiar, he certainly has a right to explain the causes, or motives of such peculiarity.

Of the relevancy or irrelevancy of the reasons he may assign, as well as of the appropriateness or inappropriateness of the style which he may adopt, the reader has an unquestioned right to judge.

But the author has also the right, which in the introduction he is about to exercise, and it is but doing justice to himself, (in other words, he owes it to himself,) to state, fairly and fully, his reasons for adopting whatever may be, or may *seem* to be, peculiar, in the style, manner, or matter of the following Essays.

A man surely has duties to himself, as well as to others: justice is due to himself, precisely for the same reasons, that it is due to others.

Those very courteous and self-denying persons who profess to think only of others, are in fact very generally the persons, who are most prone to think only of, and feel only for, themselves.



## INTRODUCTION.

IN examining and controverting the opinions of celebrated authors, true dignity and independence of mind, call for a tone of feeling, which it is less difficult to conceive than to describe, and far less difficult to describe, than to adopt and maintain.

To treat with levity or irreverence the buried benefactors of mankind, the disembodied and immortal spirits, the tutelary and beneficent minds, to whose genius, philanthropy, and wisdom, we “owe a debt immense of endless gratitude!”

To treat with levity or irreverence, the departed luminaries of the world; to utter their very names without homage; to survey the sculptured symbols of their mortality, without holy awe, and pious affection, betrays not only an inglorious and grovelling, but a mean and malignant spirit.

Their very names are hallowed, their sepulchres are inviolable!—

“Even in their ashes live their wonted fires.”

“Vile,” most vile—

“Is the vengeance on the ashes cold,”

and “base,” most base, is the envy,

“That barks at sleeping fame.”

To the words and to the actions of the illustrious dead, we are consciously indebted for whatever gives the age in which we live a claim to superiority; and the state of so-

ciety in which we are born, a title to preference: For whatever exalts our condition above that of our progenitors or contemporaries: for whatever endears or ennobles our existence: for whatever best asserts, or most worthily supports the dignity of human nature: for whatever enables man to maintain dominion in the world we inhabit.

But truth must not be sacrificed to admiration; justice to gratitude; nor duty to affection.

Rational beings, because they are rational, must “admire with knowledge.”

Reverence for the memory of the illustrious dead, must not degenerate into idolatry; gratitude for their services into blindness to their errors; or veneration for their virtues, into an oblivion of the imperfection and corruption of fallible and fallen man.

Truth alone has a claim to our unqualified acquiescence, and the God of truth only, is entitled to our adoration.

It is only by detecting and exposing error, and the errors into which the greatest and the best of mortals have been betrayed, (because *their* errors are most likely to be authoritative and seductive,) that we can advance in that progressive improvement, in which man, “in sight of mortal and immortal powers,” is destined “to run

“The great career of JUSTICE.”

The intellectual and moral improvement of mankind, is the most precious of all sublunary things: This improvement can be advanced only: Advanced! This improvement essentially *consists*, in the detection of received errors; in the discovery and development of truths previously unknown to the most exalted and enlightened of our progenitors; or, in the wiser and more beneficial application of the truths, which they have immortalized their names by discovering and perpetuating.

If we conceive our ancestors, at any previous stage of intellectual improvement, to have shut the book of inquiry, and adopted with blind admiration and unreasoning reverence, the opinions of the wisest and best of mortals, who had lived before them: From that era!

Human reason in “dim eclipse,” would have “shed disastrous twilight,” not “o'er half,” but o'er *all* the nations:

It is, as if we conceive the sun to set, to rise no more, and that we were condemned henceforth, to grope our way, through the “dim spot,” then dim indeed! “which men call earth,” by artificial light, and ripen its fruits by culinary fire.

“Like bubbles on the sea of matter born,” “we rise, we break, and” (the best and greatest, as well as the worst and least of mortals,) “to that sea return.”

The genius and the wisdom of our progenitors, resemble the beacons that guide the mariner to the haven of safety, or the buoys that warn him to shun the devouring quicksand, and the latent rock.

But truth, alone, like orbs of heaven, sheds its inextinguishable and blessed light o'er the surface, and governs the flux and reflux of that trackless, fathomless, and shoreless sea; imparts polarity to the magnet, salubrity to the atmosphere, and transibility to the ocean; cheers the despondence, revives the hope, and tempers the fortitude of the mariner, amidst every casualty of fortune, and every vicissitude of the winds and waves: under the storm of adversity, the night of ignorance, and the eclipse of superstition.

To the intellectual, and *consequently* to the moral improvement of mankind, we are one and all, each according to his place, capacity, cultivation, and opportunities, bound to contribute.

This is a debt which no individual can discharge for

another, because it is due from each to all: which can never be overpaid, because the quota of contribution increases with the ability of the contributor; the payment of which can never be burdensome, because in discharging it, the individual performs his most important duties, personal as well as social; most truly consults his interest in time, and through eternity; most certainly secures happiness here and hereafter; most successfully asserts his claim to glory, *present* and *posthumous*.

Man and woman, who *thus* act their parts, and perform their duties, may defy, calmly defy! the united hostility of earth, and death, and hell, to invalidate their titles to a place amongst the benefactors of their species.

Science has been often likened to a hill: The allegory is in many respects, appropriate and happy. Gifted and ruling minds, in every succeeding generation, ought to ascend a step higher along that steep ascent, on whose sightless summit, things grander and more precious than suns and stars, rest their stupendous weight.

In ascending, the sphere of mental vision widens: truth sheds abroad a clearer and more unclouded light. He therefore, who occupies a higher station may see farther, with a feebler, and more distinctly, with a coarser vision, than those who occupy inferior stations.

A more enlarged horizon implies not a keener, or a clearer sight, but a more elevated position.

To the adventurous spirit, to the noble enterprise, to the indefatigable industry and perseverance of our ancestors, in ascending this “holy hill;” we are indebted for that very superiority of position, which enables us to comprehend an ampler and more diversified intellectual prospect.

In earnestly observing, and profoundly meditating, comparing and connecting the new objects that successively arrest attention, or former and even familiar objects, which are more distinctly unveiled; in detecting and exposing the

ocular deceptions, into which those who stood below us have been betrayed, not by weakness or obliquity of vision, but by faintness of intellectual light, or the less extended range of their sensible horizon; we act our independent parts most worthily and wisely, as intelligent and social beings: We testify in a manner the most acceptable to our Creator, and beneficial to our fellow-creatures, our reverence and gratitude to those who have gone before us.

The influence of these cherished sentiments and matured convictions, will, the Author trusts, be discernible in the far greater part of this volume: he prays the liberal and intelligent reader, to ascribe whatever is not written in this spirit, to the peculiar antipathies, and partialities, by which the judgment and the feelings of every human being, are more or less biassed.

There is another point, in relation to which, (although it be comparatively unimportant,) the Author thinks it will be proper to offer an explanation, somewhat more copious and detailed.

He is aware that the style of the following Essays is more rhetorical, than is usual in philosophical disquisitions.

This peculiarity is partly intentional, and partly involuntary. These Essays, although not he hopes without claims to the attention of philosophical readers, are especially addressed to a numerous and most interesting class of readers, at a stage of intellectual improvement, and a time of life, when the faculty or habit of THINKING accurately and deeply, is little and rarely cultivated; when the practical results to which philosophical speculations lead, are but superficially examined, or partially and casually unveiled.

To attract and fix the attention of such readers, familiar, striking and copious illustrations, conveyed in a style in some degree vivid and embellished, are not admissible merely, but confessedly necessary.

The writer, however, is fully aware that such illustrations and embellishment are admissible, and can be acceptable, or even tolerable, to good taste; not so far merely as *may consist* with the analysis and development, but so far as they are *subservient* to the accurate analysis, and perspicuous development, of elementary principles.

To sacrifice profoundness of thought, or perspicuity of elucidation, in order to render philosophical inquiries acceptable, attractive and popular; would be as if an armourer should enhance the costliness, or embellish the shape of military weapons, in a mode that impaired their due weight, temper, solidity, or sharpness.

It is generally admitted, it is gratefully acknowledged by every liberal and enlightened mind, that Dugald Stuart, has done more to recommend the philosophy of the human mind to general attention, than any of his predecessors and contemporaries; by the elegance of his style, and by the copiousness, felicity, and beauty of his illustrations.

But the work which its accomplished author, with an almost culpable excess of modesty, has entitled “*Observations on Zoonomya\**,” presents, perhaps, the most striking

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\* Greatly as the writer admires the “*Observations on Zoonomya*,” he cannot forbear to express his astonishment, that the dogma of general ideas, should have found temporary refuge, from the oblivion into which it was falling, in the ingenuity of so profound a thinker, and so accomplished a writer.

This is one of those intellectual anomalies, which would scarcely have been credible on any authority, less direct and explicit than that of the author himself.

The fate of the “*Observations*” has been somewhat singular: When error, however imposing and popular, is thoroughly refuted and exposed; the refutation descends to oblivion along with, or soon after, the refuted error.

But if these *Observations* are surrendered to oblivion, they are gloriously entombed: They are buried in the ruins of one of the most splendid and *seemingly* stable structures of theoretical ingenuity.

and satisfactory evidence, hitherto offered to the world; how successfully the driest and most recondite truths of philosophy, may be recommended to the attention of unphilosophical readers, by rhetorical embellishment and the graces of diction.

Whether we regard the clearness, closeness and severity of its reasoning; the elegance of its style, or, the truly Attic urbanity with which the errors of Darwin are detected and refuted, this work may be held up as a model of controversial logic.

With the exception, perhaps, of Adam Smith's "Essay (unfinished as it is,) on the Imitative Arts," Barclay's "Theory of Vision," and the article in the Edinburgh Review, in which Allison's "Essay on Taste" is examined; there is not to be found in our language, a finer specimen of analysis, than the chapter "On Madness" in the "Observations on Zoonomya."

But this subject presents itself to the reflecting mind in another and far more interesting light.

We live at an era portentous and eventful, beyond parallel in the records of authentic history.

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In removing the hypothetical rubbish with which Darwin had encumbered the field of philosophical speculation, his accomplished antagonist has, we may hope, prepared an ample area for the profound and original speculations, with which he will himself favour the world.

He has acted in this instance, like a sagacious and skilful engineer, who perceiving that his adversary occupies an advantageous station, storms and demolishes his fortress, in order that he may plant his own artillery, on the ground from which he dislodges him.

The glory he has acquired in demolishing one of the fortresses of error, is but an earnest of the trophies that await him, when he opens his battery under the banners of truth: A successful siege is an appropriate prelude to a glorious victory.

The Demon of despotism, and the Demon of innovation,

“ Like two black clouds, with heaven’s artillery fraught,  
“ Have join’d their dark encounter in mid air.”

“ Terra tremit.” Nations feel the shock.

“ Fugere ferae, et mortalia corda  
“ Per gentes, humilis stravit pavor.”

But, blessed be God! the beneficent spirit of moral improvement and reform, has descended from heaven, “ with healing under his wings;” silently walks the earth like a viewless seraph, and is commissioned, we trust, by “ Our Father who is in heaven,” to “ blow the signal,” not to “join,” but to suspend that “ dark encounter;” remand these demons “ thither whence they fled;” and

“ Pleased the Almighty’s mandates to perform,  
to

“ Ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm.”

At this portentous and eventful era, the gradual abolition of whatever is barbarous or noxious in established institutions, and the dissipation of the ignorance in which whatever is barbarous and noxious originated, are more immediately promoted and certainly effected, by extending the knowledge and facilitating the useful application of truths previously known, than by the discovery of new truths.

Banks of deposit, although they may contain a much greater quantity of treasure, are less useful than banks of circulation.

The “ shallow stream that runs dimpling all the way,” through meadows and vales, may contribute more to fertilize the soil and nourish vegetation, than the deep and extended lake, in whose “ unfathomed caves, many a gem of purest ray serene,” lies buried.

Authors who adopt a style somewhat more vivid and embellished than is usual in philosophical disquisition, with a view to extend the circulation of useful knowledge; and who by adopting this style *do* awaken the curiosity, arrest and sustain the attention of many readers, who would have shut, or averted the “mind’s eye” to the cold and colourless light of abstract truth; if they are not entitled to approbation, have surely a claim to indulgence.

Even the caution and reserve which such authors manifest in the development and illustration of fundamental truths, may be necessary to promote the circulation of knowledge, to enlighten and liberalize public opinion: May conspire, with other causes, to enlist common-sense, popularity, and even fashion, under the everlasting banner which the press has unfurled: To allure many minds, (that would otherwise remain neutral, or hostile to the cause of justice,) into the ranks of the silently-moving, ever-active, constantly-increasing, and ultimately irresistible host, which progressive civilization, has arrayed on the side of political and moral reform.

Philosophical truth, may be innocently beheld in its native nakedness and theoretical abstraction, in solitary contemplation, or in the confidential converse of congenial minds: As water preserves its transparency and purity in a lake or reservoir, and glides in a limpid current through the cultured garden or the flowery vale: But philosophical truths, (even the truths most important to the well-being of society,) must be more or less adulterated by popular prejudice, when they begin to circulate; as the same element, is impeded by the rocks, and contracts impurity from the channel, over which it flows.

The substance of the massy ingot is unalloyed, but the admixture of a baser metal, makes a part of the exchangeable value of circulating coin.

How far considerations of this sort ought to soften the severity of philosophical criticism, in exposing whatever may be inappropriate, or offensive to good taste in the style; or in denouncing, whatever may be erroneous or deficient in the reasoning of such authors, are questions, in relation to which,

“ *Satius est silere, quam parcus dicere.*”

It is unquestionably not the right merely, but the duty of supreme and appellate tribunals of criticism, to detect and expose the errors that may escape the attention, elude the vigilance, or baffle the penetration of subordinate tribunals: to reverse the erroneous or iniquitous decisions, which, (from ignorance, prejudice, or corruption,) they may have pronounced.

It is their high and holy office, not only to purify the fountains from which knowledge issues, but to detect whatever may contaminate its streams in the remotest, subtlest, and most secret channels along which they flow, or strata through which they percolate.

It is their godlike office, not only to expel or neutralize whatever has a tendency to taint, but to evolve incessantly those latent, elementary, uncombined, and vital truths, that impart salubrity and genial influence to the atmosphere of public opinion.

From these high tribunals, in the exercise of their “dread vicegerency,” truth ought to pronounce her stern award: Taste ought to shed its “selectest influence.”

“ *Judex damnatur, si nocens absolvitur.*”

“ *Fiat JUSTITIA,*”

are their characteristic and monitory mottoes, not less monitory, as regards the duties of the judge, than as regards the rights of the claimant for literary justice.

The Author, meanwhile, deems it fair and even prudent to acknowledge, that the peculiarity of style, to which he now adverts, is partly involuntary.

Occupied, as his leisure has been, during twelve years, in imparting knowledge to immature and uninformed minds, through the medium principally of oral lectures, and during the last six years, in delivering specimens of oratory from the Rostrum; he has been necessarily led to consider more the effect, which, what he composed in the closet, would produce on the *feelings* of the spectator and auditor, than on the *mind* of the solitary reader.

He has been led to cultivate more anxiously, the mode of expression and illustration, that seemed best adapted to rivet the attention, interest the feelings, and amuse the imaginations of a miscellaneous audience; than the style which best deserves the approbation of intelligent readers and accomplished critics.

He cannot, therefore but fear, that the peculiarity of his style will depreciate the value of his literary labours in the estimation of such readers and critics, and make an impression inauspicious to his usefulness and reputation as an author.

But he indulges a hope, and he will not, he trusts, expose himself to the charge of unpardonable presumption, in venturing to promise; that, if the reception of this volume be not so discouraging, as to extinguish in his bosom all hope of future success as a philosophical writer; the influence of this habit will be less and less *offensively* discernible, in what he may hereafter offer to the public.

He is encouraged to indulge this hope, even by the very infirmity, from which this habit derives its inveteracy; his love of *literary fame*, and *popular applause*.

In whatever he may hereafter revise or compose, he hopes to be permitted to direct his attention more earnestly, and with far *other* earnestness and far *nobler* ambition; to

the impression which what he is writing, will make; not on the *feelings*, of a crowd of fugitive, ever shifting, and miscellaneous auditors, but on the *minds* of a numerous and extending circle of intelligent readers.

He will and *does* indulge this delightful day-dream, even if in the sequel, “disappointment should smile,” (sigh rather,) “at Hope’s career.”

He will and does indulge the delightful day-dream, (although he has long felt that “sickness of the heart, which arises from hope deferred,”) that he will be permitted to court distinction and contend for glory, on an ampler and grander field of usefulness; and that on another theatre, and under better auspices, the Rostrum itself, will present an ampler and grander field of glory and of good.

The author begs leave to add, that the subject of the third essay (“The modern abuse of moral Fiction,”) presents a subject so peculiarly susceptible of rhetorical embellishment; so admirably adapted to the purposes of impassioned declamation, that no apology is offered for the style in which it is written.

He can truly say, that every sentence of this essay came, (gushed he had almost said!) from his heart; and every sentence, will, he hopes, find its way to the hearts and minds of that most interesting class of readers to whom it is addressed.

Happy, to the full extent of his wishes, if he has succeeded in exposing the abuse of a species of composition, of all others, the most attractive and popular: by which, according to its use or abuse, incalculable good or evil may be done: a species of composition, which an incarnate seraph would select and employ to execute the most beneficent and holy, and an incarnate demon, to perpetrate the most execrable and diabolical purposes: a species of composition which although of modern origin, and at once the “glory and the shame,” of modern literature, has never yet

been philosophically analyzed and illustrated by any modern writer: a species of composition, in fine, whose abuse in a countless variety of forms, metrical and immetrical, is at *this moment* exerting, and has, during *every moment* of the last half century, exerted, a more decisive influence on the characters of the young and inexperienced, and of the youth of that sex more especially, on whose characters and conduct, as daughters, sweethearts, wives and mothers, the happiness of both sexes principally depends; than all the other kinds of literature together.

P. S. The author requests, that the address to the "Candid Reader," (which is subjoined to the Supplementary Narrative,) may be regarded as a part of the "Introduction."



# ESSAYS, &c.

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## ESSAY I.

ON THE CARDINAL IMPORTANCE OF THE STUDY OF MATHEMATICAL SCIENCE, AS A BRANCH OF LIBERAL EDUCATION, AND AS CONNECTED WITH THE ATTAINMENT OF SUPERIOR ABILITY AND SKILL, IN THE EXERCISE OF ORATORY.

THE trains of ideas that pervade the human mind, are reducible to three classes: trains connected by reasoning, trains connected by memory, and trains connected by imagination. The author is perfectly aware, that these trains are often intermixed; and that in the trains that fall under each of these heads; reason, memory, and imagination, predominate merely. He is aware too, that a distribution, modelled with greater logical accuracy, might have been proposed: but it is sufficiently accurate to answer the purposes of this essay.

Reasoning is of three sorts:—*demonstrative*, *certain*, and *probable*.

Reasoning is demonstrative, where the conclusion is established, with such clearness and force of evidence, as to banish from the minds of all who comprehend it, the shadow or possibility of doubt, and to render a different or a contrary conclusion, incredible and even inconceivable, and impossible.

Reasoning is certain, when the conclusion which the reasoner endeavours to establish, is unhesitatingly embraced and confidently acted on, by a vast majority of the intelligent persons who comprehend the evidence, although a different and even a contrary conclusion, may be conceived without incongruity, and expressed without contradiction, and is therefore possible, and being possible, is within the immense range, although on the very verge of credibility.

Reasoning is probable, when the conclusion which the reasoner labours to establish, exhibits greater verisimilitude than any other, in the judgment of those who are best qualified to comprehend the subject to which the conclusion relates: and it is more or less verisimilar, according to the confidence or hesitation with which persons thus qualified, embrace it, although other and perhaps opposite conclusions may be conscientiously embraced, by persons of unquestioned intelligence and unsuspected veracity, and supported by arguments which it demands the utmost ingenuity and the most extensive information, to refute.

Demonstrative reasoning, has its foundation in definitions that suggest ideas perfectly precise, and are re-excited identically by the terms of the definition, in the mind of every human being who possesses a competent faculty of think-

ing, resolves itself at every advancing step, (from the simplest and most obvious, to the most complicated and stupendous truths,) into axioms or self-evident propositions, in other words, resolves itself into propositions, nothing contrary to or different from which, can be conceived. Demonstrative reasoning is exclusively conversant with relations subsisting amongst ideas, originally suggested doubtless by impressions made by external objects on the organs of sense, but made at so early a stage of human existence and so universally, that they may be regarded as constituting a part of the essential nature, of the necessary furniture, of human thought.

Certain and probable reasoning have a common foundation in the relation of cause and effect, and differ merely in degree, as will afterwards be shown. Both, however, differ in several important respects, speculative as well as practical, from demonstrative reasoning, the farther consideration of which will occupy the remainder of this essay.

Demonstrative reasoning has relation exclusively to quantity, and constitutes what is denominated mathematical science. Being deduced from definitions that suggest to every mind combinations of ideas perfectly invariable, (provided the terms are distinctly understood,) no one combination is ever confounded with another, how numerous soever the points of resemblance or coincidence may be.

The minutest difference is as plainly distinguishable, as the most striking contrariety. An equilateral triangle is as readily distinguished from, and as little liable to be, confounded with an isosceles, as with a scalene triangle:—

such reasoning too, resolvable at every step into self-evident propositions, is necessarily, a portion of immutable truth.

On this foundation, rest the inviolable and incommutable privileges of mathematical science. Mathematical science is the only kind of *human* knowledge which may be regarded as a portion of divine truth. It is conceivable, that every existing system or speculation, physical, metaphysical, and moral, (however imposing its pretensions, numerous and enlightened its disciples, and strong its verisimilitude,) may be hereafter refuted, and give place to more congruous explanations of the phenomena of material and intellectual nature, nearer approximations to the truth of things: but it is inconceivable and impossible, that the time will ever arrive, ever did, or can exist, when any mathematical theorem, (the Pythagorean for instance,) will be, has been, or can be refuted.

Were every order of created intelligences, from the most glorious seraphim and cherubim, down to the humblest human intellect capable of comprehending its evidence, contemplating this theorem at the same moment, it is inconceivable that it should not appear in the same light, to every individual mind, in this stupendous congregation of intelligent beings.

Respecting mathematical truth, the ideas of Adam, before the fall, must have corresponded with those of the celestial visitants of Paradise, and with those also of the most corrupted and irreclaimable of his descendants. Even in the infernal regions, where the glorious faculties of one

of the highest orders of created intelligences, are in the utmost possible degree perverted and maligned, where God is detested, evil pursued as good, and truth abhorred, mathematical truth sheds its “increase” and irrefrangible light, on the minds of demons and damned spirits, as clearly, as on the originally less, but now perhaps more glorious faculties, of Newton or of Pascal. We may even dare to believe, that in regard to every theorem supported by mathematical demonstration, science and omniscience coincide; that the evidence is beheld in the same light, by the Almighty mind, by the Creator himself, and by the humblest and most fallible of his intelligent creatures.

Mathematical science may be therefore viewed, as a portion of divine truth, revealed not by inspiration but by intuition.

Physical science, founded on the relations which external objects bear to each other, (as those relations are manifested to our minds through our senses,) is possibly in its essence, relative and mutable.

In the innumerable orbs that revolve though the immensity of space, which the attributes of God, the discoveries and the analogies of science, warrant us in believing to be habitable, and inhabited probably by beings ascending in capacity and intelligence, immeasurably above the utmost height that can ever be reached by man; it is not impossible, nor even improbable, that the mutual action and influence of material objects, as it is manifested to their intelligent inhabitants by the exercise of their senses, varies with their organization; with the number, perfection, and peculiar

modification of their material organs, and with the consequent vigour, variety, compass, and energy of their intellectual powers.

The principles of moral science, so far as they inculcate the cardinal duties of conforming moral action to the revealed will of God, of pursuing, what according to the laws of nature in every quarter of the universe is intrinsically good, and avoiding, what according to the same laws, is intrinsically evil, are questionless immutable, and extend their imperial sway throughout the intellectual universe:—but in the application and practice of these principles, even moral science, (so far as it depends on the pleasurable and painful, the noxious or salutary effects, which material objects produce on the external and internal organs of conscious beings, and on the social relations, that derive their origin from the varieties of this influence and action,) necessarily varies with their organization.

The physical and moral science of organized intelligent beings, endowed with six, or six hundred senses, or endowed only with our senses, but possessing these in a much higher degree of perfection; capable for instance, of seeing an object at the distance of a million of leagues, as distinctly as we see an object removed a few inches from our eyes; and of discerning at the same time, objects so minute as to escape human vision, aided by the finest microscope, and to be able to exercise or suspend the exercise of either power at will; not only of existing in a temperature indefinitely above, or indefinitely below that which is essential to human existence in health and vigour; but capa-

ble of existing also, under physical circumstances, to man unknown and unknowable, must differ essentially from the science to which we attach these appellations.

But throughout the universe, mathematical science must be one and the same.

Amidst the infinite diversities of organization, the infinite variety both in gradation and kind of mental capacity, and the consequently mutable and relative nature, of whatever falls under the denominations of (what we stile) physical and moral science, mathematical truth preserves an essential unity and identity, not in the evidence, merely, but in the practical application of its principles.

Concerning the nature and effects of gravitation, electricity, and chymical affinity, and even concerning the very existence of such agents, (as we conceive of their existence,) a philosophical inhabitant of the planet Saturn, may hold opinions irreconcilably adverse to those of Newton, Franklin, and Lavoizier: but we cannot conceive it possible, that they should differ in their mode of conceiving a mathematical proposition

Mathematical truth may therefore be regarded as co-essential and co-extensive with the existence of intellect, in every possible variety of mode and degree, in which it can exist, or be conceived to exist. The facility with which intelligent beings are capable of comprehending, and the extent to which they are capable of investigating mathematical science, is probably no inaccurate criterion of their original rank in the scale of intelligence: and the advances which any order of intelligent beings have made in mathe-

mathematical science, may be assumed as a standard, for ascertaining the stage at which they have arrived, in their progress on the ever-extending field of intellectual improvement.

The solitary pre-eminence of mathematical science, may be inferred also, from the sublimity and grandeur of the objects with which it is conversant, and to which it is applicable; from the stupendous magnitude of the problems, which, by the application of its principles, and by their application only, human reason is able to solve. The application of every other branch of human knowledge, is limited to the planet we inhabit, and to its inhabitants: but by the application of mathematical truths, human reason has described the orbits, ascertained the velocity, calculated the eclipses, predicted the future phases, and even gauged the dimensions of the heavenly bodies.

The principles of mathematical science are applicable to every possible combination of matter and motion, throughout the universe.

Mathematical truth, too, is the only kind of human knowledge that exercises exclusively the highest faculty of the mind, the understanding, and affords no scope for imagination and passion, at least in the ordinary sense of these terms: as compounded of imagery derived from the impressions made on the senses by external objects, and consisting in the tumultuous movements with which the eager and contentious pursuit of sensible pleasures and pains, agitate the mind. Thus the man who devotes his talents and leisure to the study of mathematical science, purifies

and exalts his intellectual nature, becomes less sensible to the irritations of sense, and the charms of sensual pleasure, and less accessible to the perturbations of passion, "holds converse with heavenly habitants, and may even be said to grow familiar day by day with God's conceptions, act upon God's plan, and form to God's, the relish of his soul."

Is it not then useless to inquire, would it not be almost impious to doubt, whether the study of mathematical science ought, or ought not to constitute an essential part of every course of liberal education?

It is by the study of this sublime science, that juvenile intellect first plumes its feathers, and lets grow its wings," "rises into regions mild of calm and serene air," "above the smoke and din of the dim spot, which men call earth!"

These observations have it is hoped, prepared and disposed the intelligent reader, to enter with due interest, on the consideration of the question, "in what way, does the study of mathematical science contribute to the attainment of oratorical skill?"

Directly it cannot produce this effect: it is exclusively conversant with truths, in the development of which, so far as consists in the exercise of a rich but disciplined imagination, of a pure yet refined taste, in the excitement of intense yet chastened passion, and in the exquisite embellishment of diction, oratory, in its technical and popular acceptation, is inadmissible. The solution of this question is involved in that of another, far more important and extensive in its consequences; "in what way does the study of mathematical science contribute to invigorate and discipline the youthful mind?"

The author proposes to enter at some length into the discussion of this question, and although the remarks he proposes to offer, will be applicable to various other subjects, and will, he trusts, reflect some light on the methods and objects of liberal education, they will have a peculiar bearing on oratory.

The study of mathematical science then ought, he conceives, to enter extensively into every course of liberal education, because it has a strong and peculiar tendency to exercise the governing faculty of the mind, the understanding; because it communicates, and because from this source only we can derive, an accurate knowledge of immutable truths, susceptible of practical applications infinitely diversified, and imparting to every subject to which they are applied, all the distinctness and precision of thought, which the human mind is capable of reaching; and because the study of mathematical science has a stronger tendency to establish habits of composure, recollectedness, dispassionate inquiry, intense reflection, and patient investigation, than any other study that can engage the attention of youth.

In the study of mathematical science, the understanding is exercised intensely and exclusively: we deduce, by a process purely logical, from precise definitions, a series of theorems and problems growing at every step, more complex in the truths which they involve, and in those to which they lead; yet, resolving themselves at every step into axioms, or into propositions previously demonstrated, in other words, into propositions that resolve themselves into axioms.

The understanding is as naturally and necessarily invigorated by a study of this sort, as our arm, or any other limb, by the gymnastic exercises that call into frequent and vigorous action, the muscles that actuate it; or, any organ of sense by frequent and concentrated attention to the class of sensible objects, to the perception of which it is exclusively adapted.

In the study of mathematical science,

“ We wake all to reason, let no passion stir,  
“ Repress imagination’s airy wing,  
“ Call home every vagrant thought;”

we ascend into those supernal regions of pure intelligence, where science, through an over-widening mental horizon sheds its “ long levelled rule of white and shining light,” dimmed by no doubt, refracted by no prejudice, eclipsed by no perverse habit.

But in the study of mathematical science, the mind is not invigorated by the clear comprehension and passive reception of truths previously demonstrated, merely; it is stimulated to exert its inventive powers to discover less complex and circuitous modes of demonstrating propositions previously established; to detect new and unperceived links in the indissoluble and interminable chain of mathematical truth: or to introduce more luminous methods of investigation, or a more powerful and compendious calculus: which, although it adds nothing to the strength of the understanding (and even exercises it less strenuously, than the calculus previously in use,) enables the humblest intellect to solve problems with ease, the solution of which formerly

tasked the power and patience of the most accomplished mathematician: Like a compound engine which by substituting material force, in place of muscular strength, enables a child or a valetudinarian, to lift a weight, or overcome a resistance, which if even attempted by unassisted strength, would dislocate every bone and paralyze every nerve in the frame of Hercules or Titan.

The distinctness and precision, which the practical application of mathematical theorems imparts to our conceptions on every subject, to which they are applied or applicable, is too obvious to need illustration. Our ideas respecting all the most important properties of matter, figure, weight, motion, &c. amount to little more than loose conjecture, till they are defined, their degrees measured and reduced to calculation, by the application of mathematical principles. That external objects differ in form, extent, weight, quantity of matter and velocity of motion, may be perceived by the senses, but without the knowledge and application of mathematical principles, we cannot define the varieties of figure, measure extent, velocity, or momentum, or ascertain the absolute or comparative quantities and degrees, of whatever is directly or indirectly susceptible of mensuration. The fancies of a child, scarcely differ more in distinctness and precision, from the knowledge of a mature mind, than the conceptions of a mathematician, in relation to these subjects, from those of one who is ignorant of these principles.

What can have a stronger tendency to inure the youthful mind to habits of composure, recollectedness, and dispass-

sionate inquiry, than the study of a science in which it cannot advance a single step without a fixed and concentrated attention on relations subsisting amongst ideas; without a temporary insensibility to the irritations of sense and oblivion of the impressions which they have formerly made upon the mind; without the exclusion of every idea irrelevant to the subject we are investigating; without a perfect serenity of soul, an entire exemption for the time from the influence of every agitating passion? What can have a stronger tendency, to establish habits of deliberate reflection, of patient and profound research, than the study of a science that allures and accustoms the mind to advance from the simplest principles to the most complicated conclusions; exacting at every step the clearest evidence, connecting truths in a chain growing constantly longer and more ponderous, but simultaneously imparting strength to sustain with ease the enormous and ever increasing weight.

In the successful prosecution of such a study, the mind as it advances, grows “proud of the strong contention of its toils, proud to be daring,”—encounters a difficulty at every step, which must be surmounted before it can advance, but when surmounted, becomes an instrument for surmounting the subsequent difficulties, that task the strength of intellect, and add to its strength, in the victorious struggle?

Such are the benefits which ingenuous youth derive from the study of mathematical science, under the auspices of an accomplished teacher. When we call to mind, too, that this study initiates us in the knowledge of truths, in their very essence, eternal and divine, surely nothing further can be

necessary to establish its claim to the highest rank amongst the objects of liberal curiosity, and as an essential part, of every system of liberal education.

From these observations it is also, I trust, sufficiently clear, that those who aspire to attain eminent oratorical skill, will be indirectly but powerfully aided by the study of mathematical science, especially when such skill is exerted to convince the understanding.

He, whose mind has been invigorated and disciplined by the study of mathematical science, will not in arranging and delivering his sentiments on any subject adapted to the purpose of oratory, be satisfied to examine it superficially: he will almost involuntarily endeavour to ascend as nearly as possible to its first principles, and from these deduce his reasoning: in selecting arguments he will almost instinctively prefer the strongest: In his vocabulary plausibility can have no meaning, because on his mind, it can have no influence: in his judgment probabilities alone will weigh as evidence, and he will even attempt to estimate and calculate probabilities: in the disposition of his arguments he will spontaneously array them in the order best adapted, if not to *display*, to *exert* their intrinsic and collective strength.

In the style of his oratory, he will aim chiefly at perspicuity and simple elegance: elaborate embellishment, studied antithesis, loose analogies, a profusion of metaphor, and all figures of speech that cloud the medium of intellectual communication, obscure the “truth of things;” that have a tendency to derange the moral order, discolour the complexion, to increase or diminish unduly the moral mag-

nitude and intrinsic weight of the objects of thought, will excite in his mind, not contempt merely, but implacable disgust.

The study of mathematical science has a strong tendency to imbue the mind with impartiality and candour in estimating the strength of reasoning; to weaken the influence of every sort of prejudice; to render the mind less accessible to the perturbations of passion, even in deliberating on a subject peculiarly calculated to excite and inflame passion; to enable the orator to exert an habitual recollectedness, a dignified self-possession, a philosophical composure of temper, even amidst the turbulence, and strife, and rancorous contentions of popular assemblies, vested with supreme political power, and debating on measures of the most momentous consequence to the community.

The study of mathematical science, has also a peculiar tendency to train and prepare the mind, to investigate with patient and persevering attention any subject, (how novel, complicated and tedious soever) the investigation of which, may be necessary to the successful exertion of oratorical skill.

Such and so important are, in my judgment, the advantages which young men, who aspire to attain eminent and efficient skill in oratory, may derive from the study of mathematical science.

But in order to realize these advantages, it is all-important that this study be commenced at the proper season, carried to its due extent, and pursued in combination with,

and in subserviency to other intellectual attainments. It ought to be the object of every course of education that claims or deserve the appellation of liberal, to invigorate and accomplish *all* the active, moral, and intellectual powers of human nature.

The integrity of the mind is mutilated, the beauty of character is defaced, the judgment is narrowed and *illiberalized*, and our estimates of the moral value of different objects and pursuits, perverted by an over-anxious cultivation of one of its faculties at the expense of the rest. A course of education that produce this effect, is essentially *illiberal*: nor is this effect produced more certainly, or to a greater extent, than by the *premature, excessive*, and still more, by the *exclusive* study of mathematical science: and although this is an error of rare occurrence any where, and particularly rare in this country, it will answer more valuable purposes than the mere gratification of speculative curiosity, to explain the cause of this effect.

To explain this effect satisfactorily, we must review again the distinctive and characteristic properties of mathematical science.

It is exclusively conversant with relations subsisting, not amongst objects or events without, but ideas within the mind, discoverable, not by sensation but reflection, by attention directed, not to external phenomena, but to subjects of consciousness: these relations concern quantity and number only, and are widely removed from that class of ideas that exercise the imagination, or stimulate appetite or passion, essentially disconnected from those sensible plea-

sures and pains which mankind are generally most eager to enjoy or avoid: these relations, from their abstraction and continually increasing complexity, can only be detected and demonstrated, by an attention so profound, as to suspend the exercise of every faculty except the understanding, and to concentrate in this investigation all its energy: lastly, it is matter of uniform experience, that where an exclusive predilection for mathematical science takes possession of a vigorous mind, it is cherished with an enthusiasm as unquenchable, ceaseless, and intense, as ever poetry or religion inspired.

From these distinctive properties of mathematical science, we may deduce with almost mathematical certainty, and explain with almost mathematical precision, the tendency of a premature, excessive, and much more, an exclusive devotion of the mind to this science, to impair, and by disuse almost *destroy* the powers of observation, and even to blunt the sensibility of the corporeal organs, to external impressions: its tendency not only to fold the wing and shut the eye of imagination, but to clip the plumage and cut the pectoral muscle of that “frolic wing;”—its tendency, thirdly, to obliterate taste, or the sensibility to whatever is sublime, beautiful, picturesque, or otherwise delightful in the works of art and nature; its tendency, fourthly, to enfeeble the power and narrow the range of sympathy; its tendency, lastly, to produce the seemingly irreconcilable infirmities of credulity, and scepticism.

An exclusive pursuit of mathematical science tends to impair, and by disuse, to destroy the powers of observa

tion. Consisting in relations that subsist amongst ideas with which the mind is necessarily furnished at a very early stage of human existence, the truth of which is wholly independent of observation, experiment, authority, or testimony, requiring neither the revival of former, nor the accession of new impressions, from without, it necessarily follows, that an ardent and exclusive fondness for mathematical investigations, withdraws attention from what is passing *without*, and fixes it on what is passing *within* the mind. The study of mathematical science, pursued exclusively and with great intensity of thought, for a considerable length of time, produces all the apparent and some of the real effects of blindness, deafness, paralysis, and trance.

The eye of the mere mathematician is open, and the pictures of external objects are optically delineated on his retina, but he is insensible to the beauty or deformity, and often unconscious of the existence of the picture. The air in the vicinity of his auditory nerve vibrates, and the nerve vibrates in unison, but he hears not the sound, attends not to the impression, nor interprets the meaning it conveys: when he calls into action his locomotive muscles, his movements are rather *automatic* than voluntary, for being perfectly inattentive to the shifting scene without him, he is as unconscious of change of place as a somnambulist: his reflections and speculations during the day are almost as perfectly disconnected from, and as little influenced by external impressions, as the dreams of night: his fits of profound reverie and absence exhibit all the appearance of trance.

An enthusiastic devotion to mathematical science, has a still more fatal effect on imagination, on two accounts:

first because the ideas of quantity with which the science is exclusively conversant, are of all our ideas, those that least interest the imagination, are those on which it is least disposed to dwell, which most rarely recur in its fantastic combinations: secondly, the principle of necessary connexion and logical deduction, that binds together every preceding to every subsequent idea, in the trains of thought that pervade the mind of the mere mathematician, is perfectly opposite in its nature to the variable and factitious ties, that connect the day-dreams of imagination.

In the mind of the mere mathematician, these principles of mental association find no place: if a group of ideas thus associated occurs, it is instantly expelled, not as an unwelcome visiter, but as an impertinent intruder.

Particular modes of thinking, of arranging our ideas, when rooted by habit, cherished with enthusiasm and exerted exclusively, are in their operation and effects, somewhat analogous to our corporeal organs of sense, each of which affords us access to a *particular* class of sensations and excludes *every other*. The mere mathematician taking supreme delight in one mode of arranging his ideas, and wholly indifferent and unaccustomed to every other, regards not with indifference merely, but with disgust and scorn, the tasteful but unreal transpositions and combinations of ideas, in which imagination most delights.

To expatiate on the charms of poetry, to read or recite exquisite verses, in the presence of a mere mathematician, would betray ignorance and ill-manners. We would scarcely

admire either the good sense or the good breeding of one who should tantalise a blind man by uttering a laboured eulogy on the glory of light, or on the beauty of a rainbow.

To the mere mathematician the “poet’s eye rolling in a fine phrensy,” (*if he chanced to observe it,*) would exhibit unequivocal and alarming evidence of insanity: the finest effusions of poetic inspiration, would afford *him* no more satisfaction, nor exhibit to *his* mind, any more congruity or meaning, than the ravings of insanity, or a sick man’s dreams.

With imagination in the mind of the mere mathematician, taste *necessarily* perishes, even its elementary feelings, from want of excitement or long disuse, are benumbed and almost extinguished.

The sublime, beautiful, grand, and picturesque, so far as these and other affecting qualities are connected with external phenomena, have no meaning in the vocabulary of the mere mathematician, because the impressions from which these ideas are copied, the raptures they inspire, and the fine associations on which they depend, have never been excited or formed in his mind. A capacity to enjoy these exquisite qualities, can be nourished only by the constant exercise of the external senses, the nicest observation of material phenomena, and the liveliest sensibility to the ever-varying aspect, the ever-shifting attitudes, to all the “fair variety of things.”

The terms descriptive of these qualities, if they are ever uttered by the mere mathematician, have relation only to the science which “is the god of his intellectual

idolatry:" In his estimation there is nothing sublime but stupendous problems; nothing beautiful, but the demonstration of an important theorem, more compendious than any that had been previously invented. The mere mathematician might possibly concur in opinion with Hogarth, respecting the line of grace; but he would infallibly regard the parabolic, or elliptic curves as exhibiting that line in a light more striking and attractive than the bosom of beauty, perceptibly heaving, and perceptibly defined by the modest veil that hides it.

To the mere mathematician nothing is picturesque but curious polygons and regular curves; nothing pathetic, but a description of the difficulties which the study of the higher and more intricate departments of mathematical science, present; nothing horrific but the conception of problems that baffle and overwhelm human genius.

"I never," said the immortal M'Claurin, "could discover any thing sublime in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, but could never read the queries at the close of Newton's *Optics*, without feeling my hair stand on end."

An exclusive devotion to mathematical science tends also to enfeeble the power and narrow the range of sympathy, and of all the social affections.

No human being can sympathize vividly, with the pleasures and pains of another, in a situation in which he has not only never himself been placed, but never can conceive himself to be placed, without anticipating either a state of total indifference, or sensations of disgust. I cannot surely cordially congratulate my neighbour on the possession or

participation of a good, or on the exemption or escape from an evil, when if I conceive myself placed in his situation, and, should neither regard the one as good nor the other as evil, but anticipate either absolute indifference or sentiments directly adverse to those of “the person principally concerned:” Now the mere mathematician is so ignorant of the ways of the world, so insensible to the pleasures and pains that make up the happiness and misery of men of the world, of men who pursue with ardour the busy and tumultuous chase after wealth, popularity, and power, that their pursuits rarely arrest his attention and their perturbations never ruffle a fibre of his heart.

I do not mean to insinuate that the mere mathematician is malignant, envious, jealous, (or in any opprobrious sense of that much abused word,) selfish. No human being enjoys, or *can enjoy*, more unruffled equanimity of temper, purer innocence of heart, or a more entire exemption from every sordid and dissocial, from every vicious or visionary passion: He would not perhaps, like Toby, take the trouble to open the window and permit the fly to escape, but he would not harm a fly: Indeed if he was poring over a diagram, a legion of these insects might buzz in his ear, unheard, or light upon his face and fingers unfelt: Whilst occupied in solving a problem more complicated and interesting than usual, a thousand moschetoes might plant their tiny but envenomed stings in his flesh and suck his blood with impunity.

The mere mathematician could not be readily induced to hazard, much less to immolate his life, for the sake of

his friend, his family, his country, or his kind; nor would it be easy, or perhaps possible, to make him comprehend the justice or propriety of such a sacrifice; but no man would more reluctantly do the smallest injury to his friend, his family, his country, or his kind.

I do not mean to insinuate, much less to contend, that the man who devotes his mind exclusively, and with enthusiasm, to the study of mathematical science, is positively unamiable; or, in any degree depraved; but that he is not, and cannot be, *tenderly* sympathetic, *intensely* benevolent, *actively*, *variously*, and *diffusively* beneficent.

His heart floats in a sort of mediocrity and apathy, in an element clear but cold, pure and bright, but colourless, calm and innoxious, but stagnant and insipid.

Lastly, the mind of the mere mathematician is liable, (and to an excess, incredible, probably, to those who have not had occasion to observe the effect of an exclusive devotion to mathematical science, on the understandings of its idolaters,) to the opposite and seemingly incompatible infirmities, of credulity and scepticism.

The intellectual eye of the mere mathematician, inured to contemplate only subjects, that are irradiated by the solar light of intuition, becomes inexcitable and blind to the faint and dubious light of probability, and he thus grows sceptical about the truth of opinions, and even facts, which every body else admits to be probable, or, even certain: or, if, on evidence which he regards as unsatisfactory, he is induced to admit the truth of conclusions, that are not deduced from mathematical principles, his understanding

debauched and enervated by excessive devotion to a species of evidence in which there are no degrees, will be apt to overlook the nice and almost infinite shades of probability, and thus become credulous.

The writer of this essay, was well acquainted with a mathematician, who averred with perfect innocence and simplicity, his conscientious belief that all forms of government were equally expedient, all codes of law equally equitable, and all systems of morality equally defensible.

## ESSAY II.

ON THE NATURE, EXTENT, AND LIMITS OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE,  
SO FAR AS IT IS FOUNDED IN THE RELATION OF CAUSE AND  
EFFECT, AND CONCERN MIND AND MATTER.

ACCORDING to Mr. Locke, there are two original inlets to human knowledge, sensation and reflection. By sensation we receive impressions from without, and acquire a knowledge, (so far as they are knowable,) of things external. By reflection, we become acquainted with what passes within, and acquire a knowledge, (so far as they are knowable,) of things internal. Matter and its properties are the objects of sensation: mind and its energies the objects of reflection.

This explanation is obviously deficient in philosophical precision. According to this explanation, if Locke, or one of his disciples (and every intelligent man who has read the Essay on the Human Understanding, is to a vast extent, and in the most emphatic sense of the terms, not his disciple merely, but his debtor,) were asked, how we acquire a knowledge of memory, imagination, reason, or any other intellectual faculty? He would reply—by reflection.

But he would admit that we have as distinct a knowledge of reflection, as of any other mental faculty, or, operation: not surely, through the medium of another reflection, for if this mode of explanation be admitted, we must proceed, *ad infinitum*.

It follows, then, that we have a *direct* knowledge of reflection, so far as it is known, or knowable, through the medium of consciousness: but if we acquire a knowledge of reflection, through the medium of consciousness, and have as clear a knowledge of reflection, as of any other mental operation, it will follow, also, that we acquire a knowledge of every other mental operation or faculty, through the same medium; in other words, that all our faculties, and mental operations, are subjects, or, modifications of consciousness.

Reflection, therefore, as an original inlet of knowledge, is a word, without a distinct meaning: unless by reflection, we understand the earnest and exclusive attention, which the mind is capable of giving, to the separate subjects of its consciousness. Thus understood, reflection can mean, merely, a concentration of consciousness, on whatever, (whether an impression from without, or, an internal operation,) excites peculiar interest, or, in other words, whatever is accompanied by an unusual degree of pleasure or pain, or, strongly, excites desire or aversion.

Our language, and of course our ideas, as they regard the philosophy of the human mind, will be more precise, if we consider whatever is known or knowable, as proceeding

from our consciousness, first, of impressions from external objects, and secondly, of the internal energies that are called into action by these impressions.

Viewed in this light, human knowledge, or, more properly, that sort of human knowledge, which we entitle *science*, may be defined “the arrangement of the various subjects or modifications of consciousness, in the order of *cause* and *effect*: Or, a *co-incidence* betwixt the *order*, in which the various subjects and modifications of consciousness, is concatenated in the mind, and *that* in which the corresponding phenomena, are connected according to the relation of cause and effect; or, if precise co-incidence be impossible, in a constant approximation towards it, and in whatever is subsidiary to such co-incidence or approximation.

Or, perhaps, the following definition may be more precise and less obnoxious to misconception.

A co-incidence between the association of ideas, and the order or succession of the events or phenomena, according to the relation of cause and effect, and in whatever is subsidiary, or necessary, to realize, approximate and extend such co-incidence: understanding by the relation of cause and effect, that order or succession, the discovery or development of which, empowers an intelligent being, by means of one event or phenomenon; or by a series of given events or phenomena, to anticipate the recurrence of another event or phenomenon, or of a required series of events or phenomena, and to summon them into existence, and employ their instru-

mentality, in the gratification of his wishes, or in the accomplishment of his purposes.\*

Thus defined, knowledge is *power*,† and as we extend

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\* The writer fears, that at first view, this definition will strike many readers as deficient, both in correctness and perspicuity. To those who have the patience and candour to peruse the essay throughout, he trusts that the definition if not satisfactory, will be at least perfectly intelligible.—Mr. Burke has judiciously observed, that a definition instead of commencing, ought to close, a philosophical essay or disquisition.

The reader will find a striking and practical illustration of the truth and value of this observation, in the chapters of *Zoonomya*, that explain the phenomena of “Sleep,” “Reverie,” “Vertigo,” and “Drunkenness.”

Although, therefore, in his essay on *Human Knowledge*, the author, has found, or, thought it expedient, to introduce a definition towards the commencement, he begs the intelligent reader, to read the whole essay, before he decidedly approves or condemns, receives or rejects the definition.

He begs leave to add, that he will thank the reader, who deems the definition he has given, objectionable, to state his objections; and to substitute one more correct and comprehensive.

However defective his definition may be; it is assuredly the best, which he has to offer, and is offered neither lightly, nor rashly.

† It may be objected, perhaps, to this explanation of human knowledge, that an arrangement of our ideas, according to the order of cause and effect is not necessarily connected with *power*: that a knowledge of the phenomena and laws of the heavenly bodies, for instance, however accurate and comprehensive, confers no power to control their revolutions. Nor can a knowledge of the events recorded in history, even when disentangled from the intricate and often almost inextricable confusion in which they lie, and concatenated in the order of cause and effect, by the philosophical historian, confer any power over actors and actions that have passed away.

It may be replied, that even in these instances, knowledge is indirectly, but indissolubly connected with power.

Although a knowledge of the phenomena and laws of the heavenly bodies, confers no power of controlling their revolutions, yet it enlarges the sphere of human power; by enabling the navigator to guide his bark in safety over a fathomless ocean, and with certainty and by the shortest course to the destined port, in a situation where destruction, without this knowledge, would be inevitable, and nautical skill impotent.

it, we extend also our power to control and regulate the phenomena and energies of material and moral nature.

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It were surely unnecessary to expatiate on the *moral* power of doing good, or, of averting evil, which a knowledge of history confers on the legislator: on the power which it confers of establishing beneficent institutions and salutary laws, and of preventing the reestablishment, or effecting the abolition of noxious institutions and unwise regulations.

It may perhaps too, be asked, how, according to this explanation, is mathematical science comprehended within the circle of human knowledge; inasmuch, as it is not an arrangement of any of the subjects of consciousness, in the established order of cause and effect, but an interminable series of conclusions logically deduced, and accompanied at every step, by a conviction of their essential immutability: involving too, many theorems that have no perceived application, immediate or remote, to external phenomena?

Assuredly, any definition or explanation of human knowledge, that did not necessarily embrace, and much more one that excluded mathematical science; would not be ludicrously incomplete merely, but opprobiously erroneous.

But the explanation of human knowledge previously given, is not obnoxious to so fatal an objection.

As every mathematical theorem or problem is necessarily conversant with quantity, and as quantity is of the essence of matter and motion, which can be measured only by the practical application of these theorems and problems, it follows, that a knowledge of mathematical truths, and of the calculus by which they are applied, extends the sphere of human power. It follows, too, that mathematical demonstration is an instrument, by which the human mind is enabled to unravel the chain of cause and effect, to an extent, and with an accuracy and minuteness, otherwise unattainable.

In demonstrating the properties of the parabolic or elliptic curves, or solving complicated problems by the algebraical or fluxionary calculus, we are in reality acquiring a knowledge of astronomical phenomena, and power to predict the future phases of the heavenly bodies, and not only a knowledge of the phenomena, but a power to predict and even to control, the phenomena and agency of projectiles. By a knowledge of mathematical science, we are not only enabled to unravel the chain of cause and effect, but to weigh and measure the subtlest and most ponderous links, in that interminable chain. We are led too by the strongest and clearest analogy to conclude, that every mathematical truth, (however, merely theoretical and practically useless it may seem when first developed, and whatever length of time may elapse before its use and application are discovered,) is in its essence applicable to the

According to this explanation of human knowledge, ignorance, implies the total absence or non-existence of certain impressions and ideas in the mind: and the absence

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phenomena and laws of matter, and in its essence, therefore, an instrument for extending our knowledge of, and control over, the chain of cause and effect.

But a more solemn objector may possibly inquire, how, according to this explanation of the nature of human knowledge, are the all-important truths of natural and revealed religion embraced? Are these truths founded in the relation of cause and effect? Is a knowledge of these truths, *power*?

It may be replied, that it is the object of natural theology, to deduce evidences of the existence and attributes of God, from our knowledge of the laws of nature in this quarter of the universe, or, in other words, from phenomena, as they are presented to the view of human reason, in the order of cause and effect.

A knowledge of these operations, and of the analogies to which they lead, being the foundation of these evidences, it follows, that the extent and solidity of the superstructure will be proportioned to the accuracy and extent of our knowledge of the relation of cause and effect, and that, in fact, natural theology will constitute a part, and by far the most important part, of this knowledge.

A belief in the existence, attributes and superintending providence of the Creator of the universe, of "our Father who is in heaven," being thus established in the human mind; rules will be deduced and laid down for the regulation of our motives and actions according to the interpretation of the will of God, as manifested in the works of his creation, to "his children on the earth." These rules will consequently derive their sanctions, their obligatory force, their *moral power*, over the hearts and habits of men, from the belief thus established in their understandings: the conformity of their motives and actions to these rules, or more properly an habitual desire and steady effort, to conform their dispositions and conduct to these rules, is the only unequivocal evidence of the sincerity and assurance of this belief. The principles of natural theology, are therefore not only founded in the relation of cause and effect, but a knowledge of these principles is *moral power*.

It is the object of revealed religion, to establish in the minds of mortals, an universal and unshaken faith in the truth of doctrines that concern a future state of existence of endless duration, of the redemption of the world by the sufferings and death, the "merits and mediation" of Jesus Christ; and of the necessary con-

or non-existence consequently of their *arrangement*, in the *order* of cause and effect: Ignorance consequently is *impotence*.

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nection, which divine justice has established betwixt the eternal happiness or misery of every individual, to whom the doctrines and precepts of christianity have been mediately or immediately revealed, and an acceptance or rejection of the doctrines, an observance or violation of the precepts of the gospel.

But the precepts of the gospel derive their sanctions, their obligatory force, their *moral power*, from a belief of the peculiar doctrines of the Christian religion: In other words, the efficacy of revealed religion, in purifying the hearts and habits of those who profess to believe its doctrines, is derived from the sincerity and assurance of the belief which they profess.

Good works may be performed, virtue may be loved and practised, and vice abhorred and eschewed, from motives disconnected from a belief in the truth of these doctrines; but it ought never to be forgotten, that good works are the only unequivocal evidence in the sight of man, and the *saving* evidence in the sight of God, of the sincerity of christian faith.

But a belief in the truth of these doctrines, must be founded in a knowledge of the evidences of christianity, and this knowledge must have been derived, originally, from witnessing the miracles wrought by its divine author; the immaculate purity of his life; his unshaken constancy and exalted benevolence even to his persecutors in the hour of tormenting and ignominious death; his glorious resurrection and ascension after death: or subsequently, from a knowledge of his miracles, character, life and death, founded in the testimony of the original witnesses, and transmitted through the medium of history and tradition.

The knowledge of the original witnesses consisted in their perceiving, or becoming conscious from impressions made upon their senses, that the established order of cause and effect was suspended, or reversed at a particular time and place, by the immediate volition of the son of God.

But the new and unprecedented succession of events, in other words, the miracle, must have been made known to the original witnesses through the medium of the same organs, and by impressions similar to those that convey a knowledge of the established order of cause and effect.

The evidence of revealed religion, is therefore founded like every other department of human knowledge, in the relation of cause and effect.

That a knowledge of revealed religion is *power*, can be doubted only by those unhappy individuals, who disbelieve the doctrine, which it announces: to those who are happy enough to cherish a firm and undoubting faith, in the doctrines

Error implies the presence or existence of certain impressions or ideas in the mind, but *essentially* consists in their arrangement or combination, in a manner, that *varies* from the *order of cause and effect*, in the department of human knowledge to which they relate.

The moral effect of knowledge, ignorance, and error, on the human character and on human happiness, will be best illustrated by examples.

This illustration will perhaps more readily arrest the attention and strike the imagination of the juvenile reader, and will not probably be less acceptable to any reader, by assuming the garb of allegory.

*Ignorance* gazes on the starry heavens with amazement, longs to comprehend the laws that harmonize their stupendous and seemingly irregular revolutions, and listens with the most eager curiosity to a satisfactory explanation of those mighty laws.

*Error* adopts the hypothesis of Ptolemy, believes the earth to be the central orb, around which the heavens revolve, and not only shuts her eye to the evidence of the Copernican system, but is impatient to persecute its author and his disciples. *Error* incarcerates Gallileo, in the dun-

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of revealed religion, its *power* must not only be matter of habitual consciousness, but must be manifested also to the view of others, in their characters and actions, by a course of conduct, regulated, (so far as the frailty of human nature will permit,) according to its precepts.

On the *power*, which a clear knowledge and firm belief of the doctrines of revealed religion, exerts and manifests on the character and conduct of the believer, the *saving* virtue of that knowledge and faith depends, if there be meaning in words, or truth in the gospel.

geons of the inquisition, for establishing the truth of that system, and whilst ignorance is embracing that truth with gratitude and admiration, error drags Gallileo from his dungeon, chained like a malefactor, and compels him by the terrors of the rack to bow his hoary head at the foot-stool of papal tyranny and solemnly declare his disbelief of what he had demonstrated to be true, and his belief of what he had demonstrated to be untrue.

*Knowledge*, not only enables Gallileo to demonstrate the truth of the Copernican system; but to endure imprisonment, persecution, and odium with unshaken constancy, to submit to the mummary of abjuration without self-abasement, and to anticipate the time when the papal tyranny shall be annihilated, when the truths he has demonstrated, shall be embraced by successive generations, and his name venerated through the habitable globe.

*Ignorance* wandering in a church-yard in the gloom of midnight, is unterrified.

*Error*, sees sheeted ghosts rising from their tombs, and evil spirits glaring through the gloom, shudders with horror, and eagerly propagates a belief in these terrible illusions.

*Knowledge*, conscious of the irreality of these phantasms, enters the church-yard, enveloped in midnight's blackest gloom, with serenity and security, to meditate on the mortality of man and the inanity of earthly things, or to procure means for obtaining a deeper insight into the phenomena of disease and death, and for unfolding by anatomical dissection, to the view of ignorance, how fear-

fully and wonderfully the divine wisdom and power are manifested in the structure of the human frame.

*Ignorance*, conscious of various capacities for pleasure and pain, happiness and misery, and conscious also of her *impotence* to distinguish good from evil, listens with docility to the voice of wisdom, and pursues with promptitude and thankfulness, the path she points out.

*Error*, in the pursuit of happiness, swayed by a blind and presumptuous confidence, mistakes the path, and although conscious of misery and haunted by remorse at every advancing step, refuses to listen to the warning voice of wisdom and even hates and persecutes her votaries, wanders on “still more and more astray,” till at length in the dotage and infatuation of inveterate habit, she exclaims “evil be thou my good.”

*Knowledge*, perceiving that pleasure and pain, happiness and misery are the necessary effects of good and evil, and that good and evil make a part and by far the most important part of the chain of cause and effect, strives by attentive observation, by patient and profound analysis, to unravel those subtle and precious links in that interminable chain. Knowledge arranges her ideas according to the result of this analysis, and regulating her motives and actions by these ideas, not only discovers and pursues the road of happiness, but points out that road to the weary and wo-worn pilgrim, prevents ignorance from entering the paths of error, reclaims the inexperienced wanderer, before he is irretrievably bewildered in those fatal paths, and holds up the hopeless misery of irreclaimable and impenitent error, as a warning to the world.

To return from this digression. Such being the foundation of human knowledge, or (to use a more definite and appropriate term,) of *science*: in order to ascertain its extent and limits, it will be necessary to analyse the relation of cause and effect. The advances that have been made in the philosophy of the human mind, will enable the writer to place this subject in a light clear, and he hopes, interesting, even to readers, who are but little conversant with such speculations.\*

Why do I believe it to be certain that “the sun will rise to-morrow.” This proposition is not an axiom, for it does not concern quantity, nor does it refer to any relation subsisting amongst ideas within, but amongst events without the mind; and the contrary proposition can be affirmed without involving a contradiction. Our belief therefore is not founded in intuition; the cessation or non-existence of the event affirmed, the sun’s *not* rising, is as distinctly conceivable, as its recurrence in time future.

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\* We are indebted to the sagacity of Hume, for the first satisfactory elucidation of the all-important fact, that our knowledge of cause and effect does embrace and can embrace nothing more, than a perception and belief, of the uniform *antecedence* of one event, and *sequence* of another. Without a clear conviction of this fundamental fact, (which Mr. Hume has not only unfolded, but generalized and illustrated in his essay “On Necessary Connection,”) any attempt to explain the extent and limits of human knowledge, can be nothing more, than specious sophistry and idle declamation. The writer has, therefore, endeavoured, even at the hazard of being tedious to the philosophical reader, to concentrate the evidence of the truth of this principle, and to expose the fallacy of the plausible objections by which Reid and his disciples have endeavoured to controvert it.

Nor is the truth of this proposition demonstrable, for no reasoning resolvable into axioms can be invented or discovered to support it: nor, if by reasoning we understand the discovery of any relation amongst ideas, or the deduction of any proof or arguments from principles *a priori*, can reasoning of any sort be invented to support it. To say, that the certainty of our belief is founded in experience, would be preposterous: there can be no experience in regard to what has not existed. The phrase future experience, would be no less incongruous and contradictory, than past futurity or future past: experience assures us that the sun has risen, by the evidence of distinct and recent recollection in our own minds, fortified by the concurring and recent recollections of every human being, with whom we have any means of intercourse or communication: experience assures us, that the sun is rising, by still stronger evidence, that of present sensation: experience can go no farther, unless by experience we understand prophecy.

The question originally proposed still recurs, on what foundation does this belief rest? In order to answer this question satisfactorily, and place the answer in a light the most likely to engage attention, let us consider in what way a firm belief that the sun would rise to-morrow, must have been impressed upon the mind of Adam.

Let us imagine then that Adam, after being moulded from the dust of the earth into the human form, in the most perfect possible state of health, maturity, symmetry, strength, and beauty, and endowed with every human faculty in the highest possible state of perfection, is yet uninspired, and

receives information respecting the phenomena of the material universe, solely through impressions made on his external senses.

He beholds the sun rise in the east, ascend his "high meridian tower," descend and disappear in the west. Would Adam, admitting that he possessed neither the powers of divination nor prophecy, from the first exhibition of these grand phenomena, have inferred their regular recurrence, within short and stated periods in time future, or would he have confidently anticipated their future re-appearance within any definite period, or even their futurition?

We cannot doubt, that during the first night after the sun's disappearance, Adam would experience entire uncertainty; and perceiving that the sun's absence divested the face, both of heaven and earth, of many bewitching attractions, would long for the speedy re-appearance of the glorious luminary with a solicitude, that would chase sweet sleep, even from the bowers of paradise; unless we believe that some hovering angel, was commissioned or permitted, to dissipate his uncertainty and solicitude, by announcing the regular re-appearance of the sun, in time future.

Admitting, however, that Adam had no access to supernatural sources of information, the re-appearance of the sun in several successive instances, would excite in his mind a hope, that the sun would continue to re-appear within the same periods, in time future. The uninterrupted recurrence of these phenomena for a considerable length of time, would convert lively hope into confident expectation; and his continued and regular re-appearance

for a very considerable length of time, would mature expectation into a firm assurance, an unhesitating belief, that the alternation of day and night made a part of the established course of nature.

The firmness of this assurance would increase, with the length of time during which, and the regularity with which, the phenomena recurred. After their first disappearance, the mind would experience entire uncertainty and suspense, with regard to their future re-appearance. Their regular recurrence for a short length of time would excite hope: during the lapse of a considerable length of time, hope would be converted into expectation: and their uninterrupted recurrence for a very *great* length of time, would impart to expectation, the utmost assurance and confidence, that, (without longer experience or access to supernatural sources of information) could be impressed upon the human mind.

Had the alternation of day and night, recurred, *irregularly* in time past, were there even a single recollected or authenticated instance, of the non-appearance of the sun within the usual period, the firmness of human assurance would be shaken to its foundation: our expectation of the regular recurrence of these phenomena, might reach a high degree of probability, but could scarcely, during the longest period, and the most uniform recurrence during that period, afterwards amount to certainty: unless, indeed, his non-appearance, within the usual period, was ascribed to the interposition of Omnipotence, or unless a more intimate and profound knowledge of the principles of astronomy, should prove that his disappearance, periodically, during

forty-eight hours, was the effect of the mechanism of the planetary system.

In what then does certainty consist? In a habit gradually formed, of connecting our ideas in the order, in which the phenomena by which they are excited, have invariably succeeded each other in time past, so far back, as our own recollection, the concurring recollections of our countrymen and contemporaries, the records of authentic history, and the faint light of tradition can penetrate into the night of time; and anticipating a similar succession of phenomena in time future.

The inveteracy of this habit of thinking, the confidence and firmness of this anticipation, will be proportioned to the length of time during which, and the regularity with which the phenomena have recurred.

The same analysis may be applied to our belief, "that all men are mortal;" "that certain substances will nourish, and others will poison the human body in its sound and healthy state;" "that every human being in sound health and possessing a sane mind, is capable of exerting a voluntary control, to a certain extent over his limbs, organs, and mental energies, and that this control may be indefinitely extended by education and discipline;" "that particular modes of organizing and administering government, particular plans of education, and habits of acting, contribute to the improvement and happiness, and others to the destration and misery of human beings," &c.

I am aware, that a different account of belief is given by doctor Reid, and adopted by several of the ingenious and

respectable disciples of his philosophy: they resolve our belief, that the succession of events in time future, will be similar to their succession in time past, into instinct.

Due attention to the following observations will, it is hoped, expose the fallacy of this account of belief.

First, a recurrence to extraordinary causes is unphilosophical, where ordinary causes are adequate to explain, and perfectly tally with, the phenomena we are considering: secondly, if instinct means any thing, it must mean the anticipated sequence of one event, on the appearance or occurrence of another, before the actual order of succession has been perceived: but is it not universally obvious, to the most superficial observation, that by far the greater part, and infinitely the most important part, of our knowledge of things within us and without, is derived from the succession of events as it is gradually unfolded to our minds, by consciousness, observation, and experiment?

If human belief in the recurrence of events in time future, in the same order in which they have occurred in time past, were instinctive, a child at the earliest, (or certainly at a very early) stage of existence, would distinguish immediately, betwixt those successions of events that are casual and separable, and those that are indissoluble; betwixt connexions that are founded in accidental, and those that are founded in constant, contiguity of time and place: but nothing is more notorious, than the constant mistakes of young persons in this respect at every stage of existence, betwixt infancy and maturity, or, than the facility with which the ignorant and inexperienced may be induced to believe that

a connection merely casual is causal; nothing more notorious, than the difficulty, where a particular event is preceded by a variety of circumstances, of distinguishing betwixt the casual and the permanent antecedent, or, as Dr. Johnson would express it, betwixt what is “collateral and what is consecutive:” This, in fact, is the difficulty, that continually tasks the ingenuity of the natural philosopher, in his observations and experiments, and the moral philosopher, in his inquiries and speculations; and in overcoming which, philosophical genius achieves its proudest triumph, and most effectually contributes to the advancement of human knowledge.

Further, if the existence of such an instinct be admitted, to what extent does it operate? Does it impress an assurance that the future will *generally* resemble the past, or is this assurance confined to *particular* instances? A general belief, can mean only, an instinctive assurance of this sort, in a multitude of particular instances: Thus understood, general, will differ in import from particular, only by the number of instances, and in either case it is important, that the sphere within which this instinct operates, be exactly defined; that the particular instances to which it applies should be distinguished and enumerated. Other objections to this account of belief, might be proposed, but enough has, I trust, been urged to expose its fallacy.

Belief, in all the modification it assumes, and in all its degrees of hesitation and assurance, corresponds with the ex-

planation previously proposed. From the invariable succession of phenomena in time past in a certain order, we anticipate their certain recurrence in time future, in the same order: From their irregular recurrence in time past, we anticipate a similar irregularity in time future: Our anticipation that a particular event will occur hereafter, increases or diminishes in its assurance and consequent influence on our motives and actions, on a scale descending from the highest degree of probability, or (without a periphrasis,) from certainty, through presumptive, positive, and circumstantial shades of evidence, almost infinite in number, till we arrive at mere possibility.

But methinks, I hear a disciple of doctor Reid's philosophy inquire: "Do you regard the alternate succession of day and night, as an instance of the relation of cause and effect?" and add, with an air of polite irony, "if it be an instance, this relation must be somewhat mysterious, it will, at least be difficult, to distinguish betwixt cause and effect: for if night be the effect of day, because it has invariably followed day in time past, day, for the same reason, must be the effect of night, because day has succeeded night in time past, as invariably."

To this inquiry, the author would *gravely* answer—no, he does not regard the alternation of day and night, in the loose and ordinary acceptation of these terms, as an instance of the relation of cause and effect, although in their proper and philosophical acceptation, it certainly is, as may be readily and satisfactorily shown.

If by day, we understand the appearance of the sun, and the diffusion of his light over that ever varying portion of the earth's surface, which its diurnal rotation, combined with its progressive motion in its orbit, expose to the rays of that luminary, shining through a transparent medium; day is the effect, and the irradiation of his beams on that portion of the terraqueous surface which is thus exposed, is the cause: if by night, we understand the temporary disappearance of the sun and of sunshine, from that also ever varying portion of the earth's surface, which its diurnal rotation combined with its progressive motion in its orbit, averts from the face of that luminary, by interposing terraqueous opacity; the interposition of an opaque body is the cause, and night is the effect.

Thus analyzed, day and night, according to their popular acceptation, resolve themselves into four links in the chain of cause and effect: the exposure of a portion of the earth's surface to the sun, and the consequent radiation of his rays, through a transparent intervening atmosphere, over that portion of his surface which is thus exposed, constitute what is usually called day: the aversion of a portion of the earth's surface from the sun, and the darkness, or, absence of solar light in consequence of interposing terraqueous opacity, constitute what is usually called night.

Thus developed, the regular alternation of day and night exemplifies and supports the explanation that has been offered of the relation of cause and effect, as completely, as any phenomena that could be selected for that purpose: and the author must be pardoned for adding, that to take

advantage of the ambiguity and looseness of popular language, in order to throw an air of ridicule, on a philosophical explanation, savours more of sophistical artifice, than of fair reasoning.

These observations have, it is hoped, disposed the reader, to examine this radical relation with an awakened curiosity and profound attention.

Whatever “moves or has its being” in this nook of the universe, and falls within the range of human intelligence, either exists in that small portion of organized and corruptible matter, within which individual intellect is confined, and is made known to us, so far as it is knowable, through the consciousness of its energies; or, it exists externally to that portion of organized matter, and is made known to us, so far as it is knowable, through the consciousness of impressions made upon our organs.

That which is conscious of what passes within us, and of impressions made by what exists externally, is called *mind*: That of which our bodies are formed and organized, which exists externally to, and is constantly making impressions on our organs, is called *matter*: Of the substance or essence of either, we know, we *can* know, *nothing*. We are conscious of various internal movements and energies to which we give the names of faculties, sensations, ideas, passions, emotions, &c. but of the nature and qualities of *that* by which these movements and energies are produced, and in *which* they inhere, we neither know nor can know any thing.

By the mediation of our corporeal organs, we receive an almost infinite number and variety of impressions from material objects, but of the nature and qualities of the material objects from which these impressions proceed, what these objects are, independently of these impressions, we neither know nor can know, any thing.

It is of infinite importance to the advancement of human knowledge, and to the due assertion consequently, of the rights of human nature, to dignity and dominion upon earth, that the line of separation which nature has irreversibly drawn, betwixt the *knowable* and the *unknowable*, should be distinctly, and if possible, universally perceived; that the proper subjects of human knowledge, should be recognised, their boundaries accurately defined, and the proper methods of investigating these subjects, clearly understood and skilfully adopted.

The most gigantic intellect, when it attempts to grasp a subject, that lies beyond the boundaries of human knowledge; in the region not of the unknown, but of the unknowable, is as impotent, as the most ordinary mind.

The injury which mankind sustain, from this misapplication and waste of transcendant genius, is immense. They not only lose the vast contributions that might have been made to the stock of knowledge, but the errors of genius are all but immortal, and constitute the most formidable and permanent impediments to the progress of science. Recommended by ingenious reasoning, by eloquence, by whatever taste and imagination can supply, to propagate delusion and make error contagious, they bewilder the hu-

man mind through successive generations: *Inextricabilis saepe, et dulcissimus error:* They occasion a permanent intellectual eclipse: Human reason for ages “sheds disastrous twilight over half the nations.” If all the mighty minds that have in time past, exerted their intellectual powers to promote the advancement of human knowledge, had confined their inquiries within the sphere of the knowable, it is impossible for the most brilliant and sanguine imagination to conceive, how greatly the stock of human knowledge would have been augmented and all the blessings that spring from its augmentation, diffused and multiplied throughout the habitable globe.

If we lament the misapplication of human labour and commercial wealth, in impracticable and abortive projects, how much more lamentable is the misapplication of mental ingenuity and the waste of intellectual treasure, in idle and presumptuous speculations! How lamentable, is the application of mental ingenuity, in the construction and embellishment of hypotheses, (without foundation in the truth of things,) that might have been employed, in cementing and consolidating the adamantine fabric, of mathematical and experimental science! In erecting a sort of intellectual pyramids, that deform and encumber the face of the earth, withdraw a portion of fertile surface from cultivation, and entomb mummies on a spot, where civilized man might have lived, and multiplied, and flourished.

How did the publication of the “*Novum Organum*” contribute so essentially to the advancement of human knowledge; but by marking (boldly indeed, but *indistinctly*,

indelibly, but *deviously*,) the line of separation betwixt the knowable and the unknowable, and illustrating the methods, by which the distinctive properties of objects unknown but knowable, might be most successfully investigated?

As it is indispensable to a correct and comprehensive knowledge of the relation of cause and effect, that this line should be *clearly* perceived, the author will endeavour to explain distinctly, to what extent the properties of mind and matter, are knowable.

As through the medium of consciousness, we become acquainted only with certain intellectual energies, without having any consciousness of the substance in which they inhere, or of the ties by which they are connected; all speculations concerning the *materiality* or *immateriality*, the *mortality* or *immortality*, the *pre-existence* or *post-existence* of the soul, (unassisted by the light of divine revelation,) relate to subjects, that lie within the region of the unknowable, and are necessarily abortive: and surely, if additional evidence were wanting, that inquiries of this sort mock the curiosity and overtask the faculties of the human mind, it is furnished, by the acknowledged and memorable fact, that in relation to these mysterious subjects, the lispings of science in her infancy, were as satisfactory, authoritative, and plausible, as the deliberate dictates of her ripened wisdom: that her efforts to grasp and comprehend these subjects, when she reposed in her cradle in the schools of Athens, were not less successful, than the most strenuous exertions of her matured strength. We are still as ignorant, and still

as unable (by the *power* of merely *human* reason, or, in the light of merely *human* knowledge) to resolve the questions, whether mind is *simple* or *compound*, *extended* or *unextended*, *material* or *immaterial*, *mortal* or *immortal*, as when “the first philosophic savage wondered at himself.”

Farther, as our knowledge of matter, (either as it composes our organized frame, or as it exists, in the infinite variety of objects, external to our organs,) is derived wholly, from the consciousness of impressions, made by different parts and organs of our body, on each other; and of the impressions, which external objects make upon our organs; and as these impressions, convey no knowledge of the qualities, by which they are excited, or of the substance, in which these qualities inhere; it follows, that all speculations, respecting matter, as distinct from the impressions it makes upon our organs, are *necessarily abortive*.

In attempting to prosecute inquiries of this sort, the most powerful and accomplished intellect, like the Aeronaut, who ascends into an aerial region too thin to distend the lungs and supply the “*pabulum vitae*,” feels his strength forsake him:—he pants and gasps for breath:—

All speculations, for instance, concerning the *substance* or *essence* of matter, concerning its *passivity* or *activity*, concerning its *inherent* and *derivative* properties, its *essential qualities* and its *accidents*, its *existence*, or, its *non-existence*; or, if its existence be admitted; concerning the mode of its existence; whether it is composed of solid extended, and infinitely divisible, or, ultimately impenetrable and consequently

divisible of atoms; or of mathematical points existing separately, in the centre of a sphere of repulsion, acting with a force infinite and irresistible: all speculations of this sort, relate to subjects, that lie far within the illimitable regions of the unknowable; subjects, that man possesses neither senses nor faculties, fitted to investigate.

Speculations of this sort, may serve and have served, to exert and exhaust, all the strength and subtlety of the human understanding; as a sort of intellectual gymnasium, in which, all the faculties of the human mind may be and have been, exercised, invigorated, disciplined and armed: in which, human reason, is trained to wield with dexterity and skill, every mental weapon, offensive or defensive, ponderous or missile; but they can directly contribute nothing to the stock of human knowledge: nor can man, until he clearly discerns, that the successful prosecution of such inquiries, demands the exertion of faculties, essentially *superhuman*, even begin to be wise: he cannot even pass the *barriers* of that “boundless theatre, on which, in sight of mortal and immortal powers,” he is destined to advance in a career of progressive improvement that will terminate only, when,

“The stars shall fade away.”

Such speculations are not only necessarily abortive and interminable, but even, if a satisfactory result could be obtained, it would be useless.

The impressions which external objects make upon our organs, interest us only as they communicate pleasure or pain, serve to preserve vital health and vigour, and furnish

materials for the gratification of our appetites and the exercise of our intellectual powers: but whatever the nature of the qualities that excite these impressions, and of the substance in which they inhere may be, the impressions *themselves*, their *consequence* in our estimation, their influence, on *that alone* which can interest a conscious being, *its happiness*, must remain the same.

To what extent, then, is what exists within us, what we denominate MIND; what we conceive to exist as the AGENT by which, and the OBJECT for which, every thing else exists, that by which we estimate the VALUE of whatever else exists, and without which it were VALUELESS; that without which, the material universe, with all its regularity and harmony, were a CHAOS still; to what extent is the nature of mind knowable?

To an extent, sufficient to satisfy rational curiosity, and to exercise for an indefinite length of time, the powers of the most penetrating and capacious intellect. By the aid of conventional language and a due attention to the subjects of our consciousness, we are able to arrange ideas; to distinguish the various modes, in which they are associated into opinions and habits of thinking, and develop an almost infinite number and variety of relations, in the highest degree delightful to speculative curiosity, and useful in their practical applications and results: through the same medium, and by the same aids, we are able to analyze the various motives of action, however subtle, mixed and evanescent, to ascertain their moral character, their tendencies to produce happiness or misery, to class the various

passions and affections, and determine how far virtue, in other words, the dictates of our personal and social duties require, that they should be eradicated, regulated, indulged or repressed.

Metaphysics,\* mathematics, morals, sciences of unlimited extent, grow out of a reflex and profound attention to

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\* To prevent misconception, it will be proper to state distinctly, the meaning which the writer attaches to a word, whose acceptations are so multifarious, and even opposite. Assuredly he does not, by metaphysics, understand, an investigation of the properties of "Ens quatenus ens," nor of any part of the "omnia scibilia" of transcendental ontology. The discussion of the questions, whether "God loves a possible angel, better than an actually existing fly," or, "whether, besides the real being of the actual being, there be any other being, necessary to cause a thing to be," is, he suspects, within the limits of the "vast Serbonian bog" of scholastic dogma and jargon, where intellectual heroes and "armies whole have sunk." Warned by their fate, their successors would deserve to share it, were they voluntarily to brave the perils of that unfathomed, unrefunding, and interminable bog, anew.

By metaphysics, the writer understands, an analysis of the proper subjects and impassable boundaries of human knowledge, and of the most eligible and efficient methods of investigating these subjects: of the different sorts and degrees of evidence, and a knowledge consequently, of the hesitation or assurance, which the different sorts and degrees of evidence, ought to impress on the enlightened mind: of the comparative importance of the different departments of human knowledge, and the rank consequently, which they are respectively entitled to claim in the scale of utility and dignity, and in every system or course of liberal education: an analysis, farther, of the sources and constituents of human happiness, and of the mode of appropriating "the opulence of civilized man" liberal leisure, by which the

the subjects of consciousness, and lie within the region of the knowable.

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sources of happiness are most readily accessible, and in which its constituents are most certainly realized, and skilfully combined.

Thus defined, (and the correctness of the definition, will not, he trusts, be questioned,) it would be as impertinent to expati ate on the importance of metaphysics, as to write a laboured eulogy upon the utility of sight or sunbeams: yet in an age, which may be appropriately and proudly stiled, the age of metaphysics, and in a country too, that claims its envied pre-eminence in the republic of letters, from the successful cultivation of this science; in the very metropolis of that country, in whose college, around whose pulpits, bench and bar, and even in whose symposiacs, its solar lights are beaming and burning; an accomplished philosophical critic challenges one of the living luminaries of this science, to vindicate its practical utility, to display the good it has achieved, and the trophies which its votaries have won, from the admiration and gratitude of the wise and good. "The natural philosopher," the critic urges, "can display his telescope and his orrery, his prism and his microscope, his electric and Voltaic batteries, his instruments for disarming the clouds of their thunderbolts, and his means of forming an artificial thunder, more tremendous and desolating, yet tractable to human power; but what," the metaphysician is asked, somewhat scornfully, "have you to show?"

It might be answered that metaphysical knowledge like solar light, although perhaps invisible and impalpable, reveals the beauty of whatever is lovely to the mind's eye, or delicious to cultivated taste: That happiness which has been well defined to consist in "a multiplicity of agreeable consciousness," can neither be rarefied by heat nor refracted through a prism, nor decomposed in a crucible, nor concentrated by a lens: That virtue itself, although gloriously visible in her immortal and incorporeal loveliness, in the inspired and inspiring visions of

The various and ever varying relations too, which human beings bear to each other, in different physical circumstances, under different political institutions and in different

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“Comus and Paradise Lost,” and faithfully reflected in the truth-illumed mirror of moral fiction, which Edgeworth has fashioned to instruct and delight man and woman-kind, can neither be chizzled upon marble nor portrayed upon canvass: That the elevating consciousness of superior penetration and intelligence, the proud capacity to “admire with knowledge,” compare with discernment, “observe with distinction,” and analyze with acuteness and accuracy, although neither, a raree-show to the eyes, nor music to the ear, is more intrinsically precious, more truly good, than the most curious and brilliant spectacles which the experimentalist can exhibit; is more delightful to the soul of man, even than the “music of the spheres;” and supply the only standards, by which the *value* of these spectacles can be estimated, the only light in which their grandeur is visible to the “mind’s eye,” the only medium through which that divine music, is audible to the mind’s ear: That wisdom although valueless in the estimation and imponderable in the scales, of the idolaters of mammon, is in fact, better than gold, in the judgment of enlightened reason, and far outweighs “gold, ay fine gold,” in the balance of impartial justice: That the “*novum organum*” is surely more valuable than the most admirably constructed orrery, and the “theory of moral sentiments” more truly beautiful, than the diamond beetle seen through the finest microscope, or even than the solar ray refracted by a prism. All this and much in the same strain might be urged: but a more appropriate reply is at hand. It is from metaphysics, that modern criticism borrows, not its fescue and its ferrule! These coarse and rude implements, with which, it guided and governed the infancy of intellect; it has laid aside with becoming scorn. It is from metaphysics, that it borrows *all* the ensignia of its sceptred majesty; it is from metaphysics, that it derives that Talisman of analysis, whose

stages of civilization, lie within the region of the knowable: facts of this sort, collected by observation, recorded by history, analyzed and reduced to system by philosophy, supply

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lightest touch, like that of Ithuriel's spear, makes every error (however impervious its disguise to the eye, however seductive its accents, to the ear of innocence and inexperience) "return of force to its own likeness." It is metaphysics, that arms the philosophical critic, the rightful arbiter of literary desert or delinquency, the penal minister of the moral police, with those terrific weapons, "like the sword of Michael, from the armoury of God," at the sight of which, monarchs tremble on their thrones, and tyrants turn pale, in the midst of their guards: Those terrific weapons, that are faintly typified in classical mythology, by the snaky whips and burning wheels of the furies, those *non flagrantia*, but, *surda flagella*, with which, the executioners of moral justice, scourge the blasphemers of truth, the corrupters or offenders of taste, the apostates and the foes of freedom, the profligate sophists and remorseless tools of power.

It is from metaphysics, that they borrow the wreath, not of laurel, but of amaranth; the chaplets, not from Parnassus, but from Paradise, with which they encircle the brows of the benefactors of mankind, and the moral luminaries of the world.

The modern critic is "the Leviathan of all the creatures of metaphysics, he tumbles about his unwieldy bulk, he plays and frolics in the ocean, of its more than regal bounty: huge as he is, and whilst he lies floating 'many a rood,' he is still *its* creature: his ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine, against the *magnus virum doctor*, and covers his disciples all over with the spray, every thing of him and about him, is from metaphysics. Is it for him, to disparage the dignity, to undervalue the bounty, to dispute the pre-eminence, of this master, and of his master science?"

The author is aware, that in placing metaphysics in the front rank of the knowable, he will excite a grin on the smooth and unmeaning faces of the ephemeral coxcombs, who snuff the noi-

materials for political economy, jurisprudence, and for the “*summa scientia*,” the science of “the social order.”

The philosophy of literature is another fair and fertile domain, within the sphere of the knowable, which modern ingenuity has cultivated with extraordinary success, and in

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some odours, and gap at the garish hues, of the carrion flowers that germinate, in the “unweeded garden” of modern literature, who are panting in chase of the emperor of Morocco, or sympathizing in the pangs of the Virtuoso, whose desperate chase, his Moorish majesty has eluded: he is aware, that he will perhaps ruffle the grave visages of those ministers of the literary police, whose anti-Tobyish but imperial sport, it sometimes is, to “break those butterflies upon the wheel.”

He fears that he may even provoke a contemptuous glance, from those awful arbiters on the tribunals of criticism, “whose smile is transport and whose frown is fate” to the candidate for literary honours.

With the most profound contempt for the coxcomb’s grin, with perfect indifference (unless it should chance to be a good one) for the jest of the witling, the sneer or scowl of the worldling, and for the very best possible pun, which the pedant, the pedagogue or the barrister, can invent, on so happy an occasion for the exercise of a talent, in the exercise of which (such is the astonishing perfectibility of modern literature) every driveller, drilled by the study of Joe Miller or George Stevens, far surpasses Milton and Shakspeare: with all due deference for the authority, and apprehensions from the penal jurisdiction, of the judicial awarders of praise or censure to literary desert or delinquency, the writer must be allowed to challenge for metaphysics, a front rank in the *knowable*.

And if indeed, “the best study of mankind *be man*,” and if mind be admitted to be the better and nobler part of man, that part, in which the dignity and local pre-eminence of his nature really consists, metaphysics *does* challenge and *will* maintain this rank, in the estimation of the wise and good, through all succeeding time.

which the modern inquirer, finds few precursors and no competitors, in classical antiquity. In the analysis of novelty, sublimity, beauty, grandeur, pathos, horror, and other affecting qualities, into their elementary principles; those principles, from which poetry, eloquence, and imitative art, derive their mystic attractions, and soul-subduing charms: In revealing to the “mind’s eye” those models of ideal excellence, the contemplation of which awakens the aspirations, and tasks the gigantic might, of genius, guides the chissel, the plectrum, the pencil and “the pen of fire:” In establishing those standards of criticism and taste, by the application of which, we detect every latent blemish or beauty, estimate with nicer discrimination, and feel with keener sensibility, the comparative degrees of excellence and imperfection, in the productions of inventive or imitative art: above all, in bodying forth the moral standard, the truth-tempered talisman, that ascertains the tendency, of whatever amuses imagination or excites strong emotion, to improve or deprave the moral sentiments and character, to exalt or degrade the dignity of human nature: In the development and illustration of these delicate and difficult subjects, the human mind, has ample scope for all its subtlety, ingenuity, and penetration.

The all-important and sublime science of Theology, too, lies within the region of the knowable.

Every discovery of the natural philosopher, every new and brilliant phenomena, which the experimentalist unveils, every link in the chain of cause and effect unravelled in the progress of science, every new combination of re-

cently discovered elements, every new application of recently discovered laws of matter, designed or applied by inventive art to accomplish any useful purpose, exhibit additional evidence not only of the existence of the Creator, conservator, governor, and father of the universe, but additional evidences, also, of his goodness, wisdom, and power; of those glorious attributes, that make him the natural and proper object of the adoration, reverence, and love of all intelligent beings: every discovery of this sort, in the hands of a skillful theologian, is converted into a powerful weapon, offensive as well as defensive, as well for repelling attacks on the doctrines of natural and revealed religion, as for encountering the subtile sceptic even on the ground, where he deems himself most secure of victory; in the very citadel, from whose battlements, he hurls defiance at the “defenders of the faith.”

These are sciences, that steadily advance towards perfection, and every advancing step, extends the sphere of human knowledge, power, and happiness, and contributes to the improvement of government, legislation, education; of whatever lays the foundation and erects the superstructure of virtuous and accomplished character, national or individual, and promotes the dignity of human nature, the glory of God and the happiness of his rational creatures here or hereafter, in time; or through eternity.

*To what extent are the properties of matter knowable?*

To an extent, to which there is no assignable limit: To an extent, sufficient to task the powers of the most active and inventive mind, that has ever existed in the hu-

man form, according to the usual course of nature: To an extent that, for successive milleniums, will supply constant and imperishable accessions of knowledge, power, and enjoyment: to an extent, vast enough, to provide a basis for a fabric of civilization, co-extensive with the habitable globe; and embellished by the taste and skill of an art, ever adding beauty to the face, and grace to the form of nature; and the trophies of a science, constantly achieving more astonishing victories, and extending its empire, in every direction.

The only medium, through which we can acquire any knowledge of the properties of matter, is sensation: or, in other words, the impressions, made by whatever exists externally, on our organs of sense.

These impressions, may be distributed into three classes: First, the impressions made upon our organs of sense, and the sensible parts of our bodies, internal and external, by whatever is applied for the purpose of growth and nourishment; or, for the purpose of gratifying appetite, alleviating pain, or curing disease: Secondly, the impressions made upon our mind through our organs of sense, by the external phenomena, *spontaneously* exhibited to our view: Thirdly, the impressions made by the action of external objects on each other, artificially disposed in such situations, as to *evolve phenomena*, which we should not otherwise, have it in our power to observe.

The first class of impressions, comprehends whatever relates to subsistence, sensual gratification, and the science of medicine in all its branches: The second, supplies ma-

terials for all the different departments of natural history: The third, constitutes the foundation, and supplies materials for the superstructure, of experimental philosophy, and each class of impressions, supplies an inexhaustible fund of knowledge.

These three classes of impressions, constitute *all that is knowable* in relation to external objects: The nature of the *qualities* that excite these impressions, the *substance* or *subject* in which these qualities inhere, the *manner* in which they excite sensible impressions, and the *invisible* ties by which they are bound together, are unknowable.

The phenomena by which those impressions are made, are connected in an order, that according to our experience is uniform, and therefore, probably immutable: the order as it is styled, both in common and philosophical language of cause and effect. It is only when exhibited in this order to our senses, and associated in this order in our minds, that we acquire a knowledge of good and evil, and power consequently, to obtain and secure the one, to avoid and expel the other. It is important, therefore, to inquire, whether this relation falls within the region of the knowable or unknowable, and if knowable, to what extent it is so, and to what extent also it is known.

On the supposition that Adam, (however perfect his senses and faculties may have been,) could only acquire a knowledge of external objects as we do, I endeavoured to explain in what way, a wish that the sun might rise again would be converted into hope, hope into expectation, and expectation into a firm *belief*, that he would re-appear

in time future, as he had done in time past. Perceiving that all the phenomena, within the rapidly extending range of his observation, preserved the same invariable uniformity of succession, this belief would acquire additional stability, would attach itself as readily to a succession of events, recently discovered, as to one that had been long known, and would gradually impress a firm conviction, that every succession of phenomena throughout the universe, whether occurring without or within, was governed by immutable laws, or if not immutable, by laws, that operated invariably, during very long periods of time.

From this view of the subject, three conclusions are deducible, that deserve attention.

First, human belief in the stability of any particular succession of phenomena, is fortified by observing the uniformity of succession in every other instance, that falls under human observation: a single unequivocal instance (not believed to be miraculous,) of irregular succession, would shake the stability of this belief to its foundation.

But secondly, having found in every instance, we have been able to analyze, that any apparent irregularity in the succession of phenomena, did not proceed from uncertainty, in the usual order of succession, from any looseness or contingency in the catenation of events, but from the secret interposition of links in the chain, which, from their subtlety, escaped the scrutiny of our senses; we deem it most rational to account for every apparent irregularity in this way, and extend our belief in the principle of uniform antecedence and sequence, to every succession of events, whether mo-

mentous or minute, from the revolutions of the heavenly bodies to the undulation of a wave, from the disruption of an earthquake, to the condensation or lapse of a drop of rain.

Thirdly, any deviation in the succession of events, from that order which is conformable to long and uniform experience, in time past, is ascribed to the immediate interposition of the Almighty mind, suspending or controlling for some beneficent purpose, the laws of nature, which he had himself established.

A series of events, of which uniform experience in time past has established the order of succession, are said to succeed each other according to the relation of cause and effect: when our attention is directed to a particular event, that which uniformly precedes it, is called the cause, and the event we are considering is called the *effect*: The principle by which they are linked together, is denominated *causation* or *efficiency*, and in a given series, or part of a series, the *same* event is alternately cause and effect; cause, in relation to that which is believed to be immediately subsequent, and effect, in relation to what immediately precedes, or is believed, immediately to precede it.

The relation of cause and effect so far as it is knowable, consists in the invariable precedence and sequence of particular events, which, when ascertained, enables man, on the appearance of the one, to predict the other, and by means of the one, to summon the instant appearance, and command the passive obedience and subserviency of the other, in the execution of his will. It is in exercising the power, with which his knowledge of the relation of cause

and effect progressively invests him, that the pre-eminence of man over other animals, and of civilized over savage man, is most conspicuously manifested.

The inferiority of Aladdin in intelligence and power, to the genius, whom the possession of his magic lamp is conceived to have enabled him to summon to his aid, was scarcely greater, than that of savage man, to an accomplished experimental philosopher, in any civilized country: nor could Aladdin have been much more astonished and ravished, at the sight of the palaces of diamonds and rubies, and the Elysian gardens, that sprung out of nothing at the command of the "genius," than the savage would be, at the exhibition of the grander, and more astonishing, because more unexpected phenomena, which a skilful chymist, astronomer, optician or electrician, would present to his view.

The human mind is capable of unravelling and extending the chain indefinitely and in every direction; of evolving, (by means of accurate observation and artificial aids,) ten, or, ten thousand intermediate links, betwixt two, that seemed to be contiguous, and not only of adding to the length of the chain at either end, but to its extent in every lateral and oblique direction.

Every new discovery of this sort, extends the empire of mind over matter, in this quarter of the universe; amplifies the range of human knowledge and power; and subjects the energies of inanimate matter to the control of sentient and intelligent beings. The immense chain of secondary causes, depending from the throne, and concatenated by the omnipotence of the Creator, extends in every direction with-

out limit and without end, constituting and consolidating the conscious and unconscious, the moral and material universe.

On the extent to which they are capable of comprehending and grasping the larger, and the subtlety and minuteness with which they can evolve the finer links in this immense chain; the *original* rank of every order of intelligent beings, essentially depends: from Gallileo who expounded the revolutions of the solar system; to "Uriel," who sits enthroned in the central luminary of that system, "regent of day," "and compels the reluctant planets to absolve their fated rounds of time:" from Milton; to the seraph, who inspired his song! But to return from this digression.

Thus far the relation of cause and effect is knowable, and, I apprehend, no farther: Of causation, if by causation, we understand the invisible principle, that binds together the successive links in a series of events, that makes one particular event to follow another particular event, and makes it impossible that any other can follow, we neither know, nor *can* know any thing.

Aitiology is a science too sublime for man; he possesses neither organs nor faculties sufficiently penetrating, to scan the essence of substance and the efficiency of cause.

Those relations amongst the impressions made by external phenomena, that bind them together in systems of physical science, are very different from the relations amongst ideas, that constitute mathematical theorems.\* The

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\* In this part of the essay, the author has endeavoured to expose the fallacy of a notion to which the authority of Locke

strongest evidence, which the understanding can discover or invent, to support the principles of the former, is not only different in kind, but greatly inferior in clearness and force, to that which the other, spontaneously presents.

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and the specious but superficial ingenuity of Condillac, has given currency: the notion, that the elementary principles of moral and political philosophy are *demonstrable*.

The *proof* that these principles are *not* demonstrable, approaches, the author apprehends, more nearly to the clearness and singleness of demonstrative evidence, than any reasoning that can be discovered or invented, to support these principles.

The attempt to establish the truth of a theorem in geometry, by examining the visible line of the corresponding diagram, with a microscope, or, submitting its tangible line to the action of chemical agents in a crucible, would scarcely be more preposterous, than the attempt to demonstrate a matter of fact.

The notion is not *merely* erroneous: the error is radically malignant. Baffled in its effort to discover moral or political axioms, (a pursuit even more visionary than the chase of the perpetual motion, or, the elixir of immortality,) the mind becomes predisposed to adopt the monstrous opinion, that morality has no foundation in the truth of things: that good and evil, virtue and vice, are the result of a sort of instinct, temperament, taste, or of specious and inveterate prejudice.

It is a notion too, that leads directly and almost demonstrably to *atheism*. For if moral and political truth be demonstrable, it must be resolvable into axioms: and if so, the physical and moral order of the universe must be self-existent, immutable, and eternal: according to this notion, a belief in the creative power, controlling will, and superintending providence of God, would involve a contradiction, would not be erroneous merely, but absurd. The attempt to prove the truth of a miracle, would be not less irrational than the attempt to refute a mathematical proposition. The writer does not mean to contend, or even

In a chain of mathematical reasoning, we not only connect every preceding with every subsequent link, but comprehend in what way they are necessarily connected; why a particular deduction is drawn from the premises, and no other can be drawn: we perceive distinctly that the connexion is independent of place and time, must exist as we perceive it throughout the intellectual universe, existed thus before time began, and will exist thus, when time shall “be no more.”

But in a chain of phenomena, arranged in the order of cause and effect, we perceive no principle that necessarily binds any one event to any other, we can assign no reason why a particular event succeeds another, and no other can succeed, we have no proof of the immutability of the connection: We know only, that it has subsisted for a given time, in the quarter of the universe which we inhabit, but we have no evidence that it always has subsisted even here, much less that it must subsist, every where, and at all times: On the contrary, we can distinctly conceive, that a time was, when this connection did not subsist, and that the time may be again, when it will be dissolved.

To the human mind, therefore, this connection appears to be arbitrary and separable. As difference is best illustrated by comparison, I will enumerate the principal differences, betwixt mathematical and probable reasoning.

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to insinuate, nor does he believe, or even suspect, that the abettors of this notion, were aware of these inferences: but he begs the intelligent reader to reflect, whether these inferences, if this notion be admitted, are not, unavoidable.

The first time the evidence of a mathematical proposition, presented itself to the mind of Adam, his conviction of its truth and of the immutability of its truth, would be as perfect, as it could be, after the most careful and repeated revision: But it would be only after observing the alternation of day and night, or, the regular recurrence of any other physical phenomena for a considerable length of time, that he would anticipate their recurrence in time future with confidence, and begin to regard a particular succession of events as a part of the established order of nature, and this anticipation (unless we believe that he had access to supernatural sources of information) could scarcely even in the course of an antediluvian term of existence, arrive at absolute certainty, or reach the degree of assurance with which we now anticipate the recurrence of phenomena, in time future, in the order in which they have occurred in time past.

We can readily imagine that Adam, by exerting an intellectual penetration and power, as far superior to the genius of Newton or La Place, as their faculties were, in their maturity, superior to those of a child, may have grasped (without the accession of new impressions from external objects) in a few years, months, days, hours, or even at a glance, those sublime conclusions of transcendental geometry, which the human understanding in his fallen descendants, for nearly six thousand years, has been toiling to reach, by the progressive labours of many successive generations, and the united efforts of millions of minds: But we cannot imagine, that Adam could have advanced a sin-

gle step in physical science, without new impressions from external objects; without observing phenomena, arranged in the order of cause and effect, as they were spontaneously presented to his view, or, by artificially disposing external objects, so as to detect that relation, in cases, where it was not spontaneously disclosed. Adam may have become a geometrician in an hour, but let the strength of his intellectual faculties and the acuteness and sensibility of his perceptive powers, have been as perfect as possible, (unless we believe that a knowledge of external phenomena was imparted to him by inspiration) some time must have elapsed, before he could become a naturalist or a chymist.

If we imagine Newton or La Place to be immured in a subterranean cell, and supplied with all the physical means of healthful existence, and with mathematical instruments, we can imagine also, that they might spin from their brains, (as does the spider from its entrails,) a complete system of geometry, algebra, and fluxions, but without constant access to external objects, we cannot conceive even of the possibility of their advancing a single step, in physical science.

From the definitions and postulates, we can deduce the simplest theorems and problems, and advance from these, to more complex propositions, *in infinitum*, by directing our attention to relations amongst ideas with which the mind is previously furnished, by deducing by a process purely intellectual and internal, unknown from known truths: But we cannot from any two known, or from any number of known properties of any external object, (gold

for instance,) infer an unknown property: No comparison or mental analysis of our ideas of the known properties of gold, will suggest the idea of a property not known: We cannot from its weight, colour, or malleability, infer its solubility in nitro-muriatic acid, previous to observing its actual solution in this acid, nor can we from this quaternon of properties, infer a fifth.

Secondly, in tracing the steps of a mathematical demonstration, we not only perceive that the conclusion is true, but that it is necessarily and immutably true: but although by attentively considering external phenomena, we discover that one event uniformly precedes and another uniformly follows, and arrange an indefinitely extended and diversified series of events in this order, in our systems of physical science, and anticipate with unshaken confidence, the repetition of this series in the same order, in time future, yet we can neither by observation nor experiment, sensation or reflection, nor by any intellectual or physical process, discover or invent any reason, for this precedence and sequence; or, any proof, that the connection is necessary and immutable.

Thirdly, in arranging a series of propositions in the order of mathematical demonstration, we certainly know that no intermediate link has escaped our attention, and that no link can be inserted other than those, that have been evolved: But in arranging a series of phenomena in the order of cause and effect, we can never be certain, that the parts of the series apparently contiguous and immediately connected, are really so: nay, it will always remain

eminently probable, that an indefinite series of finer links, may be interspersed betwixt two, which after the severest scrutiny by our senses, (aided by every instrument that inventive art can furnish,) may appear to be immediately and intimately connected.

Fourthly, therefore, as mathematical truths are established by deducing a priori from precise definitions, theorems and problems that resolve themselves into principles essentially elementary, (infinite as mathematical science is in the number and variety of the conclusions which it involves) every particular problem, or theorem, may be conceived to *begin* in the definitions and *terminate* in the axioms: But there being no principle, susceptible of precise definition, from which physical truths can be deduced, nor any axioms, into which they can be resolved, every series or succession of phenomena, however *limited*, may involve *possibly* an *infinite* succession of *unperceived and imperceptible intermediate events.*\*

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\* Mathematical propositions may be compared to the radii of a circle which, although infinite in number, yet do all commence in the centre and terminate in the circumference: Physical science may be compared to a chain, extending interminably in every direction, and composed of links that are subdivided into infinitesimal minuteness, till they become like the meshes of the net in which Vulcan entangled Mars and Venus, so exquisitely exiled, that even the eye of a divinity, could not discern them, yet so indissoluble, that the arm of Mars himself, could not rend them asunder.

Of this immense chain, man is capable of grasping a portion indefinitely extensive, and of unravelling the finer intermediate

In what then according to these explanations, does physical truth consist?

Theoretically and absolutely, in a coincidence betwixt *the order in which impressions are made upon our senses,* (and *the order* consequently in which the ideas they suggest are *arranged and associated in our minds,*) and *that* in which the phenomena, by which those impressions are made and those ideas suggested, succeed each other, *according to the relation of cause and effect;* or, if this coincidence be *unattainable*, in a continual *approximation* towards it.

The material universe is for ever in motion: A series of phenomena, alternately, antecedent and consequent, of which we can discover neither the commencement nor the termination, and betwixt the successive parts or links of which, we can detect no necessary connection, follow each other with invariable uniformity, and amidst the incessant vicissitude and fluctuation, to which every individual existence is subject, preserves an immutable order, and every where re-produce and sustain “all the fair variety of things.”

In this boundless theatre, (boundless in extent, variety, and duration,) man is partly a spectator, and partly an

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links to a degree of minuteness, indefinitely small. To the extent to which he can grasp the larger, and the minuteness to which he can evolve the smaller links, there is no assignable limit. But physical science must always be imperfect, in three respects. The chain of ideas must want *commencement, termination, and connexion.* There are no *definitions* in which it can commence, no *axioms* into which it can be resolved: no *intuitive certainty* by which its links are bound together.

agent; and when duly instructed, disciplined and accomplished, becomes neither an idle spectator, nor an insignificant agent.

But sensation is the only inlet of information, the only medium of intercourse with the external universe, appropriated to his use, in this sublunary region, and at this incipient and probationary stage of his existence.

It is also by means of sensation only, that those faculties and energies, to the unknown and *unknowable* subject of which, we give the name of mind, become the subjects of consciousness.

When external phenomena, produce a series of impressions, on the outward organs, and when the correspondent ideas are associated in the memory, in an order that *coincides*, or, *approaches* to coincidence, with the order, in which these phenomena *invariably* succeed each other; in other words succeed each other, according to the relation of cause and effect; such a train of impressions or ideas, reflects, "*veluti in speculo,*" the truth of things, so far as it is accessible to the human mind.

But phenomena are not originally and spontaneously presented to our senses, nor are the corresponding ideas consequently associated in our minds, according to the relation of cause and effect.

Partial resemblance, faint and fanciful analogy, accidental proximity or coincidence of time and place, and *imaginary* resemblance are often the only connecting principles, amongst our ideas concerning external phenomena. In a train of ideas connected together, by those separable,

arbitrary, and casual ties, the *order of succession* amongst external phenomena, which the *relation of cause and effect* has established, will be continually violated, and error will necessarily prevail.

There are only two ways, by which we can ascertain the order in which phenomena succeed each other, according to the relation of cause and effect: First, by marking and recording the *invariable* succession of phenomena, as it is *spontaneously* and progressively presented to our view in particular instances: Secondly, by placing material substances, "by means of artificial instruments and operations," in such a situation, as to *evolve* the finer links of the chain, and detect the relation of cause and effect, in a multitude of instances, where it is not spontaneously exhibited, and would have remained *otherwise* undiscovered and inscrutable.

The first, is demonstrated philosophical *observation*, the second, philosophical *experiment*.

It has been in consequence of arranging their ideas respecting the phenomena of the material world, according to the results of observation and experiment, in other words, by substituting the relation of *cause and effect*, in place of *resemblance*, *fanciful analogy* and other *casual* relations, that the modern systems of physics, have so far eclipsed the ancient, in verisimilitude and value.

When, for example, the various phenomena produced by heat, dilatation, liquefaction, aeriform elasticity, &c. are presented to the senses, by means of observation and experiment, in the order in which they succeed each other,

according to the relation of cause and effect, and the corresponding ideas are in that order associated in the mind, the order of nature is unfolded, and the truth of things represented: When on the contrary, our ideas concerning the phenomena produced by heat, are suggested by confounding its effects, in consequence of partial resemblance, with those, produced by some other physical agent; or blending with our ideas of the phenomena it produces, a variety of phenomena produced at *the same time and place*, by different physical agents; such a chain of ideas, however ingeniously connected and beautifully burnished, is no better than a rope of sand.

The one train of ideas not only corresponds with the truth of things, but so far as that train extends, enables man to reproduce at pleasure the phenomena, subjects the physical agent to his control, and extends his empire in the world he inhabits: Every such newly discovered *train* of impressions, produces a good of which the value or amount, may be considered, as the product of the number of human beings then existing, or that may afterwards exist, throughout the civilized world, who participate the good, multiplied by the quantity of gratification, it may afford them, in other words, produces an incalculable good.

The other train of ideas, having no foundation in the truth of things, cannot enable man to reproduce or control at pleasure, the phenomena which it professes to analyse and arrange; and far from extending his knowledge or power over the material world, arrests the progress of both, and of all impediments to their progress, becomes

the most intractable: Intractable too, exactly in proportion, to the genius of the mind, that conceives, develops, embellishes, and defends it: It produces an evil, of which the amount may be regarded, as the product of the length of time, during which it prevails, and of the number of active and ingenious minds, it entangles in the maze of error, multiplied by the vice, and misery, it entails on each; an evil, the amount of which, is incalculable.

If we compare a mind, in which every train of ideas concerning the phenomena of the material universe, perfectly coincides with the order in which the phenomena succeed each other, according to the relation of cause and effect; with a mind, in which the corresponding trains of ideas, are bound together by casual, mutable and arbitrary associations; we shall be surprised to find, that we are contrasting the omniscience of a God, with the imagination of a poet, the omnipotence and beneficence of truth, with the impotence and malignity of error.

This analysis of the relation of cause and effect, (as it respects the phenomena of the material universe, which are the objects of observation,) is alike applicable to those internal operations, which are the subjects of consciousness. We experience nothing, and can discover nothing, after the nicest scrutiny and the most profound reflection, but the uniform antecedence of one event and sequence of another: In every instance the connecting principle is undiscovered and inscrutable.

The sun has uniformly risen, certain substances have uniformly afforded nourishment to the human body in its

sound and healthy state; the mind has uniformly exerted a certain control over the movements of the body, and over its own ideas; certain actions, moral qualities and characters, have uniformly excited approbation and disapprobation, love and hatred, particular political institutions have tended to improve, and others to deprave human nature, in time past, we confidently anticipate the recurrence of these phenomena, in the same order, in time future: But by what principle, in any of these instances, or in any of the innumerable cases, that belong to these classes of phenomena, the uniformly preceding, is connected with the uniformly subsequent event, is not only unknown; but without a radical change in the constitution of human nature, without the possession of finer organs, and higher intellectual powers, must be forever unknowable.

In what respect then it may be asked, do the ideas of the profoundest philosopher, differ from those of the sciolist, of the most superficial observer of any class of natural phenomena?

In two circumstances only: First, the chain of ideas in the mind of the philosopher, is more extended, and secondly, it contains a greater number of finer links, than the corresponding chain, in the mind of an ordinary man. In the mind of the philosopher, the chain of ideas, not only proceeds to a greater extent in every direction, but betwixt two links, immediately connected in the mind of an ordinary observer, an indefinite series of finer links, may be interposed, in the mind of the philosopher.

A man wholly destitute of scientific knowledge, perceives that if fire be applied to fuel, it will burn: In his mind the idea of the application of fire is immediately connected with the combustion of the fuel: The chymist *unravels* the chain, detects the decomposition of the atmospheric air, the consequent evolution of light and heat, and the union of oxygen with the burning body: He *extends* the chain, and not only discovers the sources, from which the gases that compose atmospheric air proceed, but ascertains also, the properties of the elements, into which the burning body resolves itself; and by these discoveries, is able to predict and produce a variety of phenomena, in the highest degree curious, beautiful, and useful: but with regard to the principles, that bind these phenomena together, the rudest savage and the most enlightened sage, the infantine and the mature mind, nay, man himself, and the most imperfect and insignificant thing that lives or moves in ocean, air, or earth, are equally ignorant: It is so also, in regard to internal subjects of consciousness.

A school-boy of fifteen, endowed with an ordinary share of capacity, perceives that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle, are *necessarily* equal; is *certain* that the sun will rise to-morrow, and that if he deliberately deceives his parent or his instructor, he will excite their disapprobation and forfeit their confidence, and subject himself to the torment of remorse and self contempt: the philosopher, unravels and extends the chain, analyzes mathematical reasoning into definitions, postulates, and axioms, contrasts demonstrative reasoning with certainty, and cer-

tainty with the various shades of probability: this analysis, ascertains the various kinds and degrees of evidence; the proper subjects and impassable boundaries of human knowledge; draws the line betwixt the knowable and the unknowable, and illustrates the methods by which the investigation of the knowable may be most successfully pursued: but, the nature of that subtle intellectual being, that performs all these operations, or, in what way it is acted on, by different sorts and shades of evidence, the philosopher is as unable to explain, as the youth of fifteen years of age.

Every human creature, who deserves the name of man, knows, that certain forms of government, codes of law, and methods of education, have a tendency to promote, and others to counteract the improvement and happiness of a political community: the moral philosopher, unravels the chain; develops the customs, manners, opinions, distribution of property, prevailing motives, and modes of action, that in time past have sprung from various forms of government, codes of law, and methods of education, and may be expected to arise from their continuance, or, re-establishment in time future: but here, as before, nothing is perceived, or can be detected, but the uniform antecedence of one event, and sequence of another.

And what farther, except to gratify a morbid, idle, and presumptuous curiosity, need we desire to know?

Is it not enough, that by this knowledge, we are able, not only to foresee and predict the operation of the established laws of material and moral nature, in time future, but to employ these laws as passive, yet prompt and powerful ministers, to obey our behests and execute our designs?

To the capacities we inherit from nature, for acquiring this knowledge, and to its progressive augmentation, we are indebted, for all that establishes the pre-eminence and dominion of man, in the world he inhabits; all that exalts the condition and character of civilized above those of savage man; all that lifts Homer, and Aristotle, and Demosthenes, and Archimedes, and Lycurgus, and Scipio, and Milton, and Newton, and Henry IV, and Howard, and Charles Fox, and Brindley, above the level of the millions of human beings, who "*Draw nutrition, propagate and rot.*"

Is it not enough, although we hear not the voice that enacts, nor perceive the hand that executes, the established laws of physical and moral nature; that their instrumentality, in producing pleasure and pain, happiness or misery, is manifested to our senses; and that by the knowledge thus obtained, we are enabled, progressively, to combine and perpetuate the elements and instruments of good; to remove, counteract, or extinguish, those of evil; and to find, at the same time, ample and endless scope, for the exercise and expansion of our intellectual powers?

Is it not enough, that these mighty laws, established by the omniscient wisdom, and maintained by the omnipotence, of the Creator, operate, each in its appropriate sphere, with undeviating uniformity, and with an energy, incapable of pause, remission, or decay?

Is it not enough, that every link in the immense chain of secondary causes, (so far as its links lie within the ken of human intelligence, or the grasp of human power,) is adapted to develop, expand, and mature the faculties of the

human mind; and that in unravelling, (by the steady and strenuous exertion of their best faculties,) the intricate concatenation, on which this adaptation depends; the progressive happiness, intelligence, greatness and glory of intelligent beings, consist?

Is it not enough, that these mighty laws, (amidst the constant mutation, perishableness and evanescence of every individual existence,) preserve their original simplicity, unity and energy, unmixed and unimpaired, bind with “adamantine chains,” sustain with “*Atlantæan shoulders*” the *immutable* order and *stupendous* fabric, of the moral and material universe?

Why tantalize curiosity, or, strain and overtask our faculties, in abortive efforts, to scan the essence of substance, and the efficiency of cause? Subjects palpably and impenetrably, impervious to the senses and the mind of man.

“ What means this man, now upwards will he soar,  
“ And little less than angel, would be more.”

Better far, than such “vain wisdom and false philosophy,” better far, and far more suitable to the nature of frail and fallible humanity, the adoring faith, that refers the laws of the universe to the Fiat, and recognizes, in all the operations of these laws, the finger of Omnipotence, that regards

“ All as but parts of one stupendous whole,  
“ Whose body nature is, and God the soul.”

As the terms, *mind*, *matter*, *substance*, *essence*, *efficiency*, *causation*, have relation to subjects that lie beyond the re-

gion of the knowable, it may be asked: ought they not to be regarded, as an unmeaning and mischievous jargon, and as such, banished from our lips, and expunged from our vocabulary? I reply, by no means:—Whatever is knowable, is indissolubly connected with what is unknowable, nor is it possible to designate and distinguish, accurately, things known and knowable, without the use of terms, that refer to things unknown and unknowable: X and Y, the symbols of unknown, are as necessary in Algebra, as A, B, and C, the symbols of known quantities.

Although we know not, nor can ever know “till this corruptible shall put on incorruption” what constitutes mind, immortal and immaterial mind, (independent of the internal energies and feelings of which we are conscious,) yet, as we are irresistibly impelled to believe, that they co-exist and inhere in something, and cannot discourse, or even think, about these energies and feelings, without reference to this unknown and unknowable being, it is necessary that we should have a distinct appellation for it.

Although we know not, nor can we ever know what constitutes matter, independent of the impressions which its qualities make upon our senses, yet as we are irresistibly impelled to believe, that these qualities, or, exciting causes of sensible impressions co-exist and co-here in something; and are unable to discourse or even to think about those impressions without continual reference to this unknown and unknowable entity, the term matter, is not less indispensable, than the terms expressive of the impressions, which it makes upon us.

Although we perceive not, nor can ever perceive, any connecting principle amongst phenomena, internal or external, moral or material, yet as we are irresistibly led to believe that a connecting principle exists, and cannot discourse or even think about those phenomena, without constantly referring to it; the word *efficiency*, or some other term of similar import, is necessary for the ordinary, as well as for the philosophical purposes of language.

Material qualities, as they are manifested to our senses, either exist in combinations, that remain for a considerable length of time unchanged, or they exist in ceaseless mutation and succession: It is all-important that this distinction should be marked, and it is marked, by employing the term *substance*, to express material qualities in a state of permanent combination.

Terms expressive of things unknowable, are therefore necessary and useful; nor can any injury or inconvenience arise from such terms, if they are used with a due knowledge and constant recollection of their genuine import; and do not introduce into our minds erroneous ideas, concerning the proper subjects and appointed limits, of human knowledge.

The preceding analysis of the relation of cause and effect, will enable us to comprehend clearly, the foundation of certain and probable, as contra-distinguished from demonstrative, reasoning.

When a particular event, has invariably occurred in time past, we anticipate with certainty, its invariable recurrence in time future. Thus we are certain that every

human being will die, because we learn from observation, from the testimony of all around us, from history and from tradition, that every human being who has been born within little more than a century of the present time, has died. We have this additional evidence of the mortality of man; that, of the almost infinite number of human beings, who have lived in time past, during nearly six thousand years, there exists not one, whose life cannot be proved to have commenced, within a hundred and twenty or thirty years, of the present time: all, therefore, who existed previously, must have died, or disappeared from the earth. But although we are certain, that all the human beings that now exist, or may hereafter exist, must die; yet the time when, the place where, the mode in which, any human being that now exists, or may hereafter exist, will die, is uncertain.

In time past all men have died; but the duration of their lives, the time, place, and mode of their death, have been almost infinitely various. Absolutely, all those circumstances are as certain, as the mortality of the individual, and to an intelligent being, who had completely unravelled the chain of events, their certainty would be as readily discoverable; but relatively to the knowledge of any human being that now exists, relatively to the stock of knowledge, accumulated by the experience of past ages, these circumstances, are almost infinitely uncertain.

All events in time future, thus relatively uncertain, are the subjects of probable reasoning, and in determining on what side, or, in what degree, probabilities preponderate, the triumph of the probable reasoner consists.

It is in relation to such subjects, that scientific knowledge and skill, differ from common sense. That John must die, all men know; but how much rare and curious knowledge must the man possess, who determines the probable duration of John's life, in the different situations in which he may be placed, or, the probable termination of a disease of rare recurrence, and full of contra-indicants.

It is the sublime office of mathematical and experimental science, not only to enlarge on every side the boundaries of the known, by constant and successful inroads on the knowable; but to enlarge also, the narrow but absolute dominion of certainty, over the contiguous provinces in the almost illimitable region of probability.

How many grand phenomena and curious laws of nature, unknown a century ago to all, are now known and familiar even to the vulgar!

How many, that were probable merely, are reduced to certainty!

In how many instances, do the probabilities, formerly in equipoise, with regard to a plurality of different events in time future, now decidedly preponderate, on the side of one!

From this analysis of the relation of cause and effect, on which the stable and magnificent fabric of physical science rests, the following important conclusions are deducible.

*First*, from this analysis, we derive one of the strongest a posteriori proofs, (perhaps the strongest a posteriori proof,) of the existence of a Deity, that human reason can discover or invent: if the phenomena of the material universe, (like

the steps of a mathematical demonstration,) were necessarily and immutably connected, it would be unreasonable to look beyond the phenomena, for the efficient cause of their concatenation, in the order of cause and effect: but as the succession of events, does not appear to be necessarily connected, we are irresistibly led to infer, that the order in which they succeed each other, has been established and appointed by an omniscient, and, consequently, omnipotent being: and that every indication of harmony and order, every tendency to produce and diffuse happiness, which the universe displays, is not only a shining evidence of the existence of the Deity, but an evidence also, of the divine attributes, that claim the adoration, love, and worship, of all his rational creatures.

Nothing can be more beautiful to the intellectual eye, than a chain of mathematical reasoning, proceeding from the simplest principles to the most complicated conclusions; nothing more admirable or beneficent, than their practical applications: but no theologian, would dream of building on *this* foundation, an argument in favour of the existence of God, or, concerning the nature of the divine attributes; because the relations on which mathematical truth depends, are essentially immutable and eternal, and necessarily independent of the will of any intelligent being. If the connexion in the chain of physical causes and effects, were equally necessary and immutable, the doctrine of final causes, would be an unintelligible jargon.

Had any impious impostor, even in the most barbarous age, in exhibiting claims to a divine mission, on the ground

of miracle, declared “that he would, by supernatural power, make all the angles of a triangle equal to *three* right angles;” his pretensions would have staggered the faith of his most infatuated and devoted votary: Far from requiring penetration and genius to prove the falsity, it would have been easy for common sense, to *demonstrate* the absurdity, of his pretensions.

Farther, as this order could have been established by the Creator, for the purpose solely, of promoting the progressive improvement and happiness of conscious beings; it is reasonable also to believe, that by the steady, strenuous, and successful exertion of their faculties, to interpret this order, and by converting every discovery of the laws of nature, (which observation on experiment may unfold,) into an instrument for advancing the *dignity* and *happiness* of human nature; his rational creatures *act conformably* to the divine will, exhibit the most *acceptable* and *unequivocal* demonstrations of their *piety* to God, and co-operate in executing the beneficent designs of Divine Providence, in this quarter of the universe.\*

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\* It is remarkable, that the very argument on which the sceptic and the atheist, have erected the battery of infidelity; the very battlement, on which they have planted their heaviest artillery, and stationed their most skilful engineers, is the firmest foundation, on which *philosophy* can rest *its faith*, in the truth of natural religion, its belief, in the existence and attributes of *God*. From the principle, (and the arch-sceptic has established its truth by incontrovertible evidence,) that the connexion of cause and effect is arbitrary and separable, it follows, that the order of succession must have been *chosen*,

*Secondly*, although the human mind can never reach absolute *certainty*, that the real order in which material phenomena succeed each other, has been in a *single instance*,

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*appointed*, and *ordained*, as certainly, as that the arrangement of material parts in an engine or machine, must have been contrived and constructed, by the inventor and artist. From this argument, therefore, we not only infer the prior, independent, and eternal existence of a mind sufficiently benevolent, wise and powerful, to have arranged this infinite series of events, in their actual order; but the beneficent ends, also, they are evidently fitted, and consequently intended, to accomplish: infer, in other words, the existence of a mind, *eternal, benevolent, omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent*.

According to this reasoning, divine benevolence, must have prompted omnipotence, which is necessarily connected, or more properly identified with omniscience, to create the material and moral universe, in the established order of cause and effect; and, in the uniform antecedence and sequence of particular events, the *omnipresence* of the Creator is ever active, ever felt.

In the language of a Pagan poet,

“ *Mens agitat molem, magno se corpore miscet:*”

or in the sublimer language of Pope,

“ *All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body nature is, and God the soul:*”

or, in the sublimest language that ever proceeded from mortal lips—

“ *In God we live, and move, and have our being.*”

The writer will farther remark, that no department of human knowledge, probably, has been more assiduously and successfully cultivated, within the last century, than the philosophy of the human mind: the advances that have been made in this department, would be perceived and acknowledged by all

ascertained; inasmuch, as an indefinite series of events may be interposed betwixt two, which, after the most elaborate scrutiny, to which our senses and faculties, (assisted by every artificial and scientific auxiliary,) are competent, may escape human observation; yet in every instance, in which

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competent inquirers, but for the sceptical and anti-religious conclusions which some of the most eminent modern metaphysicians, have deduced from their principles and speculations: The deduction of these conclusions, has not only brought these principles into disrepute, but has created in pious minds an insuperable disinclination, to admit their truth, or, even to examine their evidence.

It has been often found, however, in the progress of inquiry and controversy, that the principle from which the sceptical or anti-religious conclusion was deduced, was not only true, and a new and important truth, but that the conclusion was illogically deduced.

It has even been found, that correct reasoning, led to conclusions from these principles, not different merely, but opposite; that the very ground, on which the infidel had erected his battery, contained in its bosom materials, which, like the unexpected and irresistible eruption of subterranean fire, devoured or consumed, both the engines and the engineers.

Nor can this circumstance surprise any sincere and intelligent believer. There must exist the most perfect harmony, betwixt the dispensations of Divine Providence, as they are manifested in this world, to the view of enlightened reason, and in the world to come, as they are unfolded by revelation. He, therefore, who successfully investigates and develops any of the laws of nature, however sceptical his opinions, however hostile his intentions, with regard to religion may be; must contribute to establish its truth, and to propagate a faith in its doctrines.

It may seem strange and paradoxical, that a sincere sceptic should first discover, and clearly develop, and that a sincere christian, should zealously oppose, the truth of a principle, the

the order of nature has been so far ascertained, as to enable us from the appearance of one event, to predict another; or, by means of one, to summon the appearance and employ the instrumentality of others, in the execution of our designs, (however numerous and important, the unknown and to us unknowable, intermediate events may be,) a knowledge of the relation of cause and effect, sufficient for the purposes, both of speculation and action, of theory and practice, has been obtained.

*Thirdly*, as a perfect coincidence, betwixt the *order* in which the phenomena of the material universe really succeed each other, with *that*, in which the ideas respecting these phenomena, are arranged and associated; and a co-extension of the series of ideas, with the infinite series of events, would constitute, so far as physical science is concerned, the absolute perfection of an intelligent being; so a continual assymptotical approximation to this coincidence and co-extension, (without the possibility of ever reaching either,) must constitute the most genial element, and the most delightful and beneficent employment, of every order of intelligent beings, endowed with faculties susceptible of

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knowledge of which, establishes on a firm basis, the fundamental doctrines of natural religion.

Yet this strange spectacle, is actually presented to our view, in Dr. Beattie's attack (in his essay on the Immutability of Truth,) on Hume's principle of necessary connexion. It is fortunate for the *cause*, that Beattie espoused, but most unfortunate for his *reputation* as a philosopher, that truth *is immutable*. It is finely observed by Burke, that "the genuine disciples of Truth are careless who conducts them, provided *she be the leader*."

progressive improvement: *This*, would seem, indeed, to be one of the principal ends, which the admirable faculties, the accumulating knowledge, the rapidly increasing number, the widely extended and ever extending empire, of rational beings, in this quarter of the universe; were by their Creator intended and destined to accomplish.

*Fourthly:* As in any actual or *conceivable* stage of intellectual improvement, the physical science of man must be infinitely distant, from a *coincidence* with the order and *co-extension* with the series of external phenomena; it behoveth all who labour to increase the stock of human knowledge, and those more especially, who occupy the van of inquiry, (and are for a season the idols and models of the most intelligent of their contemporaries,) to frame systems and hypotheses with great caution: to regard the most accurate and extensive induction of particulars, as but a part, and an infinitely small part too, of the system of the universe; and incapable of being analyzed into its elementary principles, without tracing its connexion with the other parts of that immense system: as the small but ever-expanding circle, that bounds the sensible horizon, of progressive science, and not a segment of that infinitely-extended, all-comprehending circle, in which omniscience beholds, in the light of eternal truth, whatever “lives, or, moves, or, has its being” in the universe: as an artificial clue, to guide the inquirer, who “without the sure guess of well-practised feet” attempts to disentangle the maze of new and intricate phenomena, and aid memory also in recording the results of philosophical investigation; and to

be dropped and thrown aside, as soon as we discover the path of nature.

*Fifthly:* As the phenomena of the material world, are infinite, and capable of being presented to the senses progressively, and associated in the mind of man, in an order, that approaches *nearer and nearer* to the original order, and embraces a *constantly enlarging* portion of the original series; physical science, affords scope for an improvement, to which no boundaries can be assigned: And as the three great physical discoveries, the *press*, the *magnet* and *gun-powder*; the *press*, by facilitating the general circulation of knowledge, previously and immemorially monopolised by a few opulent minds; The *magnet*, coupled with the improvements, in ship-building, by enabling civilized man, to explore every nook and corner of the habitable globe, and provide for human nature wherever it is found, or, can be introduced, the means of happiness and progressive improvement; and the invention of *gunpowder*, by not only protecting civilized nations from the desolating inroads and overwhelming irruptions, of savage and barbarous hordes, but arming civilized man with absolute power, over the lives and destinies, of his savage brethren: as these great inventions, promise to secure science and civilization, from the recurrence of those periods of long eclipse, and locally of total extinction, which it is the melancholy office of ancient history to record; we are permitted to indulge a hope, that we at length hail the full dawn of a science, destined to shine without eclipse or sunset, till “time shall be no more,” and have

laid the basis of a civilization that has no geographical boundaries, but the habitable parts of the terraqueous globe.

*Sixthly:* As the *principles*, by which the phenomena of the material universe are connected, the *substance* in which they inhere, the *manner* in which they are perceived by the mediation of sensible impressions, and the *nature* of the *intellectual being*, that perceives these impressions, are not only unknown but unknowable, placed by the Creator of the universe beyond the sphere of human intelligence; all *attempts* to penetrate these inscrutable mysteries ought to be regarded not as irrational and unprofitable merely, but as *impious*; as a new and sacrilegious attempt, to pluck “forbidden fruit” and rebuild the tower of Babel; and pernicious exactly in proportion, to the elevation, capacity, and energy of the intellect that propagates, speculations so destitute of foundation in truth, or use in practice.

*Seventhly:* We may deduce from the preceding analysis, a criterion for ascertaining, and a standard for estimating, the stage of “social order” and intellectual improvement, at which any civilized community has arrived.

It may be ascertained and estimated by the number of known truths actually unfolded in *Encyclopædias*, and books of science, by the number of individual minds, that have access, *real access*, to these volumes; and by the benevolence and wisdom with which the knowledge thus circulated, is applied to supply the wants, alleviate the ills and multiply the genuine pleasures, of human life: We may infer also, that the advancement of any, and of every civi-

lized community, in the career of intellectual and moral improvement, will be accelerated; in proportion to the number of minds, assiduously and skilfully engaged in the evolution of cause and effect, and to the facility with which they can circulate a knowledge of their discoveries, inventions and speculations: and that the advancement of every civilized community, in this career, will be retarded in proportion to the paucity of such minds, the deficiency of their exertions in concert, perseverance and skill; and to the extent, to which their exertions are shackled, by positive institutions, by popular prejudice, by inglorious indolence or more inglorious timidity, or by abject and voluntary abasement before the Idols of error.\*

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\* On this ground, as on its foundation, the whole fabric of practical and political morality reposes its stupendous weight: From this principle, as from their fountain, all the salutary lessons of ethical or political economy, spontaneously flow.

By correct reasoning from this principle, we are enabled to discover the origin of government, and to prove that it is co-essential and co-extensive with human society in every condition, with social order in every possible form, with civilization in all its stages, past, present, and prospective.

We are enabled to discover also, that anarchy and despotism, differ merely in degree; despotism consisting essentially in that mitigated degree of anarchy, which is *permanently* compatible with the existence of human society, in a state of misery, *not utterly intolerable*: That all political institutions that create enormous monopolies of property, and permanently pack society into orders privileged and unprivileged, creating factitious rights and annihilating moral duties, are (*in relation to the true theory and objects of good government,*) rank oppression, radical inexpediency, injustice in essence and by system: In rea-

In the astonishing succession of inestimable truths and pestilent errors, that extort alternately the reverence and scorn, the admiration and disgust of the intelligent reader, in perusing every page of the later writings of Edmund Burke,

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sioning from this principle, the impartial inquirer clearly perceives that such institutions arrest, (or retard, if they cannot arrest,) the progress of intellectual improvement, by depriving the mass of mankind of liberty, property and leisure, and of the means consequently of acquiring knowledge; and render liberty, property, and leisure useless, or worthless to the monopolist, by extinguishing all the genuine motives to the acquisition of knowledge, and the exercise of benevolence, in other words, to the practice of piety and virtue: That such institutions, in fine, have a necessary tendency, (wherever they operate and so long as they operate,) to retard and restrain the human mind in its exertions to discover truth; to circumscribe within the narrowest limits, the knowledge of truths previously discovered; and even *during successive ages*, to convert these truths in their practical applications, into instruments of error and evil; of impiety and vice here, and by necessary consequence, of misery here, and hereafter.

By correct reasoning from this principle, we clearly perceive, that a wisely organized and well-administered government essentially consists in securing to every human being, *as early as possible*, and *as completely as possible*, the inviolable possession and free use of the fruits of his labour, during life; and its appropriation according to the testamentary will of the individual, when he arrives at the close of his mortal career: In securing also to every individual, in the pursuit of happiness, a co-incidence betwixt his actions, and his will, so far as such co-incidence is compatible with co-incidence betwixt the actions of other individuals, in the same community, and their wills, in the same pursuit.

We learn also, that as we can add only to the number of known truths, or extend the knowledge of truths previously

there are two observations in his speech in Bristol, (amongst the million of the same character, that immortalize his orations) which ought to be engraven on the memory, and

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discovered; as truth, can only be discovered and circulated and error detected and exposed, by the unrestricted communication of individual minds with each other; by the free interchange, collision and comparison, of the speculations and thoughts of individual minds; it follows, that a wisely organized and well administered government essentially consists also, in securing to every individual the right, which by men of eminence, may be called *the divine right*, or *the right of rights*; the right of giving spontaneous expression, and the most speedy, extended and permanent publicity, to his inquiries, doubts, and speculations on all subjects, within the limits of the knowable, or, that are believed by their author, to be within those limits: with the exclusion solely, of matters (whether true or false, facts or fabrications,) the publication of which, would disparage the reputation of any of his fellow-citizens; who, however otherwise worthless, miserable, or vicious, has not drawn down on his devoted head, the vengeance of law, or the malediction of universal odium: And even in such unhappy instances, the right to the free communication of opinions, sentiments and even facts, ought to be exercised with as much caution, delicacy and reserve, as in relation to all other subjects, it ought to be exercised with fearless frankness, with intrepid sincerity, with heroic independence of thought and spirit.

It is deducible also that, as the general, secure, and impartial participation of these inestimable blessings, is matter of *supreme* moment, and of *equal* moment, to every human being; the deliberate judgments and volitions, in plainer language, the wills, of as many human beings as possible, in every community, ought to be consulted, in establishing the constitutions and framing the regulations, that may be essential to the security, impartial participation, and perpetuation, of these inestimable blessings.

on the heart, of every ingenuous youth, in every part of the civilized world, but especially, in these rising states.

“Indolence is the master-vice of man.”

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It follows, therefore, that wherever the inequality of conditions is *sufficiently diminished*, knowledge *sufficiently circulated*, the means of providing healthful employment and abundant subsistence to an increasing population, *sufficiently ample and accessible*, and the causes of external violence, *adequately counteracted*, to pave and prepare the way for popular government, that the election of their political rulers, at short intervals, by the numerical majority of males, who have arrived at adult age, becomes the firmest foundation on which political and civil liberty can repose; and the most probable means of securing a prevalence of wisdom and virtue in the construction, and administration of government.

It is deducible, also, that the attempt to introduce a popular government, in a state of society, (where the circumstances previously enumerated do not exist,) may lead to the aggravation, and *to the greatest possible aggravation*, of every actual evil; may exasperate an *established* and *regulated* despotism into an anarchy so intolerable, as to be the precursor and artificer of *military* despotism, and make the temporary endurance of military despotism, a lesser evil: nay, the attempt to introduce a popular government, *frematurely*, might have this tendency and produce this effect, so *fatally*, that if precipitately and madly made, by the civilized nations of Europe, it might produce universal and intolerable anarchy, and replunge society into the Chaos of barbarism, from which it has so gloriously emerged; reverse forever, the career of civilization, in which it has for the last two centuries, in Europe, so auspiciously advanced: It is conceivable, and even probable, that if this attempt were made in Europe, to a certain *extent*, and with a *certain* degree of unpreparedness and blind enthusiasm, it might cause a degeneracy more deplorable, and a depravation more horrible, than any prophet has ever foretold, any misan-

"Ignorance is impotence, narrowness of mind is impotence, timidity is itself impotence, and makes every thing else that accompanies it, impotent and useless."

*Eighthly:* It is deducible from the preceding analysis, (and this inference is the most important that can be deduced from it,) that as the dignity of human nature, its pre-eminence and dominion upon earth, its capabilities of progressive improvement and virtue, primordially originate, in its capacity to unravel indefinitely, the chain of cause and effect: as the successive *stages* of intellectual and moral improvement, at which it actually arrives, are indissolubly connected, or more properly identified, with the

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thropist ever conceived; a degeneracy in fine, so hopeless and irreclaimable, that the voice only, which said, "let there *be* light, and there *was* light," could arrest its careering desolation. The writer, in expressing these ideas, gladly substitutes, *might* for *may*, for the mere conception of the faintest probability of such an attempt, is appalling, and even petrifying, to the moral sensibilities of every reflecting mind.

It follows, meanwhile, that it is the prime duty of the American patriot, (in a state of society in which a popular government has been established, and is now in "the full tide of successful experiment;") whether in a public, or, a private station, in exercising personal influence, or delegated power, to employ every means, to enlighten and liberalize public opinion: that it is his prime duty, in his legislative capacity, not only to consult the interests, and conform to the *constitutional* instructions of the organized and numerical majority, but to promote the establishment of those public institutions, that have a tendency by diffusing useful knowledge, to guide the people in the pursuit of happiness, and by necessary consequence, to advance national prosperity and greatness.

knowledge of the relation of cause and effect, not only *attained*, but *diffused*: as the numerical individuals who compose the human species, disappear periodically, and are periodically renovated by successive generations, within periods seldom exceeding one hundred years, and never exceeding a mean duration of sixty years: as every succeeding generation commences its mortal career in ignorance and impotence, endowed by nature with capacities for the acquisition of knowledge, at least equal to those of their progenitors, (although susceptible, possibly, of organical melioration and deterioration,) but at the moment of birth, undisciplined by and unfurnished with knowledge; without any actual participation in the patrimony of the species, *progressive science*: as these capacities can be disciplined and furnished only, as knowledge of the relation of cause and effect can be imparted to individual mind, in its advances from infancy to maturity, only by **EDUCATION**; by the benevolent and judicious exertions of adult and cultivated minds, to instruct minds immature and uninformed: It follows, that education is the only efficient means, within the reach or power of man, by which the improvement of human society, individually, or, in its totality; (of a single individual, of any given number of individuals, or, of the whole number of individuals, who compose a nation or generation,) can be realized: It follows, that as the methods for communicating knowledge through the medium of education, are simplified in their process, and as the academical institutions for communicating knowledge by these methods, are multiplied and matured: in other words, in proportion to the number of in-

dividuals in each succeeding generation, or, to the number of individuals in every civilized community, who are educated in those academical institutions; will be the sum of happiness, enjoyed by each succeeding generation, taken collectively, by any civilized community, taken separately, and in a great majority of cases, the degree of happiness and usefulness enjoyed by any individual, taken singly.

It follows, that education, national education, (the extensive establishment of scientific schools, skilfully conducted, judiciously located, and sufficiently multiplied,) stands related to the human mind, and to human society, as the atmosphere to the earth: as the atmosphere is the only physical medium, through which the genial influences of heaven can penetrate the one; education is the only *moral* medium, through which the genial influence of progressive knowledge can penetrate the other.

It follows, that all other means of promoting human happiness, are remote, preparatory and ministerial: education alone, is proximate, efficient, and productive.

It follows, that education is the point of conflux, in which all other moral causes unite their influence; the focus, in which all the rays of knowledge, beaming from innumerable minds, through the void of former ages, (like light from innumerable orbs, traversing the spaces that intervene betwixt our earth and the celestial bodies,) converge and concentrate.

It follows, that every improvement in government and legislation; in agriculture, manufactures, and science; every actual or attainable advantage in the external circumstances

of human society; every accession to the stores of knowledge; derives its moral efficacy in doing good, or, averting evil, from education solely.\*

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\* In stating *this* inference from the preceding analysis, the writer has *deliberately* exposed the passage in which it is stated, to the charge of tautology, pleonasm, verbosity: has *deliberately* disregarded every rule of brevity and laconism; for the sake of conveying this inference clearly, and if possible impressing it deeply, on the mind of the reader. The rules of brevity (as they are expounded, in the "philosophy of rhetoric," a neglected but immortal work) like the other rules of elegant composition, are of high authority: but it is an authority, at all times subordinate, to the cardinal duty of every individual who presumes to communicate his thoughts on important subjects, through the medium of the press; the cardinal and inviolable duty, of expressing his thoughts perspicuously; and perspicuously too, to the minds of as many readers as possible, and of those readers more especially, (because they are the most numerous,) who are little conversant with philosophical speculations.

Cheerfully, therefore, and gladly would he subject this passage to the *censure*, and to the *ridicule*, of the most accomplished verbal critics; if he could indulge a hope, that he had succeeded in conveying this inference clearly, and impressing it indelibly on the minds of patriots and parents: could he indulge a hope, that he had brought this all-important truth home to the "business and bosoms" of patriots and parents, more especially, in the American republic.

Whatever may be the opinions and sentiments of our brethren in Europe, who are ignorant of the history, inattentive to the situation, or jealous of the rising greatness of the American republic, it never can be forgotten by any intelligent native or adopted citizen of this republic: that it constitutes not the vanguard merely, but the very van, of the immense host of civilized men; who, with confederated strength, common interests, and every facility for communication and concert; with the everlasting banners

*Ninthly:* From the preceding analysis, we may infer also, a satisfactory explanation of the elementary principle, still a desideratum: a solution of the radical question, still

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of the press, unfurled; under the solar light of a science no longer destined to periodical sunset, local extinction and permanent eclipse; armed with the truth-tempered weapons which revelation has supplied “from the armory of God” and which art has forged in the arsenals of science; are advancing with a steady and accelerated march, in the career of civilization.

Still less can it be forgotten, by any intelligent citizen of the American republic, who has had the happiness to be born and educated in the great country, that laid the foundations of this republic; that the American people are a part of the illustrious race of men who for a century back, have led this mighty host in either hemisphere, and seem to be selected by divine providence as the moral instruments, for diffusing the love of liberty and the light of science throughout the habitable globe: The illustrious race of men, who, by recalling adventurous and chivalrous minds from vain excursions into the region of the unknowable, by constantly subjecting and comprehending new provinces of the knowable, within the dominion of the known, and thereby extending the *intellectual* empire of human reason: by multiplying and maturing local institutions for the *diffusion* of knowledge, and the practice of beneficence, and thereby extending the *moral* empire of piety and virtue; have become willing instruments under the blessing of the Creator, for accomplishing the final cause of creation, the progressive ascendancy, and we are permitted to hope, ultimately eternal sway, of truth over error, good over evil, of benevolent and enlightened *mind*, over unconscious and chaotic *matter*. And as of all the means of effecting this beneficent purpose the extensive establishment of scientific schools, is proverbially and incomparably the most efficient: it follows, that it is the prime duty of legislators, patriots and parents, in the American republic, to patronise and cherish these noble institutions.

problematical, in political philosophy, the *definition of productive labour*: in other words, a satisfactory explanation, of the mode of exerting the natural and acquired, the physi-

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To overlook or neglect any practicable and efficient means, of enabling the rising generation, to pluck and eat, the ripe, wholesome and unforbidden "fruits of the tree of knowledge;" is a sin, on the part of the Christians, (occupying responsible and important stations, or possessing extensive influence, under a popular government,) in the sight of God, scarcely inferior in magnitude and malignity, to the "original sin" committed by our first parents, in eating the "forbidden fruit."

The neglect, evasion, or, violation, of this prime duty of patriots in the American republic, is treason to truth; a crime capital and inexpiable in the sight of justice; an act of attainder upon all posterity: an offence, which, like "original sin," draws after it the visitation of the vengeance of God, from guilty fathers, on their innocent children and their children's children.

To bestow the appellation of patriot, on the man who in the American republic, neglects, or, evades this cardinal duty; and still more, on the man who in any public capacity impedes or opposes its execution, is mockery and profanation: an abuse of words that only folly, or the vilest adulation and sycophancy, could tolerate or countenance: a species of blasphemy, that can be grateful only to the ears, and ought to be uttered only by the lips, of fiendish and evil spirits, or their imps on earth.

The man or men, who under a government that devolves on every citizen, the exercise of rights, and the performance of duties, that demand the constant circulation and increasing accession of knowledge; that make its constant circulation and increasing accession as necessary to the well-being, as "daily bread" and vital air are to the mere-being of human creatures; the *man* or the *men*, who under such a government deliberately and effectually counteract the diffusion of knowledge, perpetrate a "deed without a name;" a deed that concentrates the

cal and intellectual energies of man, that makes an accession to the means of happiness. This analysis will assist, in framing a moral scale or standard, for estimating the intrinsic worth, the comparative practical utility, the absolute and relative value, of the various professions and employments of civilized man.

The exertions of man, whether corporeal or mental, or a combination of both, can lay claim to utility, productivity, beneficence, (or whatever other designation the moral or political philosopher may think proper to apply,) on four grounds, or, in four modes only.

First, the evolution of links in the chain of cause and effect, by the assistance of divine inspiration, revealing future events, through the medium of prophetic visions: or, by controlling the established course of nature, and inserting new links in the chain of cause and effect, by the exercise of super-human power: Or, secondly, by adding to the number of known truths, by the exercise of superior, but *merely human*, sagacity and invention: Or, thirdly, by evolving links in the chain of cause and effect, that not only add to the number of known truths, but supply means for facilitating the transmission and circulation of knowledge: Or, lastly, by the practical application of truths pre-

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guilt of patricide, liberticide, parricide, fratricide and suicide, in its superlative atrocity: a supreme and super-Satanic guilt, the maximum of vice and impiety; to the perpetrators of which, "the throne of mercy will be inaccessible," and for the expiation of which, even "the Saviour of the world has suffered in vain."

viously discovered, in producing happiness, or, in preventing, or, alleviating misery.\*

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\* According to this explanation, the *first* rank amongst the benefactors of mankind, *non longo intervallo* merely, but *toto cælo* will belong, to the minds, selected by the Creator of the universe, as organs for revealing to mankind, truths that concern their temporal and eternal happiness. Minds chosen and commissioned by the Creator, for this blessed purpose, occupy a solitary and unapproachable pre-eminence. The difference, in dignity and usefulness, betwixt prophets and apostles, and the most successful improvers and propagators of merely human knowledge, (as measured by the comparative value of the truths they unfold,) is the difference, betwixt finite and infinite, or, even betwixt infinite and nothing.

The truths of revealed religion, (in the estimation of all sincere believers in its divine origin,) must be *demonstrably* more momentous, in relation to the eternal destiny of even a *single* human being; than the temporal interests of the *greatest possible* number of human beings; existing in any finite space however *vast*, for any finite length of time, however *extended*, and at any finite stage of civilization or improvement, however *advanced*.

The *second* rank, will belong to those preachers and teachers of revealed religion, who most successfully, zealously, and ably propagate a knowledge, and inculcate the practice, of the sublimest and most beneficent of all principles, known or knowable.

It is difficult, perhaps, at this time, to form an adequate conception of the good which might be done, by a body of accomplished preachers; confederating their efforts, to check the spread of prevalent immoralities, to extirpate the seeds of inveterate errors; to display the loveliness, and inculcate the practice of a pure and sublime ethics: to prove, by the express authority of the sacred text, that every duty which such a system enjoins, is enjoined also in the gospel: that the very course of

*Tenthly:* we may infer, that as man is precluded from all direct knowledge of, and even (according to the estab-

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life, which will most effectually secure temporal happiness, is the best security, also, (so far as works are concerned,) for happiness in the world to come: to accustom their disciples, to associate the idea of divine approbation, with the smiles of conscience; the beatifying anticipation of eternal happiness, with the performance of every virtuous act, with the consciousness of every virtuous impulse, and the anticipation of eternal misery, with the voluntary and habitual indulgence of every vicious propensity: that a vicious course of life, even if death were admitted to close the scene, would be egregious folly, even in an infidel; but that on the part of a sincere christian, it betrays not frailty merely, but infatuation; not temerity, but desperation; not imprudence, but insanity.

Nor will the writer dismiss this subject, without remarking, that indications of an improved and more persuasive style of pulpit oratory, are distinctly visible, in the sermons, more especially, of Paley, Porteus, Allison, the late Mr. Buckminster, of Boston, but above all others, in those of Mr. Hall, of Cambridge: nor is there any evidence of the progress of moral improvement, which piety and philanthropy more cordially hail, as the blessed harbinger, the sacred pledge, the assured presage, of the progressive ascendancy, and prospective triumphs, of reason and revelation.

The *third rank* will probably be conceded, to the provident and ruling minds, who have discovered truths, essential to the dispersion and multiplication of mankind, throughout the habitable globe: those beneficent sages, who, like tutelary genii, have successively conducted their fellow men from the predatory to the pastoral; and from the pastoral to the agricultural state of society.

The *fourth rank* may be fairly claimed, by the legislators, who have framed and established, in the early stages of civilization, codes and methods of education, by which communities,

blished laws of nature,) from the physical possibility of immediate intercourse with intelligent beings of a higher or-

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oscillating betwixt barbarism and civilization, have been for ages protected against the ever-imminent, alike formidable, apparently adverse, but, in reality, homogeneous evils, *despotism and anarchy*: and by the wiser legislators, who, in the more advanced stages of civilization, have secured to populous and flourishing states, the blessings of liberty, property, and an intelligent pursuit of happiness.

The *fifth* rank, is probably due, to those sagacious and intrepid navigators, who have successively enlarged our knowledge of the distant and previously disconnected regions of the world we inhabit; converted the vast oceans, that seemed destined to separate, impassably, the various races of mankind, into the “azure bond” of universal intercourse; and paved the way, consequently, for asserting the pre-eminence and dominion of man, in every accessible region of the habitable globe.

The *sixth* rank, may be assigned to the inventive and penetrating minds, who have provided means for facilitating and extending the diffusion of knowledge: and their separate claims to equality or superiority will be adjusted, by the comparative efficacy of the means they have discovered, for effecting this beneficent purpose. In the front of this rank, stand the inventors of the alphabet, of the art of writing, and (towering with a “stature that reaches the skies,”) the inventor of the press.

The *seventh* rank, belongs probably, to those grand improvers of medical science, and masters of the medical art, who have discovered effectual means for preventing or healing painful maladies; and taught their fellow men, how to preserve the first of blessings to every mind embodied in corruptible matter: the blessing without which, the body, instead of being the home, becomes the dungeon, instead of being the vassal, becomes the tyrant and tormentor of the mind; the dead weight by which its energies are crushed, or the rack on which its sensi-

der; it is only by the miraculous control of these laws, by the fiat of Omnipotence; in other words, through the me-

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bilities are tortured so exquisitely, that life itself grows disgusting, and death desirable.

The *seventh* rank is surely due to those medical sages, who are alone competent to inculcate, successfully, the practice of the "holy law and sober dictates of chaste temperance;" by disclosing to the view of mankind, experimentally and prospectively; the excruciating and incurable diseases, the premature decrepitude, the pain-enduring life, the ignominious, unlamented, yet thrice welcome death, of its habitual and infatuated violators.

The *next* rank will be conceded without competition, to the academical sages, who, by a luminous development of elementary principles, combined with an *efficient moral discipline*, enlighten and liberalize the minds of youth; implant habits of piety and virtue at the season when the heart is most susceptible of permanent impressions: who not only secure and dispense to ordinary minds, an equitable share of the patrimony of civilized man, *progressive knowledge*; but qualify gifted and ruling intellects to exercise their sublime privileges, with advantage to society and unsullied glory to themselves; and to become not only by their lives, but by the everlasting memory of their virtues and accomplishments, the vicegerents of heaven on earth.

The *last* rank is rightfully awarded to the bards, orators, and wonder-working artists, who by the chissel, the pencil, the plectrum, the tongue of inspiration, and the "pen of fire;" display, in the Elysium of Fiction, to the "mind's eye," and enchant our senses, in the "mimic creation" of art, by the material semblance of those images of beauty, sublimity, beatitude and grace, that embellished the face of nature; when first fashioned from Chaos by the hand of God, it glowed with ineffable loveliness under his approving smile.

In descending from this rank, we approach that permanent distribution of industry, and diversified exercise of mental

dium of divine revelation; that we can obtain knowledge, concerning the nature of intelligent beings of a superior

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ingenuity, to which we give the name of civilization:—These, when analyzed, are found to consist, in the practical application of the knowledge of the relation of cause and effect, (which the human mind has actually attained;) to supply the wants and gratify the desires of human beings: These wants, have their origin either in appetites, that constitute a part of our organic nature, and are essential to the preservation of life and to the perpetuation of the species: or, in the mutable and multiform ideas of imagination, to which whether wisely or not, the individual attaches preference and value; and in the pursuit of which, he finds incentives to exertion, experiences a vivid consciousness of existence, and lightens the load of motiveless and wearisome indolence.

In what sense and to what extent, the term productive is applicable to the employments of the different classes of individuals, whose industry and ingenuity are tasked to gratify these wants and desires, in the existing state of civilization; the writer forbears to inquire. An inquiry of this sort, belongs more properly to a treatise on political economy, than to an essay on human knowledge.—He will merely remark, that the exclusive application of the term “productive,” to any of the exertions of human industry and ingenuity, (taken separately and specifically,) that are in their combination and totality, *alike* essential to the abundant supply of the wants and desires of civilized man, is palpably indefensible, and preposterous; and betrays an illiberality of sentiment and narrowness of thought, altogether unsuitable to the dignity of philosophy.

Every exertion of the body, or of the mind, or of both combined; whether expended in speculation or action, in art or science, in producing, transporting or fabricating; in increasing the quantity or improving the quality of things formed by the laws of inanimate matter; or in giving factitious forms and new destinations to inanimate substances; or, in transporting

order, or concerning the future destinies of the soul of individual man, after he has closed his mortal career: Or

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matter in any of its rude or artificial forms, from place to place: every such exertion, whether expended in art or science, agriculture, manufacture, or commerce, or in any of the innumerable operations, that are subsidiary to the efficient exertion of industry or ingenuity in these pursuits, is entitled to the application of the epithet *productive*; on the same ground, although not in the same degree.

Economists, who contend for a partial or specific application of this term; may be safely challenged to assign a single satisfactory reason, in defence of its exclusive application to any one branch of human industry, that will not as clearly prove the propriety of its application to *all* others, and to several others “*a fortiori*:” or, to propose one solitary but solid argument, for denying its application to any one branch of industry, which will not, when fairly analyzed, deny it also to the very modes of industry, to which their friend in speculation, but foe in practice, vainly strives, (in the true spirit of monopoly,) to secure this invidious, usurped, (and from the pen or lip of philosophy,) most odious distinction.

Quesnay was assuredly a profound and philanthropic sage, and perhaps deserves to be entitled, the *Socrates of France*: but most unfortunately for his country and for mankind, he was compelled to examine the principles of political economy; through the “spectacles of books,” by the artificial light of hypothesis; not in the living and healthful functions of well-ordered society, but in the anatomy of a subject, in which despotism had suspended or perverted those functions; which had no “speculation,” or *nothing but speculation*, “in the eyes which it did glare with;” on which death had stamped his image, and corruption had begun to prey.

This political anatomist, meanwhile had a destiny sufficiently illustrious: He led the way for the great moral and political physiologist; not the Harvey, but the Haller, not the

obtain knowledge in any degree satisfactory to his rational creatures, concerning the adorable attributes, superintend-

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Galileo, but the Newton of political economy; the unrivalled and immortal author of the "Wealth of Nations;" who "embraces millions in his grasp, educates in one school preceptors and pupils;" is heard with reverence, in the councils of legislators, and with awe, in the cabinets of kings; who was perhaps, (if not the brightest,) the most beneficent moral luminary, of the age in which he lived.

So high and universally acknowledged, is the authority of this immortal work, that it is at this time far more difficult, and important to the best interests of mankind, to detect its errors, (and they are radical,) than to comprehend and embrace, the salutary, the writer had almost added, the *saving* truths, which it contains.

The truths, which the Wealth of Nations has unfolded, shine with a solar lustre, that dazzles whilst it enlightens; and in whose brightness, the errors it contains are unseen, and even unsuspected, by unassisted vision. The effulgence of the sun is visible to every eye, but it is only in the field of a Herschelian telescope, that the *shots* on his glorious disk, are distinctly seen. Adam Smith was not the La Place, but the Newton of political economy: He has subjoined queries to his *mental* optics, which yet remain to be solved; the solution of these queries is impatiently expected from his compatriot successors Dugald Stuart, and Thomas Brown: These are not lunar, but *terrestrial* irregularities, that cannot be explained by the political "principia" of Adam Smith: for the explanation of these irregularities mankind, look, and have a *right* to look, and will not, we trust, look in vain; to the genius, of the youngest, but favourite son of the "magna virum mater," the genius of Scotland.

The Edinburgh Review teems, with original and inestimable speculations on political economy: if the reader is anxious, to examine the subject of this note to the bottom; he is referred to the article, in that review, in which Lord Lauder-

ing providence, and mysterious dispensations, of the Creator of the universe, “our Father who is in Heaven.”

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dale's book on national wealth, is analyzed: An article, in which original light is shed upon the science of political economy; and in which logic, eloquence and wit, “distil their nectar'd sweets.” The writer was sorry, but not surprised to learn, that this viand for the *noctes cænæque deorum*, was unpalatable, not to the taste, but to the feelings, of the noble author. In its composition, although so richly imbued with nectar, some grosser particles of terrene or of infra-terrene origin were mixed: particles, not of the Attic or Addisonian salt, which is an elementary and essential ingredient, in all compositions of this sort: but of that modern substitute for this ingredient, the impure and intoxicating spirit of vituperative satire, by which insolent genius and wicked wit, has endeavoured to exalt the pungency of the literary banquet: to tickle the fastidious taste, to rouse the jaded curiosity, to quicken the torpid sensibility, and relieve for a moment the motiveless and yawning apathy, the life-sick ennui, of the restless reader.

Wretched substitute! abortive artifice! can a deficient sensibility be supplied; or an enfeebled sensibility re-invigorated; or an exhausted sensibility be renovated; by the artificial strength of the stimulus? Is not *indirect* debility, of all debilities the most incurable? Surely, to convert extreme medicine into daily bread; is not to cure disease or alleviate pain, but to poison the fountains of intellectual health, to wither the finest nerves of moral sensibility; to sear conscience, and to harden the heart: instead of performing the holiest and humanest office, for which genius descends from heaven to earth, administering the “balm of hurt minds,” *this*, is to exasperate misery into madness, and extinguish the last ray of hope, as it glimmers on the couch of despair.

At this ominous and eventful æra, it is refreshing to the very soul of a philanthropist; to find any nobleman, (and it is delightful, nay, delicious, to better feelings in the breast of every intelligent native of Scotland, than those of local attachment, to

*Eleventhly:* It is deducible from the preceding analysis, that as virtue and vice are founded in good and evil, and

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find a Scottish nobleman,) appropriating a portion of his leisure to speculations on political economy; instead of wasting his own, and the nations' patrimony, in the vortical and unrefunding gulf of unproductive expense, or hiding his wealth in hoards, almost as inaccessible to the uses of society, as the very mines from which it was dug.

Even if the book had teemed with errors, although error assuredly, (in every form it assumes, secular or sainted, be its author who he may; be he titled, or, even sceptered! mitred or, triple-crowned!) has no claim to quarter; but ought to be detected, stigmatised and exposed without mercy, and with remorse only, where mercy has been shown: yet the motive and object of lord Lauderdale, in writing and publishing his book on "National Wealth," were so truly noble, and the example he set, was so precious, (not more from its rarity, than its intrinsic worth,) that he was certainly entitled to respect and delicacy, the writer will even add, to gratitude and admiration; from the rightful and acknowledged censors on the august tribunals of criticism.

He certainly ought not, to have been for a moment confounded, with the "*servum pecus*" of venal sciolists, whom it is the ignominious, but proper office, of the penal ministers of the literary police, to scourge *flagrante flagello*: Those unhallowed money-changers, who dare to profane, not the temple of philosophy, and the Olympic amphitheatre of genius, but the altar of the living God; by the idolatry of Moloch and of Mammon: Those imps of perdition who steal into the paradise of literature, in the night of ignorance, and are detected, (by the "strong and subtile spirits," commissioned by the tribunals of taste, to "search that paradise,") "squat like toads, close at the ear" of unsuspecting, because uncorrupted innocence; and "essaying by their devilish art, to work upon the organs of their fancy:" Those conscience-less, soul-less and frontless sophists; who

as good and evil, constitute a part, and by far the most important part, of the chain of cause and effect; and can be

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*fprocure* seats in the legislative assemblies of the republic of letters, and “drop manna” from their tongues and pens; only to “perplex and dash maturest councils, and to make the worse appear the better reason.”

But lord Lauderdale had and has, a better claim to respectful treatment from the censors of criticism. His book contains many original and valuable speculations, is an accession to the science of political economy, only less valuable than the essay on “Colonial Policy,” and a more valid title to the respect of his contemporaries and even of his intelligent countrymen, than Heraldry can bestow; a nobler and more durable monument to his memory, than sculpture can erect in Holyrood, or, Westminster.

True: he has treated with irreverence the authority, and rashly, (in more than one instance,) controverted the principles, of a man more illustrious, than all the lords or dukes in Britain, Adam Smith: but of all human productions, the “Wealth of Nations” probably, has least to fear, from the scorn of any rank, however exalted; from the frown of any potentate, however powerful; or from the cavils of any sophistry, however subtle or imposing: Of all modern philosophers, the author of the “Theory of Moral Sentiments,” would have shrunk with the strongest antipathy, from any alliance with the *unsympathising* satirist: he surely stands least in need, of any auxiliary, other than correct reasoning, perspicuously expressed and clearly illustrated: other than the evidence of truth, flowing through the language of sincerity, in the accents of benignity, and wth the aspect of urbanity, from the lips of taste.

There is another light, in which this subject may be viewed, and another meaning which may be properly and *emphatically*, attached to the term “productive,” in its application to the pursuits of civilized man. But *This*, to use the language of Edmund Burke, is “high,” and even holy, “matter:” and may not be

unravelled only, (like all the other discoverable links in that interminable chain,) by observation and experiment,

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approached (nor approach even meditated), but with becoming reverence, and deliberation of inquiry.

Whether the writer will ever venture to approach this high and holy theme, he knows not: at present, he retires from the discussion, with conscious inferiority and unaffected awe, to make way for the approach, and await the responses of those initiated and esoteric disciples of moral science; the Malthuses, the Broughams, the Stuarts, the Browns, the Jeffreys, and the Godwins, of the age: Those ruling, graced and gifted minds, which, whether they swoop at error, or, soar to truth; display the strength of the falcon's pinion, the plumage of the far-fam'd Phœnix, and the undazzled vision of the bird of Jove: on whose flight, whether in its aspiration to the skies, or, its descent to earth, he is condemned,

“Aspicere sublimem et longe observare tuendo:”

To gaze with mingled, or, alternate emotions of “delight and despair.”

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On reading the name of “Godwin,” in the preceding note, the writer “sees, or thinks he sees” the intelligent reader, rub his startled eyes, and after turning eagerly but vainly to the list of “errata,” he hears, or thinks he hears him; vehemently vituperate the inexcusable, the inexpiable negligence of the writer, who could overlook; and the felonious, the sacrilegious, stupidity of the typographer, who could commit, so glaring! and damning! a blunder.

Suspend your vituperation, good reader, and recover your equanimity: readers as well as authors and typographers, occasionally err: *Humanum est*, good reader, *humanum est, errare*. In this instance, both writer and printer are guiltless of negligence: but beware good reader, lest you incur the guilt, of precipitate, unwarranted and illiberal censure.

the knowledge and practice of morality, will essentially depend upon the extent and accuracy of our knowledge

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The writer recognises your perfect right, to approve or condemn, to censure or applaud, what you read: but he also has a right to expect, (and your candour is its sole guarantee,) that you will not pre-judge, what you read. Read therefore what he is about to write, he charges you! in the name of candour; and after having read, what he is about to write, vituperate; if it so pleases you, and as heartily, as you please.

The introduction of Godwin's name, is no slip of the pen; no error of the press: The name of that author is introduced with perfect deliberation: The writer means William Godwin, author of "*Political Justice, The Enquirer, Caleb Williams, St. Leon, Memoirs of Mary Woolstoncraft, Fleetwood,*" and of a most somniferous tragedy, whose title he has forgotten. He means the notorious day-dreamer, who dreamt, (and published his dreams;) that the time would come, when man would live not forty-eight hours, but a century, without sleeping: that although the immortality of his soul, in another world, and even the existence of another world, were very improbable; it was highly probable, that his body would become immortal in this world, and perfectly certain, that this world, was eternal. That the time would come, when our descendants would talk familiarly of the brevity of Patriarchal longevity, (respecting which he was confessedly incredulous,) and speak of Methusalem as a stripling. Who dreamt, that the time would come, when a ploughman, instead of "plodding his weary way homeward" at the close of a toilsome day, to meet "his children lisping their sire's return;" would spend the whole day in teaching them to articulate distinctly, a very hard word to be pronounced, and harder still to understand; the word "*perfectibility:*" whilst his plough was plodding along the furrow, spontaneously and automatically, and without the slightest sensation of weariness, performing more work in a day, than with the guiding hand of the ploughman, it now performs in fifty days.

of good and evil. It follows, therefore, that the “ law of nature,” or of man’s nature, prescribes the patient and

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He dreamt and published this dream, at the time when the plough was almost the only implement, which practical artists and mechanicians, confessed themselves unable to improve or supplant.

Who dreamt that the time was not distant, when a valet *would*; and was *come*, when a valet *ought*; (if Bishop Fenelon’s palace were on fire,) to preserve the bishop’s life in preference to his own; or to his father’s, mother’s, brother’s, sweet-heart’s, or wife’s life; and even in preference to the lives of all together: but ought to preserve a manuscript copy of Telemachus, previous to its publication; even if in preserving it, he was obliged to see its author consumed in the flames, and vowing, (if he would save his life,) to revise the book, and even to write a better book.

He dreamt, and published this dream, at the time when valets were lopping off the mitred heads of bishops and archbishops, and quenching in their blood, the burning ashes of their palaces, which they had set on fire and consumed.

Who, in one of his dreams, facetiously asked the public, what “ magic” there was in the pronoun “ my?” at the very time, when the grand sorcerer, *Egotism*, reigned triumphant: when every heart felt his mystic spell, and bowed in mute submission to his potent wand: when truth had no talisman, that could break his spell: when philosophy, felt her fingers ache, in the attempt to untie; and when the sword of justice was not blunted merely, but shivered, in the attempt to cut, the more intricate and impenetrable than “ Gordian knot,” which the sorcerer had coiled around the “ human heart:”

The man who dreamt, that every individual ought to pursue the happiness of every individual, except his own; at the very time, when every individual was pursuing a kind of happiness, (and the only kind for which he had desire or relish,) that overlooked, postponed, or opposed the happiness of others: and

persevering analysis of good and evil, and the regulation of our actions according to the results of this analysis, uni-

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when many of those, for whose instruction, principally, the dream was promulgated, made themselves willingly and supremely miserable, in order to make others as miserable as they possibly could: at the portentous æra, when “Ambition was wading through slaughter, to the throne” of universal empire; and had not only shut, but “barricadoed strong,” “the gates of mercy on mankind.”

Who dreamt, of inspiring universal, and not self-denying, but self-oblivious benevolence, in a world so full of evil and “variety of wretchedness;” that a little more benevolence, would rack every guiltless breast with agonies more tormenting, than ever guilt endured: would make every human heart,

“The universal sensitive of pain,  
The wretched heir, of evils not its own.”

The man who dreamt of perfectibility, at the very æra, when a sort of practical imperfectibility, an unprecedented, and apparently unlimited progress of vice and immorality; a seemingly endless succession of disorders and disasters, of “confusions worse confounded;” were ravaging the moral world: when ultramundane monsters, “Harpies! Hydras and Chimæras dire!” seemed to be embodied, armed from the plundered arsenal of Pandemonium, and let loose upon creation.

The man who dreamt, of relaxing the nuptial tie! at the very time, when practical moralists had proved (with an evidence *inferior* only in clearness and force, to mathematical demonstration,) that Christianity, by prohibiting polygamy and discouraging divorces, had done more to “settle and civilize the world, than by all its other blessed effects on human society;” at the time, when polygamy, was more abhorred by every man, who had understanding, and every woman who had a soul; than polytheism, with all its voluptuous gods, and lascivious goddesses, was, by

formly preferring the greater good, and rejecting the greater evil. It follows also, that although this fundamental law

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the worshippers, of the one and true God, “ who is of purer eyes, than to behold iniquity:” at the terrific æra, when a pestilential degeneracy, had empoisoned the mother’s milk; polluted the marriage bed, and lighted the hymeneal torch, at the “ fire-brand of the furies;” had sundered those, whom “ God had united,” and united those, whom God had sundered.

He refers to this extravagant day-dreamer, this far-famed somnabulist; whose “ Political Justice” drugged the writer of this essay, into a trance, that lasted eight years: a trance, from which the “ Essay on Population” first awakened him, but from which, many suspect, that he is not yet thoroughly roused.

He deliberately associates the name of William Godwin; with the names of Malthus, M’Intosh, Brougham, Dugald Stuart, and Jeffrey: and he thinks, that they receive as much honour as they bestow, in being thus associated; and although he does not fear, that these eminent persons will be offended, at finding their names thus associated, (should they chance to peruse this essay, or, this part of it,) yet as *some* of their admirers may; he avows his willingness, to vindicate the claims of William Godwin, to rank with the deepest thinkers, the most penetrating and intrepid inquirers, and the most eloquent writers, of the age in which he lives: an age, in comparison with which, (so far as *speculative philosophy* and *amusive literature* are concerned,) all previous ages, including the glorious *days of Greece and Rome*, were as twilight, or as midnight, to morning or mid-day.

He will even venture to predict, that the time is not distant, (although the hour is not yet on the wing,) when justice will be done to the “ Political Justice,” although the author himself is a guilty abettor and participator, in the injustice done to it; by not having yet retracted, in a new edition of his book, the errors, which he himself acknowledges, that it contains, and to which it gave circulation: till the pestiferous malignity, and damna-

is immutable; it implies mutability in all the rules for the regulation of human conduct, that derive their authority

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tory odiousness of its errors, arrested the circulation of the book itself; eclipsed for years the solar lights of moral science; and drew from the silence, into which they had been awed, and the haunts to which they had fled for concealment and congenial gloom, (when those heavenly lights first shot “their glittering shafts of war,”) the tools of power, the trumpeters of infernal superstition, and even the ink-fry of venality, till they almost “grew inured to light, and dared to gaze upon the sun, with shameless eyes.”

The author of “Political Justice,” yet owes it to his readers and to himself; to his conscience and to his cause; to the very justice which is the “God of his idolatry;” to publish an edition of his work, conscientiously purified of its errors, by the sternest revision, the severest scrutiny: errors that darken its brightness, and make its author, even in the view of the young and ingenuous votaries of virtue, “resemble the sin and place of doom obscure and foul,” in which, the tools of immorality and vice, of apostacy and imposture, expiate, and where minds so “for ever fallen,” and lost to goodness alone, ought to expiate, their guilt.

He owes *this*, to his conscience and to his cause; to himself and to mankind; to God and to society; and he *knows* that he owes *this*: *Knowing* this, he cannot sleep sweetly, live happily, or, die in peace, and with the assured hope of a blessed immortality; or, even with the hope, that his name and character will be redeemed from eternal infamy; until he discharges, and unless he discharges, this sacred debt: a debt! which he can himself *only*, discharge.

Meanwhile, with all its errors, (glaring, monstrous, and noxious as they are,) the Political Justice is the only elementary work on Ethics, with the exception of Smith’s Theory of Moral Sentiments, now existing in the world: or, at least, the only work of this character, in the writer’s estimation, which

and sanctions from this law: in other words, that although the fundamental law of morality is immutable, as it respects

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he has read or heard of: the only work on Ethics, in which the morality of the gospel is clearly developed, and taught with simplicity and sincerity, with earnestness and zeal, and by a teacher who neither connives at iniquity, courts popularity, deprecates prejudice, nor is awed by power.

So deeply is the "Political Justice," imbued with the divine morality of the Gospel; that had the book been purified, by the omission of obnoxious passages; and had the leading chapters assumed the shape of homilies, with an appropriate text from the New Testament prefixed to each; it would have been, and been admitted to be, one of the most valuable, practical and persuasive volume of sermons, ever delivered from the pulpit, or published to the world.

For this deliberate and elaborate notice of the "Political Justice," the writer can stoop to offer no apology: he has, with the maturest reflection, in the full maturity of life, and with all the solicitude and apprehensions of an author, who, for the first time, obtrudes his lucubrations on the world, and who well knows, how much is hazarded, by mentioning without execration, the very name of Godwin; availed himself of the occasion that now offers, *thus* to notice that once famous and now *in-famous* book.

He thinks it highly probable, that no one who will read this note, has suffered so deeply from its once epidemical errors, as the writer himself; that the man lives not, over whose destiny and pursuits, the perusal of that work, had so marked and decisive an influence: assuredly, the man lives not, who is more deeply indebted for the means of happiness and usefulness, to a knowledge of the inestimable truths, which are in that work so clearly and eloquently illustrated: he uses the word *illustrated* emphatically, for there is not, in fact, in the "Political Justice," any moral or political principles, divulged for the first time.

the duty of preferring the greater good, and rejecting the greater evil; yet, in determining what actually constitutes

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Philosophical readers and thinkers were familiar with all the leading speculations of that work for many years, previous to its appearance. Turgot, and other continental philosophers, had adopted the notion of perfectibility: the famous paradox with regard to the obligation of promises, had been previously started by Bentham, and by David Hume in his essay on Original Contract, had been stated with exquisite laconism; with a “brevity so pregnant” as to be at once an exposition and a vindication: all the pure and sublime morality circulated in the Political Justice, on the subjects of justice, rights, benevolence, and sincerity, is sanctioned by the authority of the *New Testament*: the doctrine, with regard to liberty and necessity, had been maintained by a host of metaphysicians long before: the notions respecting self-love, and the mechanism of the mind, had been previously suggested, and ingeniously defended by Hartley, Hutchinson, Adam Smith, and David Hume. The reasonings in the second volume, are original and beautiful deductions from principles previously established and acknowledged, but they are deductions merely: so that, except the somnambulism and the dreams, (and with regard to these, the most implacable reviler of the work, will not deny the author’s claim to novelty, and even to exclusive property,) there is no speculation or principle in the “Political Justice,” that makes pretensions to originality, none that had not been previously supported by unquestionable authority, or, been vindicated by intellects as penetrating and vigorous, as have existed upon earth.

The writer is far from intending, by these observations, to invalidate the claim of the author of “Political Justice,” to the character of an original thinker and writer, much less to insinuate the charge of plagiarism. No writer, probably, ancient or modern, has a more solid claim to originality, both of thought and expression, and no writer *can* acknowledge, with more scrupulous and sensitive candor his obligations to the genius,

the greater good, and the lesser or the least evil, the view of human reason, will vary and correspond with the extent and accuracy, of its knowledge of good and evil.

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wisdom or learning, of his predecessors and contemporaries. In doing justice to other authors, and in liberality, forbearance and forgiveness, even towards his most implacable adversaries, his most rancorous revilers; he displays a magnanimity, candor and christian charity, unexampled in the annals of literature; and strangely contrasted with the polemical and more than pagan acrimony, that often characterises even religious controversies. He makes free use of the discoveries and speculations of other philosophers, but his manner of combining, illustrating, applying and impressing these principles, is *all his own*.

With more than "Roman boldness," and often with Attic simplicity, energy and eloquence; and with a sincerity, benignity and earnestness, infusing into the soul of the reader, the philanthropy from which they flow, this author inculcates what he believes to be truth, and exposes, what he believes to be error. His severest censor may be safely challenged, to point out a single paragraph in his writings, marked by illiberality, misanthropy or uncharitableness. In these respects, he is a model to authors.

It may be added, that by far the most conclusive and persuasive reasonings against rash innovation and revolutionary violence, that have ever been urged; are urged by this author, in his chapters on "political associations," "resistance," and "revolutions."

Anarchy, conspiracy, tyrannicide, and lawless violence in every shape it can assume, have no more decided and conscientious adversaries; nor has the tranquil, gradual, temperate and measured progress of improvement and reform, a sincerer or a more able advocate, than the author of "Political Justice." Hateful as that work is, in the eyes of all the blind idolaters, more hateful still in the eyes and to the hearts, of all the hypocritical

But farther, as the Creator of the universe, is believed to have announced through the medium of divine reve-

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but *interested* slaves, of feudal institutions; it is *most* hateful in the eyes of Jacobins, and *imo corde*, most hated, by headlong enthusiastic and self-idolizing innovators.

Should the “Political Justice” fall into the hands of the arch-jacobin, in his melancholy exile in the island of St. Helena; and it is far better fitted to console and sooth his remorseful spirit, than the immetrical effusions, of the monster-monger, (Milton’s antipode and ape, and Moloch’s catamite) who has been alternately the blasphemer and the blazoner, the iconoclast, and the idolater, of Satan’s extinguished satellite: should the fallen Napoleon, chance to peruse the “Political Justice,” he may be conceived to apostrophise its author, in the language which the great poet, has imagined to be addressed by Satan to the sun.

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To thee I call,  
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name  
To tell thee, how I hate thy beams.

Spontaneously and deeply too, will the heart of the fallen Napoleon, respond to another burst of superhuman sublimity, in this wonderful soliloquy:

Ay me, they little knew  
How dearly I abode that boast so vain,  
While they ador’d me on th’ imperial throne,  
With diadem and sceptre high advanc’d,  
The lower still I fell, only *supreme*  
*In misery; SUCH JOY AMBITION FINDS.*

Amen. So be it: So has it ever been: So may it ever be: So, under the government of God, must it ever be.

Yet with all these solid claims to the respect and esteem of every intelligent public, in an enlightened age: with these peculiar claims, to candid expostulation, rather than stern remonstrance; “to grave rebuke,” softened by generous forgiv-

lation, the awful, but animating, the solemn and sublime, but consolatory truth; that the human soul is immortal:

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ness, for his involuntary and conscientious errors, this author has been for sixteen years, a *bye-word* of infamy; the butt of ridicule; a *mark* for the sharp-shooters of calumny; a victim for the tomahawk of vituperative satire; and the *selected* victim on which, the *odium theologicum*, has poured out the “*consuming phials of its wrath.*”

This is the author whose name innocent infancy, has been taught by amiable mothers, to lisp with horror; which generous and ingenuous youth has been instructed, to utter with alternate detestation and derision; which manhood has forgotten its dignity, and “fallen to cursing like a very drab;” which hoary and hoarding age, “without heat, affection, limb, or bounty, to make its riches pleasant,” has opened its faltering lips, to execrate.

It has been too long and too tamely endured, by the timid and temporising friends of freedom, by the panic-struck partisans of justice, and even by the gallant and chivalrous champions of truth; that this mild, magnanimous, unresisting, uncomplaining martyr, at the altar of philanthropy and sincerity; should not do penance merely, (that justice would award;) but be pilloried like a caitiff, gibbeted like a malefactor; for the admixture of involuntary, conscientious and *speculative* errors, with the promulgation of inestimable and *practical* truths.

It has been too long and too tamely endured; not in London, Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg; but in the metropolis of Scotland, and by the appellate tribunals for the administration of literary justice, which the genius of metaphysical and ethical philosophy, has established *there*.

It has been too long and too tamely endured, not in insular, but in continental Albion, in the American republic; the last, the vast, and we are permitted to trust, the *inviolable* asylum of persecuted virtue and of exiled freedom: It has been too long and too tamely endured, in this young republic, rising into destinies “beyond the reach of mortal eye;” whose political institutions establish the truth, proclaim the triumph, illustrate the

and has announced also, that its immortal destiny, its happiness and misery in a future state of existence of

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practicability and realize the practical blessings of the principles, that were for the first time systematically combined, perspicuously developed, and persuasively inculcated, in the "Political Justice."

It has been too long and too tamely endured, not in the old but in the new world; that, whilst the author of Political Justice was doomed to expiate his honest errors, in insignificance and infamy; obscene jesters, and blaspheming bards, and venal ballad-mongers, and lascivious minstrels, and soul-less sophists, and heart-less sentimentalists, and frontless hypocrites, and wonder working, horror-breathing novelists, have basked in the sunshine, not of courtly favour, (that might be forgotten;) not of fashionable favour, (that might be unnoticed;) but, of *popular* favour, which he must be more or less than man, who can regard with indifference, or forfeit without reluctance.

The author, meanwhile, has no right to murmur or even to wonder, at the injustice which has been done to his book. In the injustice done to it, he has himself, not only been an abettor but a participator; not a secondary instrument, but a principal. He has perpetrated a kind of moral and intellectual suicide.

At the post, where he had voluntarily stationed himself, the post of danger, of duty and of glory; he has for years *slumbered in a portentous trance*: whilst the errors to which his book gave temporary sanction and circulation, drew down denunciations from the tribunals of criticism: denunciations, echoed back, not by the *profanum vulgus*, merely, but by philanthropists and patriots, by sages and by saints: Whilst the "concave shores of Europe made awful replication" to the anathemas fulminated at his devoted head, by the ministers of the gospel, from the temples of the living God: Whilst fathers and sons, and mothers and daughters, and brothers and sisters, and friends and lovers worthy to love and to be beloved, were giving utterance to the astonishment and horror, the disgust and dismay,

endless duration, will essentially depend; upon belief or disbelief of the doctrines, and upon the conformity or re-

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with which his unhallowed delusions overwhelmed their souls: Whilst the thunder and lightning of human and divine wrath, were pealing and flashing around him, he has thrown himself

On the ridgy steep  
Of a loose hanging rock—*To sleep:*

And slept so profoundly there, that it would seem as if the voice only which said, “*Lazarus come forth!*” could reach his death-deafened ear.

It has been urged in his behalf, that in the preface to St. Leon, he has expressly recanted some of the errors contained in his “Political Justice,” and that this novel was composed and published, for the purpose of operating as an antidote to the evils, which these errors might have done. Bootless expedient! abortive antidote! The “bane,” but not the “antidote, is still before” us. Was a preface to a novel the place? Was a novel the suitable vehicle for the recantation of errors, which had been defended by specious and solemn sophistry, and powerful eloquence, in two ample volumes! and circulated for years, in that imposing shape, throughout the most civilized countries, of either hemisphere?

It was not in this reverie of remorse; by the cosmetics of artificial rhetoric; in the toy-shop of phantastic fiction; that he could wipe “*out so foul a spot.*” Could the taint and guilt of errors that had “incarnadined the multitudinous waves” of opinion in the ocean of living mind, be “washed clean” by ablution in the oblivious and polluted pool, of an immoral and improbable romance?

It was the mockery of recantation: The idle mummery of penance, not the healing pang of penitence: The wretched compromise of vanity and pride, in the market of popularity; not the self-denying, self-condemning immolation of vanity and pride, at the altar of justice:

pugnancy of human motives and actions, to the precepts of the gospel: it follows, that unshaken faith in its doctrines;

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It was the recusation of genius, to sacrifice its spurious offspring, at the command of God!

But the supineness and degeneracy of authors, are no adequate apology, for the supineness and degeneracy of readers. When a book is published, its contents become public property. It is the duty of intelligent readers to separate the truths it contains, from the errors by which they may be alloyed; to appropriate the one, and reject the other. It is too, far more emphatically the duty of readers, to distinguish and separate truth from error, in the contents of the books they peruse; than of the author to detect and retract the errors, which he may have committed. The injury which the public sustain, from the indiscriminate reprobation, or unmeasured censure of a book, in which pernicious errors are blended with important truths, is almost infinitely greater in amount, than the injury done to the author, and for reasons too obvious to need illustration.

Again, therefore, and with added earnestness and emphasis, the writer repeats, that the indiscriminate reprobation and unmeasured censure of "Political Justice," have been too long and too tamely endured by the censors of literary desert and delinquency, and the awarders of literary justice.

In the injustice done to this work, although the author of this essay has participated less than others, yet he has participated too much. The melancholy reflection that he has, in this instance, participated in common with the most illustrious of his contemporaries, far from softening, ought to sharpen and does sharpen, his sorrow and self-disapprobation. "Let this expiate!"

The writer trusts, that he is as deeply and sincerely conscious of the insignificance of his estimate of the merits or demerits of this, or of any other book, as any of his readers can be, or, wish him to be. But he would have experienced feelings, more painful, because more humiliating than the consciousness of intellectual insignificance, had he forborn this notice of Political

and conformity, (so far as the imperfections of human nature will permit,) in human practice, to its precepts; is the *summum bonum*, the greatest good within the reach of man.

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Justice. What! write and publish in the American republic, and at an æra so enlightened, an "Essay on Human Knowledge," and omit to notice a book, which has given a systematic and scientific "form and pressure," to the very knowledge, which it is the boast of this age to have cultivated and circulated, and the glory and happiness of the American people, to have embodied and reduced to practice, in their constitutions, codes and civil relations!

The writer will close this notice of the "Political Justice" by quoting one or two sentences from a letter, which Mr. Godwin addressed to the writer; in reply to one, which (without any other knowledge of him than his book supplied,) the writer had previously taken the liberty to address to him, soon after the Political Justice had begun to circulate in Virginia.

"There are very few indeed of the opinions with which I trouble the world, respecting which I am not exceedingly doubtful: I can boast only of being a careful and laborious inquirer. You are young, and will detect yourself in many errors. Be upon your guard, (if I may presume to advise you,) lest any thing of this sort, shake the firmness of your temper.

"'Tis the property of ordinary minds, to fly from one extreme to another: 'Tis the property of genius, though it fail, to rise again: Though it suffer defeat, to persist; and though obliged to alter and modify many of its judgments; never to part, with the clearness of spirit, which attended their formation."

The writer cannot forbear to add, that amidst all the vicissitudes of fortune, in a pursuit (from its novelty, delicacy and difficulty) peculiarly exposed to such vicissitudes; amidst the languor of hopeless debility, and the solitude of a sick bed; in the gripe and under the petrifying stare of the "dim-eyed fiend, sour melancholy;" this benevolent and noble admonition, has "whispered peace," and even hope, to his heart: Has rekindled

It follows too, that, as the purpose of God, (so far as it can be scanned by the light of reason and revelation,) in the creation of the universe, as the final cause of creation was, the production of happiness: and as the doctrines and precepts of Christianity, are believed to be a *special, express, and miraculous* revelation of the will of God; the rules prescribed in the gospel, as essential to the eternal, are essential also to the temporal happiness, of his rational creatures: And, although the habitual observance of these rules, is the best security for temporal happiness, so far as it is attainable; and affords the most effectual means of avoiding temporal misery, so far as it is avoidable; or of supporting it with constancy, where it is unavoidable; yet that these rules derive their most efficient sanctions, their operative energy as motives; from the hope of salvation and the dread of perdition, in a future and endless existence, in another world, and in another state of existence.\*

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the love of life, and healed the “hurt mind,” under circumstances full of difficulty and disconsolation; and kept the flame of enthusiasm burning, and burning genially and brightly, in an atmosphere alternately azotic and inflammable; alternately, “bathing the delighted spirit in fiery floods,” and congealing

“In thick-ribb’d regions of thrilling ice,”  
its morbid sensibilities.

\* On this foundation, as on a rock of adamant, rests the preeminent importance of faith, in the fabric of Christian Ethics, as an antidote to the contagion, of impiety and immorality, as a security for happiness, here, and hereafter. On a mind destitute of *faith*, revealed religion must be wholly inoperative: without a firm and unshaken faith, christianity can impart no motive, impress no conviction, awaken no emo-

Although the inviolable observance of moral rules, is in every instance the duty of man, as it regards temporal hap-

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tion. Destitute of faith, the human mind, however gifted by genius, or, graced by science and letters, is deaf to the warning voice of the “word of God,” and blind to the glorious prospects, which religion has revealed.

To the owlish eye of infidelity, the divine light of the gospel, is blacker than Egyptian darkness: to the annunciation of the joys of heaven, and the horrors of hell, infidelity listens with the smile of contempt, or, the scowl of derision. Where *faith* is wanting, all is wanting: to a mind, destitute of *faith*, christianity seems a legend; its prophecies, the ravings of phrenzy, or, a sick man’s dreams; its ritual, mummery; its miracles, the tricks of a juggler; its promises of rewards, and its menaces of punishment, in a future state, and in another world, the artifices, by which an empiric vends his nostrums: *without faith*, Heaven and Hell, are regarded as other names, for Tartarus and Elysium: *without faith*, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, sink down to a level with Jupiter, with Neptune, and with Pluto.

To extend the blessed empire of religious faith; to establish and confirm its ascendancy: to habituate the mind to dwell on the “things not seen, of which it is the evidence;” and the heart to anticipate, “the things hoped for, of which it is the substance;” is therefore a primary and cardinal, nay, is not this, the primary and cardinal duty of the Christian preacher? Is not the faithful and successful execution of this duty, the best *work*, which the ministers of the Gospel can *do*; the most acceptable service which the Christian preacher can render, in the sight of God, or, man?

Few questions have been more zealously discussed, than the question, “whether faith or works, are most essential to salvation:” In other words, “whether a particular event, or, train of events, depends most on a certain *cause*, or, on the necessary effect of that cause:” Good works are the necessary effects,

piness, and would be perceived and acknowledged to be his duty, could all the consequences of his actions, in every pos-

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the spontaneous emanations of Christian faith, the only satisfactory and unequivocal evidence of its sincerity and vitality. “Faith, without works, *is dead:*” “By their *fruits*, shall you know them:” “The tree that bringeth not forth *good* fruit, shall be *hewn* down, and *cast into the fire:*” “Not every one that *saith* unto me, Lord! Lord! but he that *doeth* my will, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven:” These are, amongst the many texts of the *same* import, that ratify by the decree, and verify by the “word of God” himself, (so far as those mysterious decrees can be announced, or, that holy word can be communicated, by the language of man:) ratify and verify the doctrine, that good works are the necessary effects, the only unequivocal proof in the sight of man, and the only acceptable, or, *saving* evidence, in the sight of God; of the sincerity and *vitality* of Christian faith.

“Whom God has joined, let no man put asunder.” Faith and works, as co-essential to salvation, are wedded by the *will* and *Word* of God; and impious is the impotence, blasphemous the tongue, and unhallowed the hand, that would divorce them. It must be remembered, too, that whilst faith is admitted by the most profound theologians, (by Locke himself,) to be an act of the understanding, an act, essentially involuntary; they regard works, as acts of the will, as acts essentially voluntary and optional; and by necessary consequence, they regard good works as the spontaneous emanations, the necessary effects, the proper evidence, of Christian faith.

Farther, as the understanding of a fallen and fallible being, may be corrupted by prejudice and maligned by error, it follows, that although truth, and even divine truth, may shed its blessed light without impressing faith on minds benighted by ignorance, or, blinded by sophistry; as the solar ray may shine without exciting vision, as, even the sun’s meridian blaze, may seem midnight darkness to a diseased or enfeebled eye;

sible case, be accurately analyzed and impartially weighed; yet as he is liable, from the irritations of sense, the parti-

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yet faith can no more exist, without good works, than the sun can exist without sunshine, a fountain without a stream, or, an effect without a cause. It must be remembered, too, that accountability, implies volition and option.

On the unhappy minds that reject, and avow their rejection of religious faith, the sanctions of religion, cannot be expected to operate. In doing good, or, eschewing evil; they can be governed only, by a regard to temporal happiness, or, misery.

Around the sensible horizon, that circumscribes the sphere of intellectual vision to the sceptic's eye, the grave wraps its impervious and eternal darkness: in that dismal horizon, no morning breaks, no star twinkles, no meteor gleams: round that soul-chilling horizon, the gulf of annihilation, dark, cold, shoreless, and bottomless, for ever yawns.

To what extent, the conscientious sceptic may be the object of divine mercy, at the last *tremendous day*, is matter of awful and inscrutable uncertainty; an uncertainty, that exposes in the strongest and clearest light, the guilt, the folly, the madness, I had almost said, of a precipitate, or, unprincipled rejection, of the doctrines of revealed religion.\*

But hopeless indeed, must be the condition of the practical hypocrite, whose actions give the lie to his words; who solemnly professes to believe, that his eternal salvation depends on the observance of rules, in the deliberate and habitual violation of which, he "lives, and moves, and has his being;" who *uttereth* the "word of God," but "worketh iniquity;" who bends his knee in the temple of Jehovah, but worships Mammon in his heart; whose actions prove, that he secretly regards devotion as mummery and mockery; who, by his *life*, defies and braves his

\* The writer has endeavoured to illustrate this momentous subject, more fully and impressively, towards the close of his oration, entitled, "The Invisible Judge."

ality of self love, the illusions of imagination, and the intoxication of passion; to prefer the lesser good and reject the

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Creator to execute the penalties, which he has denounced in the Gospel, against the violators of his laws.

On this foundation too, pulpit oratory rests its claims, to supernal and unapproachable pre-eminence.

In establishing by "*a priori*" reasoning, the existence of a God; in tracing the analogies, betwixt the dispensations of divine providence, as they are manifested, in this world, to the view of human reason; and in the world to come, as they are unfolded by revelation; in developing and illustrating the external and internal evidences of the divine origin of Christianity;\* human genius and human reason, may exert and exhaust, all the energy, penetration, subtilty and comprehension with which they can be endowed, or are, or may become, capable of attaining.

Human literature and science, are but the wardrobe and armory of the enlightened theologian. Every advancing step of human reason in the region of the knowable; every heavenward flight of genius; like the *Urim* and *Thummim*, on the breast-plate of the Jewish Hierarch, reflect back the ineffable glory of the *Shekinah*, on the sacred desk, and touch the lips of its hal-

\* On these momentous subjects, there are in our language, and there are, or will be, in the languages of every civilized nation, three works; which stand, like "rocks, amid the waste of ages;" Clark "on the Divine Attributes," & Butler's *Analogy*, and "the Preliminary Dissertations" to a "Translation of the Four Gospels," by the profound, the learned, the amiable, the candid, the sainted Campbell. Were an assembly of sages called together, for the purpose of presenting to a being of a superior order, a specimen of what the human mind is capable of achieving, in the highest state of capacity and cultivation, to which it has hitherto attained; they would probably select, these three immortal works. Campbell's work stands indeed like a rock, "amidst the waste of ages,"

and,

"Though round its breast, the rolling clouds are spread  
"Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

lesser evil, and even to prefer evil to good, it follows, also, that the hope of divine approbation, and of eternal happi-

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lowed ministers, with fire from heaven. Every discovery or improvement in physical, mathematical and moral science; every inspired and inspiring effusion of the heavenly muse, supply additional evidences of the truth of the doctrines of natural and revealed religion; embellishments for pulpit oratory more costly and attractive, a constant succession of striking and appropriate illustrations; and explain the "word of God," recorded in the sacred scriptures, by the signatures of the finger of Omnipotence, in the wondrous workmanship of Creation.

In shadowing forth too, all the varieties of pleasure and pain, of happiness and misery; which disembodied and immortal spirits, are destined hereafter to enjoy and to endure, "according to the deeds done in the body;" imagination has a scope for the exercise and display of its peculiar powers; that is in its very essence, exhaustless and illimitable: Subjects for a strain of overwhelming and tremendous declamation, with which no other oratory that proceeds from mortal lips, can be compared in solemnity, majesty and grandeur: materials for the fabrication of weapons, which skilfully wielded, penetrate the most obdurate and remorseless heart.

The intensity of emotion, which such a strain of pulpit oratory, is capable of awakening and sustaining in the minds of an audience of sincere Christians, is as inconceivable by an infidel, as, the emotions excited in the mind of one, who sees the vivid flashes of lightning, and listens to the solemn peals of thunder, are, by a human being, who has from his birth, been blind and deaf.

Descriptions of the happiness to be enjoyed, or the misery to be endured, in Tartarus and Elysium, affect us little; and as motives to action, are wholly inoperative; from our conviction of their irreality, and the sentiment of disbelief, mingled with a feeling of alienation and disgust, with which that sentiment is, perhaps, necessarily associated.

ness; the dread of divine disapprobation and of eternal misery, are the only motives; which can, at all times, and in

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But the unshaken faith, rooted in the mind of every Christian, in the existence of a God, who created and sustains the universe, and controls its laws; in the immortality of the soul, and in a future state of rewards and punishments in Heaven and Hell, imparts to such descriptions, when delivered from the pulpit, with adequate solemnity and energy, an unresisted sway; not only over the feelings and passions, but over the inmost feelings and master-passions, of the human heart.

It is perfectly notorious, that the most extravagant effusions, of the most phrenzied fanaticism, and delivered in a style and manner, the most offensive to cultivated taste, will make an infinitely more powerful and permanent impression on the minds of an audience, who accord in opinion and sentiment with the preacher; than the most finished, affecting, and instructive dramatic fiction, (Shakspeare's Macbeth, for instance, even when acted by Kemble and Siddons,) on the minds of a refined and intelligent audience.

If such "strange horrors, such pangs unfelt before, seized" rude and unlettered minds; when such a monster as Lorenzo Dow, "dashed his miscreated front athwart their way;" and frowned so grimly, "that Hell grew darker at his frown:" who can set bounds to the good that may be done, the victories over sin and Satan, that may be achieved; by the Porteuses and the Halls, by the Chalmerses and the Allisons, of the old; or, by the Kollocks and the Masons, of the New World.

But it is not the sole province of the pulpit orator, to expatiate on future rewards and punishments, on the hopes and fears of an endless existence, beyond the grave. He may range over the whole field of speculative and practical ethics: He may depict the "many coloured scenes" of human life, scrutinize the secret motives by which men are impelled to act, and unravel, as with a clue, the minutest and remotest consequences of their actions.

all situations, enable man to resist temptation and defy the tempter.

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He may elucidate the true theory of morals; and annihilate the Satanic sophistry, that is *intended*, or, has a *tendency*, to confound the nature, or, obscure the boundaries of virtue and vice; to taint the life-blood, and wither the nerve of moral sensibility; to stifle, or, suborn the voice of conscience: He may prove, how essentially, in every condition of human life, whether prosperous, or, adverse; in every station, whether humble, or, exalted; nature has identified happiness, (or, that inward consciousness, which, in every external situation, is most desirable,) with piety and virtue.

It is his holy, undivided and uncommunicable privilege, to promote the practice of piety and virtue; by suggesting and impressing motives the most operative, that the Creator himself, through the medium of recorded precept and example, can propose; to enlighten, to warn, and regenerate mankind!

To persons in whose minds, an unshaken faith in the doctrines of Christianity is rooted; the cogency of these motives could scarcely be increased; were the beatitude and glory of heaven, the torments and terrors of hell, to break for an instant, through the “veil of their mortality.”

To the Christian preacher it belongs! through the medium of an impassioned, solemn and sublime oratory; to awaken in the minds of his auditors, a vivid presentiment and foretaste of sensations, the actual visitation of which; no spirit, embodied in corruptible matter, could for a moment, endure and live!

It is his holy office, on the Sabbath of the Lord, from consecrated pulpits and in spacious temples: In the presence of assembled and assenting millions; baptised in the name of the Saviour of mankind, initiated in the doctrines, and educated in the faith, of the religion which he revealed: Suspending their worldly pleasures and pursuits; simultaneously congregated, and silently seated in these temples, for the purpose of listening to his expositions, exhortations and admonitions.

The probability of a divine revelation is, therefore, deducible *a priori*, from the attributes of God and the nature

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It is his evangelical office! from pulpits elevated like his function between heaven and earth; in places so holy! that they are, or ought to be, entered only by the worshippers and for the worship of God! in the view and hearing of a majority of every existing generation, of both sexes, and at every stage of existence from helpless infancy to hoary age; hushed into stillness, awed into adoration! as if they sensibly felt the omnipresence of their Creator; to whose word they are about to listen, and on whose minister their eyes are fixed.

It is this godly office! on this awful occasion! when rational and immortal beings, averting their attention from the interests of mortality, the concerns of time, and their relations to each other; are overpowered by a sense of their dependance on their “Father who is in Heaven,” and by the hopes and fears awakened by the prospect of an endless existence, beyond the grave.

At this soul-awakening moment! when the proudest monarch, and the poorest slave, bend their suppliant knees, and lift their adoring eyes, with equal humility, to the “*King of Kings*:” the ministers of the gospel, have sworn to confederate their efforts, to fortify the souls of their brethren “against the sins, that most easily beset them;” to strengthen and confirm in their minds a persuasion of the unspeakable importance of that faith, and as its *saving* evidence, of those works, which are *essential to salvation*.

To every human being, on whose mind a sincere faith in the truth of these doctrines, is impressed; how frivolous! how unaffectionate! must all other oratory seem, in comparison with that of the pulpit; invested with the sublimity and mightiness, of which it is susceptible.

To the sincere believer, whilst listening to this awful oratory, as from the hallowed lips of a consummate preacher, it unfolds the arcana of eternity, and the destinies of immortal

of man, from the perfect benevolence and goodness of “ our Father who is in Heaven,” and the essential imperfections and infirmities, of his children upon earth.

From this view of the subject we may deduce an answer to Mr. Hume’s celebrated argument, against the truth of the miracles recorded in the New Testament, and an answer that will carry conviction, to every conscientious believer, *in the existence of God.*

The answer may be stated thus:

The laws of nature, as they operate in this quarter of the universe, and are exhibited to the view of human reason, have been established by the power of God: But the same omnipotence that established, can suspend or control the laws of nature: Were the Fiat “ Let light cease to be,” to issue, it would be obeyed as instantaneously as the beneficent Fiat, that called light into being: But the divine benevolence manifested in the creation of man in a state of innocence and happiness, would be still more emphatically manifested by a special revelation of the divine will for the purpose of *possible* restoration to the state from which he has fallen; and of *possible* participation in the happiness, to which by voluntary disobedience, he has forfeited his claim: A special revelation of the divine will for this blessed purpose, is not only rendered probable, but in the *highest degree possible*, by the

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man, the revolutions of yonder luminaries, must seem but the *movements of an Orrery!* The phenomena of nature, but the *phantoms of a raree-show!* The interests of this world, but the *pastimes of infancy!* Mortal man, but a *shadow!* Human life, but a *dream!*

acknowledged and essential attributes of Deity: Divine benevolence would incline Divine Omnipotence, to make a revelation of the Divine will, for this purpose: But this revelation could be made, only by suspending or controlling the pre-established laws of nature, or, in other words, by working miracles: A suspension or control of the established laws of nature by the Fiat of Omnipotence in time past, is, therefore, in the highest degree probable: But the suspension or control of the laws of nature could be manifested to man, only through the medium of the organs, and by impressions on these organs, similar to those that made known the pre-established course of these laws; and these manifestations, could be made known to the human beings who did not witness, by the human beings who did witness them; solely through the medium of testimony, transmitted by history and tradition: But it is within the competence of testimony, to establish the proof of every thing probable: human testimony is, therefore, competent to establish the truth of miracles.

The improbability of miracles, therefore, as evidence of the truth of a divine revelation, and the incompetence of human testimony to establish the truth of such miracles; can be maintained only by *atheists*; and can be founded only on disbelief in the existence of God.

Hume's argument on the subject of miracles, is an invaluable addition to the principles of philosophical logic; and furnishes a *golden rule*, in determining the credibility and weight of human testimony, historical, or, traditional, dead, or, living; with regard to the established course of nature, the ordinary progress of cause and effect: but is

wholly inapplicable to human testimony, in support of a divine revelation; if such a revelation is admitted to be *probable*: and the *probability* of such a revelation can be denied, or, even doubted, by an *atheist only*.

*Lastly:* From the preceding analysis, of the relation of cause and effect, we are led by analogy, to infer; that the *original rank* of every order of created intelligent beings, in the universe, essentially depends, on the perfection of their organization; on the acuteness and variety of the senses, by which they receive impressions from material objects, and the consequent compass, grandeur, and energy of their mental powers: On the extent, to which they are capable of unravelling the chain of cause and effect, and the consequent extent of the power which they possess, of controlling the actions of beings of inferior capacity, and the movements of insentient matter.

We may infer, too, that the *stage*, in the development of their faculties, at which any order of intelligent beings, throughout the universe, have actually arrived, or at which, they may hereafter arrive; the approximation they have made, or may hereafter make, to the highest degree of *excellence*, which they are capable of attaining, will be determined by the perfection and variety of their organic capacities; the ardour, steadiness, and skill, with which they have developed and exercised their intellectual faculties; and the length of time that may have elapsed, or may hereafter elapse, from the *æra* at which they commenced their career, *to the present time*, and from the present time, till  
“**TIME SHALL BE NO MORE.**”

## ESSAY III.

### ON THE MODERN ABUSE OF MORAL FICTION, IN THE SHAPE OF NOVELS.

How many rare and precious endowments of nature! How many scarcely less rare and precious advantages of education, must unite with opportunities, for close observation of all the varieties of the human character, to accomplish a genius, capable of giving to the world a model of moral fiction, or, in other words, capable of writing, a valuable novel!

Countless as is the multitude of novels, that have issued; and endless as is the succession, that continues to issue from the press; how small is the number! which innocence can read with impunity, modesty without a blush, taste without disgust, philosophy without scorn, and piety without offence!

Vainly would the moralist ransack the shelves of circulating libraries; vainly, even explore the most secret and precious hoards of literary treasure, in search of a novel; which, whilst it reflects, "as in a mirror," the many coloured scenes of life, and all the varieties of character, directs the reader's eye to the moral standard; by the application of which, we are taught to distinguish in those many-coloured scenes, what ought to be pursued, and what to be shunned; and amongst those varieties of character, what ought to be approved or condemned in the contemplations of the closet, copied or contrasted in the conduct

of life: a novel, in the perusal of which, the feelings of the heart are harmonized, and the deductions of reason guided; by a sublime and ennobling Ethics.

In forming and accomplishing a mind, adequate to execute so arduous an undertaking; nature, education, and fortune, must lavish their richest gifts.

What skill and felicity in the use of language, what a prompt and perfect command of all the varieties of style and expression, must the author of such a work, not only have the capacity for acquiring, but have actually acquired! What deep insight into the human character, not only in its invariable features, but in all the anomalous forms it assumes, from temperament, organization, situation, and habit! What delicacy of moral perception! What penetration, in detecting the latent, and analyzing the mixed motives of action! What impartiality and discrimination, in estimating the various kinds and degrees of merit and demerit, virtue and vice! What wisdom, in discovering the essential constituents of happiness, and the external circumstances most auspicious to their combination and development! What inventive skill, in preserving the verisimilitude of character and action, without becoming tedious and tame; in awakening, at the commencement, and keeping alive, during the progress of fictitious narrative, a lively curiosity, an intense interest, without violating the analogies of nature; or, by too close an adherence to real life, emitting a light, that may enable the reader, to anticipate the catastrophe, long before it is unfolded! What moral art, in preventing, on the one hand, the virtues and ac-

complishments of a character, admirable and lovely in its leading features, from imparting a seductive attraction to the infirmities and vices with which the fairest portrait of human virtue must be shaded, to render it interesting and natural! And on the other; in preventing the abhorrence excited by abandoned profligacy, from suppressing, in the bosom of the reader, every feeling of commiseration and sorrow, towards its infatuated, remorseless, and supremely miserable victims! What nice discernment, in knowing when to suspend the narrative, at the moment, when a judicious reflection, may be most forcibly brought home to the understanding; an affecting sentiment, or, salutary admonition, may sink deepest into the heart, of the reader!

“But fools rush in, where angels fear to tread.”

This new, delicate, and difficult department of literature, in which a modern author can find neither models for imitation, nor lessons for his instruction, in the remains of classical antiquity; in which even Homer and Virgil, (were they to re-appear on earth,) would tremble to challenge the palm of excellence; is precisely that, in which every necessitous scribbler, every literary idler, every intellectual dwarf, thinks itself qualified to shine.

Persons, and especially young persons, accustomed from their earliest years, to indulge an idle and *illiberal* curiosity, to talk without thinking, to feel without *conscience*, to read without selection, to observe without discrimination, to admire “without knowledge,” and act without moral control; whose imaginations have been pampered into habitual

reverie and day-dream, and whose passions have been inflamed into delirious enthusiasm, while their understandings have been drugged into lethargy; and whose sensibilities have become morbid from the infection of a diseased imagination, conceive themselves qualified to write novels!

The melancholy delusion of this class of authors, would be as short-lived as their works; and although it might occasionally provoke the lash of satire, or the smile of ridicule, could scarcely excite serious alarm, or deserve a "grave rebuke;" had not the press transformed the Eden of classical literature "into an unweeded garden." And "unweeded" must that garden be; teeming with whatever is "rank and gross in nature," till national education, (the only faithful and efficient ally of a free press; the sole security for the permanence, and dispenser of the promised blessings of republican liberty,) shall more firmly establish and widely extend its beneficent influence.

And portentous, surely, is the aspect of this delusion, at an æra; when such a multitude of readers, derive not idle amusement merely, but almost their only mental aliment from the perusal of these novels: Readers, too, precisely at that period of life; in that stage of intellectual improvement, and condition in society, when the effect of injudicious reading, is most likely to be irreparably noxious.

No intelligent moralist, instructor, patriot, or parent, can view, without disgust and dismay, the myriad of unfledged and famished minds; destitute of the raiment and "daily bread" of knowledge, that flutter and shiver,

"Like naked, wandering, melancholy ghosts!"

round the shelves of circulating libraries, and seek momentary relief from indolence and ennui, or satiate their rage for novelty and their love of wonder, in the Limbo of unreal and immoral fiction.

The authors of such productions, rest their hopes of success on a foundation, which is, it must be acknowledged, deep and durable; *credulity and love of wonder*. Whatever the *original capacity* of the mind, or the *stage of intellectual improvement*, at which it is *ultimately destined to arrive*, may be; there is an intermediate and early stage, in the development of its faculties, during which, credulity and the love of wonder, necessarily predominate.

After it has become *distinctly* conscious of its own energies, and *curiously* observant of external phenomena, some time must elapse, (even in a situation the most auspicious to intellectual improvement,) before it can obtain sufficient knowledge of the relation of cause and effect to generalize facts; to anticipate the future with the "mind's eye;" to associate its belief or disbelief, and modify the assurance or hesitation with which it believes, disbelieves or doubts; according to the laws and analogies of experience and science.

*When* the mind arrives, and *whilst* it remains, at this stage, in the development of its faculties, the order of cause and effect is constantly transposed and violated by imagination; and the wildest combinations, the most extraordinary succession of events; seem nearly as congruous and credible, as those that are most obvious to the senses, and familiar to the memory.

Such combinations too, arresting attention by their novelty; fixing the gaze of “young astonishment,” awaking a vivid and unworn sensibility, by their sublimity, grandeur or other affecting qualities, and accompanied by the momentary consciousness of superhuman power; necessarily inspire emotions pleasurable, and even rapturous.

A more extended knowledge of the chain of cause and effect, by leading the mind to associate impressions of disbelief and improbability with whatever is contrary to the results of analysis, and the analogies of cause and effect; subjects imagination to the discipline of reason, and reason to the power of truth: converts trusting credulity into cautious scepticism; the love of the wonderful into disgust at the improbable; the consciousness of extraordinary power, into a conviction of impotence and ignorance, and the fairy-land of enchanted and enchanting fancy, into the Limbo of incredible chimæra, and contemptible folly.

Unfortunately, however, that stage in the development of the faculties of the human mind, where credulity and the love of wonder predominate; is *the stage*, at which, an immense majority of the human species *have been*, and at which, a *decreasing* but still immense majority, *are at this time*; permanently arrested.

It is to be feared, therefore, that the authors of works of fiction, however monstrous, will always secure a multitude of delighted and admiring readers: It is even to be feared, that the portentous multiplication, the more extended dispersion, and the more rapid circulation of such pro-

ductions, is a part *and a heavy part* too, of the price that must be paid; for the most valuable of all the inventions of man, the art of printing; and for the security of the *right of rights*, the freedom of the press.

Nor must it be forgotten, that credulity and the love of wonder, are usually, and perhaps necessarily connected, with an insensibility to the purer and finer embellishments of style, with a coarseness and vulgarity of taste; to which the glaring, oriental and inflated pomp of diction, will always be more gratifying, than Attic simplicity or Addisonian elegance.

When these considerations are duly weighed; the temporary popularity of the most pestilent and extravagant novel, will surprise us little.

By portraying characters not in their features merely, but in their very elements, monstrous; to which neither history, biography, nor real life, present archetypes or copies: by placing these phantoms of dream, delirium and reverie, in situations barely possible, and possible only by almost supernatural agency: by relating incidents separately in the highest degree improbable, and grouped in an order so unnatural as to set credibility at defiance; in a style that spurns every rule of chaste composition and shocks every feeling of cultivated taste: In spite of these enormous faults, (even one of which, ought to sink any literary production immediately, and for ever, to the very bottom of the oblivious pool:) nay, *in consequence* of these faults, the authors of these monstrous fictions, succeed in satisfying the ravenous curiosity, and astounding the credulous and wondering

minds, of a mob of readers; who estimate the excellence of fiction by its extravagance, and feel it to be attractive, in proportion as it is terrific; ("as it quells their hearts with grateful terror, and congeals their breath into shivering sighs,") and to whose unrefined taste, the sounding and bombastic jargon in which it is muffled; seems to be the very perfection of elegance, eloquence and pathos.

The baneful tendencies of such productions, cannot fail to strike every reflecting mind.

With the sober and sagacious observers of life and manners, (who estimate the moral value of whatever, in a marked manner affects social happiness, rather by the effects it *does*, than by those it *may* produce;) the circulation, and prevalence of such productions, brings moral fiction itself into disrepute.

Nothing is more usual, than to hear from persons eminent for vigour of intellect and extent of information; a stern and unqualified reprobation of novels. Such unmeasured censure is surely unwise: It is essential to all physical and moral agents of extraordinary efficacy and power, to be susceptible of adverse directions; to be equally tractable and efficient, (according to the end which, they are employed to accomplish), in the production of good or evil; and to exhibit evidence of their intrinsic energy, in their perversion and abuse.

But the elucidation of this subject belongs more properly to the succeeding essay.

A second and most pernicious effect of such productions is, to debauch the understandings, the taste and moral sen-

timents, of that numerous and therefore most interesting class, in every civilized society, whose opportunities for the cultivation of intellect are necessarily scanty, and with whose integrity and intelligence; the well-being of civilized society, the security and practical blessings of liberty, the dignity of national character and the purity of national morality; are more properly identified than connected.

Viewed in this light, their pernicious influence is of sufficient magnitude, to arrest the attention, and deserve the solemn consideration of every reflecting mind.

Whilst orators are exhausting all the energy of Attic, and all the pomp of Asiatic eloquence in their declamations; Whilst poets are kindling into loftier than Mantuan or Moeonian raptures in their eulogies, on the power of the press: Whilst modern patriots are exulting in the possession of the intellectual treasures, which it secures from depredation, and disburses with munificence: Whilst the champions of freedom are proudly buckling on the mail of adamant, and brandishing the burnished and terrific weapons, with which it sends them forth to battle, "conquering and to conquer:" Whilst philanthropists are fondly anticipating the defecated and diffusive good, which the press promises to dispense to future generations: Whilst philosophers are curiously analyzing, and nicely balancing the ever-varying quantities of good and evil, which the press has produced, and is producing: Whilst legislators are elaborately devising and applying, or, anxiously looking for means of securing the beneficent use; and for antidotes and correctives to the factious and profligate abuses of the press: It were

well, if moralists would clearly develop, and sternly teach; (from the pulpit, the rostrum, and, above all, the press itself,) the peculiar duties; that devolve on every orator, bard, patriot and philosopher, who exist at a time, posterior to the invention of the art of printing: announce the solemn responsibilities, that attach to every intelligent individual, who is by birth or adoption, the member of a civilized community; in which, the freedom of the press, is not only matter of inviolable right, but of inveterate habit.

The instruction of the more numerous and dependent class, in every civilized society, is sacredly confided to the less numerous class; whose opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge, (and for the development and exercise of the faculties, that give man a claim to dignity and dominion upon earth,) are more ample and auspicious. As the instruction of their children is the most important duty of intelligent parents; the instruction of the people is the most important duty of intelligent patriots, of the *patres conscripti*.

But duty is commensurate with capacity; and the sphere of duty is narrowed or extended, as the capacity to do good, or, avert evil; is abridged or amplified.

Previous to the discovery of the compass, and the modern improvements in ship building; it could not be the duty of the inhabitants of the old, to explore, colonize, and civilize, the new world: Nor could it be considered, as a part of their duty, to make exertions and sacrifices to promote; or, even to cherish, a lively interest in the happiness of their fellow beings, existing *in a condition*, of which they

had no knowledge; and in regions of the terraqueous globe, to which, they had no access.

For similar reasons, it could not be the duty of philosophers to enlighten the world, nor of intelligent patriots to instruct their countrymen; at an æra, when knowledge contained solely in manuscripts; (like the artificial lights that dispel darkness from the abodes of man during the night,) shone only on the minds of a few solitary sages, or, within the narrow precincts of philosophical schools.

But from the era, when the press superseded the stylus; when the volant leaf and all-pervading book, supplanted the cumbrous and recondite scroll: when words, not *poetically*, but *in fact*, became the winged messengers of truth: when individual mind was enabled to communicate more knowledge, at *the same moment*, to millions of minds, (and more clearly and efficaciously,) than it could previously impart, *in years*, to a few favoured and secluded disciples; *from that ever memorable æra*, it became not only the duty, but the *prime* duty, of patriotism, to instruct the people; of philosophy, to enlighten the world; to emancipate and bless mankind.

From that æra it became the duty of *ruling* minds, in the construction and administration of government, and of legislators, in the enactment of fundamental and municipal laws, to secure, not to a majority merely, but to a constantly increasing majority; to the greatest possible number of individuals, if possible to every individual, within the sphere of their authority; (each, according to his ca-

pacity and place in society,) access to the daylight and “daily bread” of knowledge.

From that æra, philanthropy and patriotism beheld a sublimer good; genius and generous ambition, a purer and more dazzling glory, within their grasp: It was no longer their comparatively humble province, to revise and enrich merely the page of knowledge, and to disclose its precious contents, to a small circle of monastic students, or, speculative thinkers: They were not only permitted, and invited, but *summoned!* to assist, “in unrolling that ample page, rich with the spoils of time, to the eyes” of their contemporaries, throughout the world; and of those who were to come after them, “till time shall be no more.”

The import and tendency of these remarks, will not, the writer hopes, be misconceived by the young and ingenuous reader: He too well recollects, how deeply he suffered in an early part of his life, from indulging sanguine and delusive visions of perfectibility; to harbour a wish to lull the imagination of the young, *even for a moment*, into a day-dream, from which the *terrible* “truth of things,” the *sad* realities of life; must so surely awaken the dreamer, how deep soever his slumber, and how richly soever,

“ His noon-tide trances,” may be “ hung

“ With gorgeous tapestries, of pictured joys.”

God forbid! that he should harbour such a wish.

“ The sickness of the heart that arises from hope deferred;” the anguish inflicted by the disappointment of the most rational expectations, by the sudden and entire frustration of the most strenuous efforts to execute the best

concerted plans; is but a foretaste of the misery that awaits the youthful day-dreamer of perfectibility.

God forbid! that he should *consciously* say aught, that had a tendency to expose the amiable and inexperienced mind to a malady; in the description of which, Armstrong has displayed rather the science of a pathologist, than the genius of a poet.

“ The sun grows pale,  
“ A mournful visionary light, o’erspreads  
“ The cheerful face of Nature, earth becomes  
“ A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above:  
“ Then various shapes of curs’d illusion rise:  
“ All that the wretched fears, creative fear  
“ Forms out of nothing, and with monsters teems  
“ Unknown in Hell! The prostrate soul beneath,  
“ A load of huge imaginations heaves,  
“ And all the horrors, that the guilty feel;  
“ With anxious fluttering, shake the guiltless breast.”

If every philanthropist, patriot, and philosopher, now living; every individual belonging to that class, on whom Providence has devolved the duty of enlightening their countrymen and contemporaries, were to combine their efforts for this purpose; to employ every instrument, and call to their aid every auxiliary, which the progress of science and civilization have provided; the most beneficent possible result of their efforts, would serve only to demonstrate, that oriental fictions were probable, the metamorphoses of Ovid, rational, and the dogma of transubstantiation an axiom; in comparison with the dreams of perfectibility.

Were the most beneficent possible result of these efforts realized; pleasure and pain, good and evil, virtue and vice, truth and error, would still continue to assert their alter-

nate ascendancy; to maintain their divided empire; their fierce and ceaseless struggle for exclusive sway, in our world.

In surveying the nature, the condition, and the prospects of mankind; “the heavenly muse” would still proclaim; with an inspiration, not less prophetic than poetical,

“ Man’s feeble race, what ills await!  
Labour, and penury, and racks of pain,  
Disease, and sorrow’s weeping train,  
And death, sad refuge, from the storms of fate!”

The curse pronounced by an offended Creator, on his erring creature, that “he should earn his subsistence by the sweat of his brow;” would still fall heavily on the sons and daughters of apostate Adam.

Genius would still *feel*, and touch that chord in the human heart that vibrated most truly, intensely, and universally, in unison with its own *agonizing* feelings; when it sought to assuage their agony, by chanting the mournful dirge,

“ Man was made to mourn.”

Virtue in poverty; in sickness; in bondage; in persecution; in all the vicissitudes of life, and in the hour of death; would still look anxiously beyond the grave, for “another and a better world.”

So terrible, so portentous are the ills of life, (in the happiest possible condition of human society, to which we can rationally look forward;) that but for the assured anticipation of that “better world;” the condition of guilt would often be preferable in the eye of self-love, to that of inno-

cence: But for this assured anticipation, *piety itself*, would often live in misery, and die in despair.

But although the most superficial attention to human life at every stage, from infancy to old age; to human society in every condition, savage or civilized; and to civilization, under all its aspects, past, present, and prospective; must convince every reflecting mind; that man is not perfectible: Yet surely, it does not require profound attention to his nature, condition and history, to perceive; that a capacity for progressive improvement, is his distinguishing characteristic, and that to the development of this capacity, he is indebted for dignity and dominion, in the world he inhabits.

Nor does it require, surely, extraordinary information or sagacity, to discover; that his progress towards improvement, although *locally* and *for a season* arrested, diverted and often reversed; has been, (as it respects the *power* of the human mind, and the *march* of civilization,) undeviating, steady, and even accelerated: that the aspect of civilized society, is at this time more auspicious, the condition of the “social order” more improved, and the means of extending and accelerating this improvement incomparably greater, than at any former æra; and that to become *consciously, zealously, and actively* instrumental in extending and accelerating this improvement; is the highest and holiest office, to which virtue and wisdom; philanthropy and patriotism; genius and generous ambition, can aspire.

This improvement can be promoted in no way, more effectually; than by purifying, as perfectly as possible, of

error and immorality, those literary productions; that in consequence of the amusement they afford, are most eagerly read; and on account of their levity and cheapness, obtain the most rapid and extensive circulation.

It is principally, by multiplying the number, diversifying the forms, and extending the circulation of periodical and fugitive publications, (gazettes more especially, and amusive literary works,) that the press has given to modern literature so extensive an influence, on national morality and public opinion. More information on subjects that excite liberal curiosity, is communicated by a single gazette in a few hours; than could have gleaned from conversation, (previous to the invention of the art of printing,) in the course of many weeks, months, or, even years: communicated too, not to a few hundred persons, but to hundreds of thousands: preserved from the possibility of being overlooked or forgotten, and accompanied by peculiar facilities and tests, for detecting error and ascertaining truth; which are necessary adjuncts of this inestimable art.

A popular poem, or, novel, (in a few weeks after it issues from the press,) is perused probably by a greater number of persons; than had access to the Iliad during the existence of the Grecian Oligarchies; or, to the *Æneid*, during the long period that elapsed, from the subversion of the Roman aristocracy, to the fall of the mighty empire, that was erected on its ruins.

The profound truths of science, and the more exquisite beauties of literature, (like massy ingots and gems of inestimable value,) are still accessible only; and are probably for

ever destined to enrich and embellish, a small number of opulent and accomplished minds: But those facts and details that excite general interest; that species of literature, that is fitted to amuse and affect minds of ordinary capacity and cultivation, the press has converted into a sort of intellectual currency; for which, the demand is universal, and of which the circulation is incessant.

Error and immorality therefore, when conveyed in these ever-volant and all pervading vehicles; taint the very atmosphere of public opinion, and poison the fountains of national morality.

The debasement or adulteration of the circulating coin; would be a greater practical evil to society, than the transmutation of all the ingots buried in the hoards of avarice, into base metal: or the sudden conversion of all the diamonds and rubies, inshrined in the palaces of the opulent; into foul charcoal or mephitic gas. Unfortunately, however, while the value of the ingot is secure from depreciation, and the beauty of the diamond and the ruby is protected from the possibility of deterioration or decay; coin is constantly exposed to be adulterated, or, counterfeited.

The moral power of knowledge on social happiness, (in opposition to light,\* by whose properties its influence is so often symbolized, and with which, it is so often and so mischievously confounded, in young, sanguine and unthink-

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\* The fanciful analogy, betwixt the irradiation of light and the diffusion of knowledge, which has passed from rhetorical declamations into the dialect of the vulgar, is unfounded and

ing minds) is increased by expansion, and impaired by concentration. The smallest quantity of useful knowledge, imparted to each of a million of minds, will have a far more beneficial influence on social happiness; than the most profound knowledge, concentrated in a few highly cultivated and enlightened intellects.

The progress of science and civilization, and the moral improvement of society, although remotely dependant on

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fallacious, and in persons of sanguine tempers and lively imaginations, who speculate on the improvement of society, is probably a fruitful source of disappointment and mistake. It may not perhaps be useless to notice some remarkable and important differences in the operation of these great agents.

Light diffuses itself with astonishing rapidity: Knowledge spreads very slowly. Light experiences no sensible resistance to the diffusion of its beams: The progress of knowledge, is impeded by innumerable obstacles and counteractions. Light is reflected with nearly equal clearness and lustre from the surface of every object within the reach of its rays: Knowledge is distributed with the greatest imaginable inequality. Lastly, in reflecting light, external objects are passive: The acquisition of knowledge, on the contrary, is an operation essentially active, every faculty of the mind must be vigorously awakened and exerted, and this circumstance from the inveteracy of that indolence, which has been justly styled "the master-vice of man" constitutes one of the most formidable obstacles to its general and equal diffusion.

The intelligent reader, who takes the trouble to *generalize* the idea on which this apparently verbal criticism is founded, will feel, (upon a fair trial of its temper, solidity and sharpness,) that he wields a weapon, whose stroke is *death* to *metaphor*; to all tropes founded in faint, or fanciful resemblance, even when applied, for the purpose of poetical embellishment.

each other, and in the succession of ages possibly identified, have no immediate, nor *apparently* necessary, connexion.

The progress of science and civilization, depends principally on the constant addition to the sum of known truths: The progress of society and moral improvement, on the number of minds who participate the knowledge of truths already discovered; and on the clearness with which this knowledge is communicated.

The former, enlarges the *intellectual* empire of contemplative philosophy, by exploring, and subjecting new provinces of the knowable, to the dominion of reason, and comprehending them within the precincts of the known: The latter, extends the *moral* empire of religion and morality, by imparting to a constantly increasing number of human beings, a knowledge of the truths most essential to their happiness, here and hereafter.

Genius, philanthropy and generous ambition, are the principal agents for enlarging the former: Liberty, equal laws, good example, shining from conspicuous and elevated stations in society; the extensive establishment of scientific schools, in conjunction with accessible and well-selected libraries, are the most potent and efficient means, for enlarging the latter.

The one revises, purifies, embellishes and enriches the “page of knowledge,” by the constant detection and scrupulous erasure, of latent and subtle errors: The other, “unrolls that” already “ample” but imperfect “page” to the minds of successive millions.

The former, is measured by the perfection of an Encyclopædia, by the profoundness, variety, and number of the truths it contains: The other, by the practical value of a political constitution, municipal code, and system of national education.

The perfection of a telescope or an orrery, of an air-pump or gasometer, of a galvanic pile, or an electric battery; are grand monuments of the power, and shining evidences of the triumphant progress, of science: Local gazettes circulating a correct statement of important facts; pamphlets containing a luminous development and temperate discussion of political questions; a succession of valuable moral essays; dramas, "holding the mirror up to nature, showing virtue her own feature, scorn her own image;" popular novels, portraying life and manners with fidelity, and bringing the lessons of wisdom home, to the "business and bosoms" of the young and inexperienced; legislative bodies, listening with reverence to the warnings of hoary-headed wisdom; academies, thronged with youths, smitten with the love of moral and intellectual glory, and spurning intemperate pleasure and inglorious indolence; and above all, preachers expounding from independent pulpits, the doctrines of natural and revealed religion, and impressing through the medium of a solemn and sublime oratory, the principles of divine truth, on the minds of assembled and assenting millions, are the most solid unequivocal and acceptable evidences, of the progress of moral improvement.

The successful progress of science, presents the image of a grand and sublime Olympic game, in which all the

energies and accomplishments of the human mind, are emulously displayed; in which intellectual heroes and demigods impelled by the “ laudum immensa cupido,” strive for superiority, and contend in “ sight of mortal and immortal powers,” for the amaranthine wreath of fame.

The progress of moral improvement, presents the image of an ample and fertile territory; on which millions of happy, industrious, and skilful cultivators are amicably tilling the earth, extirpating noxious weeds, and disseminating nutritious grain: whilst genial suns and fruitful showers, are cherishing the vernal luxuriance, that betokens the silent but ceaseless progress of vegetation, the approving smile of Heaven on the face of nature; and holds forth a blessed pledge, that “ Our Father who is in Heaven,” will supply “ daily bread” in abundance, to his children upon earth.

In reviewing the progress of science; the mortality of man is associated with the funereal pomp, and monumental grandeur, of starry pointing pyramids, and magnificent mausoleums: whilst the chissel and the pencil, seem to mock death’s regal terrors, and exhibit the forms of departed sages and heroes, in shapes that defy the scythe of time: whilst libraries record their achievements, and transmit the benefits of their example and discoveries, to all succeeding generations.

The progress of society, associates the mortality of man with “ the turf, under the rugged elm and yew trees’ shade, heaving in many a mouldering heap, over the narrow cells, in which the rude forefathers of the hamlet, sleep,” whilst we read their history, in the “ plenty scattered o’er a smiling

land, and in the grateful and glistening “eyes” of their posterity.

It is consoling too, to observe, (as we descend from antiquity to more recent ages,) that the connexion grows closer and more obvious, and the points of contact more numerous; betwixt the progress of science, and the progress of moral and intellectual improvement.

In ancient times, we behold bards invoking the inspiration of the heavenly muse, and “waking to ecstacy the living lyre;” Plato unfolding the idea of a perfect commonwealth; heroes aspiring to emulate the achievements and eclipse the renown of demigods; and an emperor of the world indulging on his solitary throne, sublime meditations on the harmony and grandeur of the universe, at the very æras, when the earth was covered with blacker than Egyptian darkness; when the altars of infernal superstition, were reeking with human blood; when oppression, with plague, pestilence, and famine in its train, were depopulating and desolating the earth at “noon-day;” when we are reminded of the dignity of human nature, only by contrasting its possible and prospective, and seemingly imaginary, with its actual condition.

But when we descend to more modern ages, a more auspicious scene presents itself. Almost at the æras, when Columbus discovers the new world, and Franklin draws lightning from the clouds; we behold Penn establishing a flourishing colony, in one of the fairest parts of the new world, and soon after, our attention is arrested by the grandest and most beautiful of all moral spectacles: a confedera-

tion of flourishing colonies, established in the new world, uniting to form a great community, and resolving to assert an independent place and equal rank amongst the nations of the earth: we behold the armies of this community, or, more properly, this community in arms, successfully led by a patriot-chief through a perilous and protracted struggle, to national independence: we behold this patriot-chief, at the close of the struggle, instead of attempting, after the almost invariable manner of victorious chiefs, in former ages, and in other countries during the same age, to usurp the diadem: we behold him, without even appearing to harbour a wish inimical to the freedom of his fellow citizens, returning to domestic life, to share equally and in common with all, the blessings which all had fought and suffered, to obtain and secure: we behold this now independent people clothing their political sages with delegated power to organize, and unanimously invoking this now emphatically **PATRIOT-CHIEF**, to administer, the first magistracy under, a constitution and code of laws, that promise to secure the blessings of liberty, property, and an enlightened pursuit of happiness to vicesimally multiplying millions of freemen, through a millenium, probably, of unparalleled and progressive prosperity and glory.

To return from this digression. Although the press has provided means, for enabling, a majority, possibly in a well-ordered society, for enabling every human being, to acquire, more or less promptitude and skill in reading; yet it has not brought the profound and voluminous depositaries of science, within the reach of all. In every condition of

society that now exists, or, to which we can rationally look forward; many, perhaps a majority of human beings, ought to acquiesce; and to be taught to acquiesce without repining, in a scanty and partial cultivation of intellect: In the admission of many conclusions, of which they cannot fully comprehend the evidence; and in the dexterous performance of many processes and operations, whose theory they are unable to analyze.

No improvement in the structure of political institutions; no prospective melioration of the social order, (at this time, within the ken of conjecture,) can give, a majority of individuals, in any civilized society, access, to the profound investigations of science, or, to the refined beauties of literature and art.

But it is surely practicable, and if practicable, unspeakably important, that the knowledge of elementary truths which is generally circulated, should be consistent and distinct; and that the taste for literature, (so far as it is diffused,) should be liberal and uncorrupted. It is therefore all-important, that those scientific productions, that embrace the widest circle of readers, and of which, the press, by reducing the price, has so widely extended the circulation; should be purified as perfectly as possible of prejudice and error: that the ephemeral vehicles of miscellaneous intelligence, should circulate a correct knowledge of instructive and well authenticated facts. It is especially desirable, that those amusive fictions that are read with so much avidity, and by representing the character, situation, and internal feelings of the powerful, opulent, and enlightened classes

of society, *decisively* influence the manners and moral sentiments of the reader, should be modelled with the closest attention to truth and nature: composed in a style accurate, elegant, and nervous, and illustrate in all the forms they assume, the cardinal truth: that the happiness of the individual, in every possible situation, principally depends on the faithful performance of personal and social duties, and on the self-approbation, public confidence and private attachment, which are thereby obtained and secured.

Were *this*, the character and tendency of the scientific and literary productions that circulate most generally; a stream of knowledge would incessantly descend from the better educated and more enlightened, to the more numerous and uninformed classes of society: not less genial, than the light and heat that radiate from the central luminary of the solar system, to the peopled planets that revolve around it: than the vital current, that, gushing from the heart, imparts sensibility and pleasurable sensation to the minutest vessels, or remotest fibres of the human frame.

The circulation of such productions amongst the more numerous and apparently less fortunate classes of society, would diffuse a spirit of resignation, contentment, and cheerfulness. Persons in the humbler and less envied conditions of society, would learn, that political power, necessarily and rightfully devolves on individuals, elevated by talents, intelligence, and opulence, above the level of their fellows: that the exercise of political power, whether inherited or delegated, as a means of personal happiness, is in no degree enviable, when the anxious and awful responsibility it

imposes, and its tendency to corrupt the heart; and by necessary consequence, to produce self-dissatisfaction and remorse, are duly considered: that if the opulent possess ampler means of enjoyment, they are also liable, (in consequence of their *peculiar* temptations to "the sins that most easily beset" human nature, indolence and sensuality) to sink into a state of motiveless apathy and ennui, more painful far, than the privations of indigence, and the hardships of the severest toil: so much more painful, that their victim ought (with a view to personal happiness,) gladly and gratefully to exchange his condition with the poorest and most toil-worn peasant, who enjoys health and the means of comfortable subsistence.

Those who were undistinguished by capacity and cultivation of mind, would learn that superior intelligence and talents, only enabled their possessors to compare more distinctly, the narrow boundaries of our actual, with the unbounded range of attainable knowledge: Are often accompanied by pride, arrogance, vanity and envy: excite and keep alive a morbid thirst for distinction and popular applause: sap and wither health, by excessive intellectual exertion: extinguish curiosity and interest in the ordinary affairs of life, incapacitate or indispose the votary of literature, for performing with fidelity and satisfaction his most important personal and social duties; and render him a stranger and an alien, rather than an inhabitant and inmate, of the world in which he lives.

A conviction would thus be brought home too, to the mind of every reflecting reader, that, where on the other hand, the powerful, the opulent and the enlightened, enjoy

the real happiness to which they have access, (by a wise and beneficent use of their power, wealth and talents,) good flows through a thousand channels to all classes of society, and is amply and equitably participated by every individual, however obscure or indigent.

Thus would genius "vindicate the ways of God to man," by proving that in all stages of civilization and conditions of society; there exists an imperturbable equilibrium, an equitable distribution of good and evil: That "self-love and social" are in their primary elements and ultimate tendencies, "the same:" that the individual who imagines that society was made for him, and not he for society, commits an error more monstrous than Ptolemy, who imagined that the "sun-paved" firmament, revolved around "the dim spot, which men call earth:" That the man who attempts to make himself happy by inflicting misery on millions, exhibits a folly more egregious than the urchin in *Æsop's* fable, who slaughtered the goose that produced eggs of gold: or than a cultivator of the soil, who should imagine, that his wealth would be augmented and his happiness promoted, by confining the genial influence of showers and sun-shine, to the little spot of earth, in which he claimed exclusive property.

These reflections naturally lead the writer to expose a third pernicious tendency of popular novels: their tendency to transform abused power, opulence and talents, into *malefactors*, and ignorance, indigence and insignificance, into *victims*: to hold up the former, as just objects of implacable abhorrence, and exhibit the latter, as the natural and pro-

per objects of kindness, commiseration, active beneficence and tender pity.

As if ignorance and error were noxious and innoxious, according to the condition in which their victims are placed; the texture of their clothes, or the quality of their aliment: As if, at any equidistant point, from the "golden mediocrity," from the *centre* of intellectual repose; although the form and aspect of misery *may be* different, the *degree must not be* the same: As if the wretchedness caused by superfluity, the diseases it engenders, and the remorse it entails, were not as deplorable; or even more deplorable, than the more palpable, because more squalid misery, maladies and shame, that grind the faces and haunt the steps, of poverty: As if the pangs of repletion, were less tolerable, than those of hunger; or gout or stone less agonizing, than scrofula or typhus: As if misery glittering in diamonds, were not as miserable, as misery shivering in rags: As if identity in substance were incompatible with variety, in form and colour: As if Satan, "dilated to the dimensions of Teneriffe and Atlas," ceased to be Satan, when he shrunk into a toad: As if the "variety of wretchedness" were not *ex-abundanti* evidence of the "original sin," the essential malignity, of error.

In many of the most popular *modern* novels, the distress and depravity portrayed are alike unreal and unnatural. The powerful and opulent are described as *rightless* usurpers, *insatiable* monopolists, *inhuman* and *malignant* tyrants. All the evils that spring from the misconstruction, or, mal-administration of government; from factitious and

feudal inequalities of condition; from bad or inefficient education, are ascribed to the deliberate, wanton and gratuitous depravity of the very individuals, who are always their *first*, and often their *selected* victims: who for every pang which they inflict on others, are repaid with usurious interest, by the pleasures which they sacrifice, or the pains which they inevitably suffer.

The acknowledged and fundamental facts, that the situation in which human beings are born, and the impressions which external objects make upon their minds, depend upon causes, which they can neither foresee nor control; the *creative* power of habit, in the formation of character; the necessary connexion that subsists, between opinions, habits, motives and modes of action, are all forgotten, in the delirium of *speculative* philanthropy and *false* philosophy: A bastard philanthropy, that has its root in literary vanity, in baffled competition, in mortified pride, in malignant envy: or at best originates in gross and pestilent delusion: a declaiming, canting, vile philosophy; that has made the very word odious to the eyes, and to the ears, and to the very souls, of men of *native* humanity and *plain* sense.

It is in consequence too, of this violation of truth and nature, that exaggerated descriptions of the privations and hardships of the labouring classes of society, are perused, not only without sympathy for the imaginary sufferer; but with mingled disgust, scorn, and indignation, towards their infatuated and visionary authors.

The pathos of such descriptions is wholly *factitious*; the offspring of moody imagination, and false philosophy.

Such descriptions are radically vicious. No purity of motive, no splendour of genius, no innocence of intention, can expiate the pernicious effects, produced by their circulation.

The authors of such works, embitter the real and inevitable ills of life, by vivid contrast with a fancied felicity which can never be realized: divest the actual enjoyments and comforts within the reach of the mass of mankind, and (*alone within their reach;*) by a constant, disheartening, irritating and tantalizing contrast, with pleasures, which they can neither approach nor attain: paralyze the right-hand, and shiver into atoms the very ægis of virtue, *fortitude*, by exciting, nourishing, and inflaming, a spirit of impious murmuring and rebellious discontent: teach, the *necessarily* ignorant and comparatively indigent multitude, to regard the *necessarily* small minority of their fellow creatures, who can occupy exalted stations, or, can be qualified to exercise political power, or, to acquire super-abundant wealth, or, liberal accomplishments, not as their rightful rulers, natural protectors and benefactors: but as rightless usurpers, legalized robbers, insatiable and unfeeling monopolists: Confound the common sense of mankind, on a subject of all others, the most momentous, (the productive causes, and appropriate correctives and remedies, of the disorders and vices of society:) and impel a devoted and infuriated multitude, to attempt the cure of irremediable evils, by means, that permanently aggravate the evils they endure, and not only abridge and adulterate, but possibly remove for ages, perhaps *for ever* beyond their reach, the good; which they might otherwise attain and perpetuate.

This spurious pathos; whether it makes its appeal to the human heart, through the medium of elaborate disquisition, or, eloquent declamation; an amusive novel, or, an affecting drama; sonorous periods, or "magic numbers," is alike revolting to enlightened reason and genuine philanthropy; and alike adverse, to the practice of political, domestic, or, personal morality.

It ascribes to the ignorant and indigent, wants of which they are unconscious; sensibilities they never feel, and desires which they never cherish.

A vast majority of the human beings, who earn a subsistence for themselves and their families, by the labour of their hands, and the "sweat of their brows;" feel, and ought to feel, neither discontent, nor disconsolation, when they recollect, or even *whilst* they survey, the luxury and idleness of the opulent. They feel, and ought to feel, reverence and awe, but experience no *mortifying* sense of intellectual inferiority, in the presence of sages; and rarely indulge a vain anxiety, to comprehend the recondite disquisitions of science, or, to relish the refined beauties of literature and art. The unlettered million, ply their diurnal toils, undazzled by the glare; and repose in the vale of obscurity, undisturbed by the dreams of ambition.

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
" Their sober wishes never learn to stray:  
" Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life,  
" They keep the noiseless tenor of their way."

The "mute, inglorious Milton," whose body moulders in the country church-yard; partook during life, "the homely joys and obscure destiny," of the "rude forefathers

of the hamlet;" unconscious of his latent superiority, and insensible to the attractions of poetical renown. The "breast, once pregnant with celestial fire," whilst living; glowed only with the conjugal and parental affections, that hallow the blazing hearth; while the wife reclines on the bosom of her husband, and the lisping infant "climbs the father's knee." The hand, that might have "swayed the sceptre of empire, or waked to ecstasy the living lyre," was employed to fell the trees of the forest, or ply the autumnal sickle; with an eagerness as emulous, and a heart as jocund; as if it had been incapable of any more admirable, or, elevated office.

Pathetic pictures (and many of the most popular novels, abound with such pictures,) of honest indigence, tormented with envy or pining with despair, at the spectacle of superfluity; of vulgar ignorance, languishing to quench its thirst at the Heliconian fount; of humble industry, longing to "ascend the steep, where fame's proud temple shines afar;" exist only in the day-dreams, of an undisciplined and irregular imagination.

If such misery *really* exists; it is a consequence, not of the inherent imperfection, but of the incidental weakness and corruption, of human nature. It is not inflicted by the dispensations of a beneficent Providence; or, by the laws of moral nature; but by a spirit of discontent, that murmurs at these dispensations, and violates these laws. It ought to be viewed, not as a misfortune to be deplored; but as an error to be corrected, as a disease to be cured: not as one of the "ills that flesh is heir to," (ills, with which, in this proba-

tionary pilgrimage, innocence and virtue are doomed to struggle,) but as the natural consequence and just punishment, of delusion and vice.

Meanwhile, it is the baleful effect of such “miscreated fictions,” to make the food they feed on; to realize in weak and uninformed minds, the very misery, (*and there is none more exquisite,*) which they affect to deplore.

The *poor* wretch who “steals his neighbour’s purse, steals trash;” yet if detected, his body is gibbeted or incarcerated, and his name and memory are stigmatised by infamy, so long as they endure; and it is just that it should be so: Whilst the *ingenious* and *lettered* wretch, who writes and circulates an immoral fiction, the perusal of which destroys his poor neighbour’s contentment and peace of mind; and perhaps impells him to perpetrate the felonious act, that robs him of liberty and life, not only escapes punishment, but is praised, admired and cherished; perhaps assists to enact and execute the law, that strangles or incarcerates the malefactor! Such is the world we live in: Let us hope that it will grow better, as it grows wiser: Without this precious hope, life were worthless.

In the eye of enlightened morality, the wretch who vitiates the living man, is surely more noxious; than the poor wretch who steals the trash that nourishes worthless life.

Novelists! Remember this!

What! do the real evils of life occur so rarely, or touch the heart so lightly, that genius must be tasked to invent! poetry and eloquence, perverted and prostituted to portray! and the finest sensibilities of the soul evaporated in sighs,

or dissolved in tears! over the recital or representation of imaginary woes?

How wide is the range! how incessant are the inroads!  
How countless the victims! how sore, how intolerable are  
the visitations of *real* misery?

At every stage of human existence, from the cradle of infancy, to the couch of decrepitude; in every condition between the throne and the cottage; from the triumphal car, to the bed of impotence and pain; at every æra in the history of mankind, from the most ferocious barbarism, to the most expanded civilization; how innumerable are the degrees! how indefinable the varieties! how full to the brim, and bitter to the dregs, is the cup, of living wretchedness! how unexpected! how terrible! how cureless! how inevitable! how various, are the ills! that “flesh is heir to.”

When we turn our attention for a moment to the extent and variety of real misery; we involuntarily apostrophise, these moon-struck mourners, in the language of Akenside.

tyrant power

Here sits enthron'd in blood; the baneful charms  
Of Superstition there infect the skies,  
And turn the sun to horror. Gracious Heaven!  
What is the life of man? Or cannot these,  
Nor these portents thy *wish* suffice?

A fourth and most pernicious effect of popular novels, is, their tendency to mislead young and inexperienced persons of both sexes, in estimating personal merits, and attractions: in estimating the moral value of the qualities that are most essential to the purity and permanence of domestic happiness; and to the faithful performance of the momentous

duties, that devolve on every man and woman, who unite their hearts, their fortunes and their being, by the nuptial tie.

What connexion, on this side the grave, can be compared, in magnitude and interest with that, which marriage creates! A connexion, when formed, formed probably for life; a connexion, on which the happiness, the usefulness, the dignity, and even the duration of life itself, depend; a connexion to which the existence, and the probable happiness and misery of the human beings who are to succeed us, are indissolubly linked; a connexion, that must exert an overruling influence over every moment, every sensation, every feeling, of our future lives! and extend its influence, over the destiny of our children and our children's children!

How unspeakably pernicious, must be the influence of whatever tends, in a marked manner, to misguide our judgment or our feelings; in estimating the qualities that determine, the probable happiness or misery, of so momentous a connexion!

That many, even a great majority, of the most popular and widely circulated novels; have this tendency, and produce this effect, is indisputable. The writer might go farther, and safely state his conviction, that to this, more than to any other cause of similar tendency; may be ascribed many of the injudicious and consequently unhappy marriages, that take place.

Ask any intelligent and sober-minded person of mature years, who has formed;—ask any well-disposed and tolerably well-educated young person of either sex, who looks forward to the formation, of this momentous connexion, to

name the qualities, most essential to conjugal happiness?

They will need no new experience; no pause for reflection: It will require no laboured reasoning to convince them, that conjugal happiness, (where there exists no extraordinary disparity in the age, condition or manners of the parties,) will depend principally, on health, good temper, good sense, intelligence, cheerfulness and kind-heartedness.

With these essential qualities, if either, or both parties, chance to possess an elevated station in society; beauty, genius, taste, an extraordinary share of any ornamental accomplishment; a more *splendid* and *envied*, but assuredly a less *solid* structure of happiness, may be erected. These *essential* qualities not only constitute the firmest foundation; but supply the most precious and durable materials for the enjoyment, of that portion of conjugal felicity, that falls to the lot of the happiest of mortals.

Surely no position can be more tenable; than, that any estimate of the probabilities for conjugal happiness, that assigns a higher place to the latter qualities, than to the former, or allows them to weigh more in the mind; is an error portentous and perilous! still more, that any estimate, which regards the latter as *essential*, and the former as unessential, to conjugal happiness; increases almost to certainty, the probability of exquisite, hopeless, and to persons of keen and morbid sensibility, (and such persons are most likely to commit this fatal error,) intolerable wretchedness.

Now, I might almost venture to challenge any omnivorous reader of novels, to name a single popular production of this sort, (previous to the appearance of Miss Edge-

worth's writings,) the perusal of which, had not a strong tendency, to lead the inexperienced mind into this fatal error.

Novel-writers, usually shower upon their heroes and heroines, (and it costs only the most ordinary effort of an irregular and heated imagination, to do so,) blooming youth and health, dazzling beauty, splendid talents, brilliant accomplishments, elevated rank, superabundant opulence, and fascinating manners. The attribution of these rare and captivating qualities, they seem to regard, as an ample apology, not for deficiency merely, but often for the total *exclusion*, of the useful and inostentatious qualities; that are *proverbially* most essential to personal happiness, usefulness, and respectability, in all the relations of human life, and in every condition of human society: Those practical and *saving* virtues, without which every advantage that nature and education can bestow; every boon that fortune, "in her maddest mood," can lavish; are necessarily converted into a source of misery to their possessor, and of mischief to society: without which, genius, and beauty, and wit, and eloquence, and address; resemble the gorgeous curtains of a bed of disease and death; a coffin inlaid with gold, and studded with diamonds; a vast sepulchre, irradiated by golden lamps, and perfumed with all the odours of "*Araby the blest.*"

It is an objection often urged to novels, that they are almost exclusively filled, with descriptions and details, of the hopes and fears, the anxieties and transports; the adventures and vicissitudes, of youthful love.

The objection is probably unfounded: a sentiment so natural, so powerful, so universal; that renews its empire over the hearts of each succeeding generation, and at that period of life too, when every individual is most susceptible of exquisite feeling: a sentiment, which civilization has a necessary tendency to purify, to embellish and to exalt: a sentiment, whose exaltation and refinement, is the brightest trophy, the fairest triumph of genuine civilization: a sentiment, on which so much of our happiness, or, misery, in the flower of youth, in the maturity and decline of life, and at the solemn and inevitable hour of death, depends: a sentiment, that calls into existence, and determines the destinies, of our children and our children's children; can scarcely occupy too conspicuous a station, or, too ample a space, in literary works, devoted to the delineation of life and manners.

The true objection, probably, is not to the predominance of love in popular novels, but to the *kind of love*; the manner in which it is described, and the qualities by which it is excited.

The opinion may seem strange, yet it is perhaps not less strange, than true, that this all-powerful sentiment, as it is awakened, nurtured, and matured in amiable hearts and highly cultivated minds; has never yet been portrayed in the “colours dipt in heaven,” and in the heavenly light, in which it descends from heaven, to ravish, to purify, and to bless the hearts of sinful mortals.

“They best can paint it, who have felt it most.”

Those who feel this divine sentiment most tenderly and truly, are content to feel it; to enjoy in silent transport, and to whisper to each others' souls, its pure, and, *but to each other*, incommunicable joys.

There is a sacredness in its feelings that shrinks from scrutiny, and courts concealment; that dreads disclosure, and loaths declamation.

Those who truly love, are, so far as that sentiment is concerned, the whole world to each other, and in that, (to all but themselves,) non-existent world, they behold the image of paradise reflected: In performing with fidelity the duties it devolves; in participating its pure and hallowed delights, they experience a distinct presage of the joys of Heaven.

All exquisite emotion, whether pleasurable or painful, palsies the tongue and seals the lips. The happy hearts that love each other, are conscious, how impotent, how unhallowed! every attempt to embody their sentiments in words, would be.

A sigh scarcely audible to any ear but one; a “dewy or a downcast eye;” a blush, “celestial rosy-red, love’s proper hue;” a smile that interchanges the finest and inmost feelings of sympathetic souls; a pulse, with which another pulse beats, in mysterious unison; the slow and silent swell of enamoured hearts; looks, by which congenial and confiding minds are mutually revealed and reunited, are the only vehicles sufficiently exquisite and evanescent, to convey these ineffable sentiments!

Except to each other, these sentiments are manifested only, by habitual kind heartedness; by delicate and spontaneous sympathy; by active beneficence; by self-denying charity, by the faithful performance of every personal and social duty: except to each other, *these manifestations*, are the most precious tokens of the existence of love; the odorous oil that nourishes the genial flame; the fine affinities that more completely blend, identify, and beatify their being.

"Behold the picture, is it like? Like what?" A flame kindled by the first accidental, lascivious glance, at a slightly face and form: whose infatuated votary, (victim rather!) finds fuel, for his "fires," in the ignorance, the errors, the vices, and follies, of his idol; and embellishes his idol with the "imputed charms," that are the offspring solely of an imagination; inebriated even to delirium, by selfish and impure desire!

The love, that rekindles a spark, and reflects a faint image of primeval happiness in the hearts of sinful mortals; the love, that imparts a new life and a second self to its votaries; that beats during life in undivided hearts; the love that absence cannot alienate, nor jealousy disturb, nor old age wither, nor misfortune tarnish; the love, that burns through life with unsullied brightness, and converts every vicissitude of fortune and every temptation to inconstancy, into fuel for its holy flame; the love, that blunts the agonies and gilds the gloom of death; the love, that leans at that sad moment on the fond breast of its second self, and fixes its "last lingering look," on a lovely offspring, hanging around the neck, clinging to the bosom, clasping the knee of the

surviving parent; the love, that vanishes from earth, in the last look; escapes to heaven, in the heart's expiring pang; the love, that stamps its "bland and beautiful expression" on the lifeless features, as if it mocked death's regal terrors, and defied his dart: the love, that when the last trump shall sound, will revive among the first ineffable sensations of conscious immortality! This death-defying, life-delighting and immortal love, a legion of demons, in the shape of novel-mongers, seem to have combined to banish from the world.

It would seem to be the object of these incarnate imps of perdition; to convert this pure, holy and unquenchable flame, into a fever of the blood, *excited* by external charms: By charms, possessed in an extraordinary degree, only by one individual in a thousand; that have no necessary connexion, with the qualities essential to conjugal happiness, and with which, *in fact*, these qualities are rarely united: charms, that necessarily disappear, with the swiftly fading flower of youth and beauty; and even during the season of youth, are held by the precarious tenure of health: Charms, that induce their possessor to undervalue the qualities, on which the moral and *unfading* beauty of character depend: Charms, *proverbially* liable to cloy by fruition; and (unless associated with more valuable qualities,) to be converted by fruition, into satiety and disgust.

How superficial, yet how imposing! how immoral, yet how seductive! are such misrepresentations of life and manners.

An attachment, in its essence the offspring of disinterested esteem and moral preference; is transformed into a

passion essentially sensual and exclusively selfish: an attachment that derives its aliment and its very existence, from benevolent affection and the tenderest sympathy; is transformed into the pander of despicable vanity and detestable pride: an attachment, that emanates from mutual confidence, as from a fountain, and reposes in confiding faith, as on a sainted shrine; and in whose train, hope and peace and domestic bliss disport, is transformed into a tormenting passion, kept alive by suspense, by jealousy, by the dread of inconstancy and treachery: A passion, in whose train are often beheld, "grim-visaged, comfortless despair" and "sorrow's piercing dart," and "hard unkindness' altered eye, that mocks the tear, it forced to flow," and "keen remorse, with blood defiled," and moody madness "laughing wild"

" Amid severest wo."

An attachment, that ought to be lighted by fire from heaven, and hallowed by the blessing of God, is transformed into a passion; on whose altar a lascivious Venus lays the impure offering; a blind and senseless Cupid strikes, from cold and flinty hearts, the consuming spark, at which a venal Hymen lights the funeral pyre; whose sudden, and transient blaze, shedding no genial light, diffusing no balmy odour, leaves not a "rack behind," or leaves only smoke and ashes:—

" Nor even in the *ashes*, live their wonted fires."

Were an intelligent inhabitant of another world, to form his opinion of love and marriage in ours, from the perusal of popular novels; he would be betrayed into very ludic-

crouse misconceptions. He would be led to believe, that every individual of either sex, who did not possess exquisite beauty and enchanting grace, fascinating address and brilliant wit, an elevated station and ample fortune; were incapable or unworthy of love, and predestined to celibacy.

He would of course infer, that all civilized countries, abounded with nunneries and monasteries; and that in the former, all females, who were not beautiful and graceful and witty; and in the latter, all males, who were not killingly handsome, and opulent, and nobly descended; were incarcerated for life, in solitary cells.

These delirious fictions, which would surprise us little, were they conceived in the brain of a Turk, intoxicated by opium, and dreaming of the unholy Houries of Mahomet's paradise; cannot fail to astonish and shock every reflecting mind, when regarded as the productions, (and the popular and admired productions) of persons of genius, intelligence and taste, in the most civilized communities of Christendom.

The radical defects of female education; the absurd preference of accomplishments merely ornamental, to such as are intrinsically useful, and far more truly *ornamental*: The preference of accomplishments that dazzle for an hour; to such as contribute to the happiness of conjugal and domestic life, and *during life*: The preference of accomplishments, that enable a young and beautiful woman, to gratify her own vanity, and to excite, by their occasional display, the envy of her own sex, and the admiration of voluptuaries and idlers; to the qualities and acquirements, that keep

alive in her own breast, the calm, but delightful feeling of self-approbation; secure the friendship of the more amiable part of her own sex, and more than friendship, from the more estimable part of ours: The qualities and acquirements, that enable a woman, whether young or old, beautiful or not beautiful; to perform in every stage of life, and in every social relation; the duties of daughter, sister, friend, wife, and above all, of MOTHER and grand-mother: This preposterous and most pernicious preference; is in no inconsiderable degree, to be ascribed, to the character of popular and widely circulated novels.

It seems rarely to occur to novel-writers, that courtship, and love, and the nuptial tie, are *preliminaries* merely, to a connexion, usually indissoluble, except by death; and that the happiness or misery of lovers, during the prime and in the decline of life, and the happiness or misery of their offspring; essentially depend upon the eligibility, or, ineligibility of this connexion.

Indeed, a great majority of these writers, seem tacitly to acknowledge, that courtship and love, as they conceive and describe these incidents; are seldom viewed in reference to connubial and domestic happiness: at the moment when, or, at farthest a few hours, after the nuptial knot is tied, the novel usually closes; and the reader is left to imagine, what superlative and unalloyed felicity, *fortune* has in store; for such fond, constant, beautiful, all-accomplished, transported, and transporting lovers.

It must be admitted too, that this abrupt close of the narrative, although at the time when it becomes, or, ought

to become, most interesting and instructive; is, (as it regards the reputation and skill of the writer, in the construction of moral fiction,) very prudent and judicious.

For did the writers proceed to develop and detail, (with any tolerable regard to probability,) the consequences of such love and courtship, as are usually imagined in novels; they could scarcely fail to blush, at the inevitable detection, because at the inevitable development, of the errors they had committed; and if they had good intentions, even to recoil with keen remorse, from the vivid anticipation of the pernicious effects, which such partial and immoral representations of life and manners; are calculated to produce on young and inexperienced minds.

Were a good angel commissioned or permitted to present to the view of mankind, a distinct and practical development of the evils, which, for half a century back, have been produced, and are now produced, (more extensively than at any former period,) by the circulation of pestilent novels; the conflagration of the Alexandrian Library was but a bonfire, in comparison with the stupendous pyre of novels and romances, which would be kindled by the indignation of parents and patriots, in every part of the civilized world. I seem to behold the pens dropping from the palsied hands of a host of horror-struck novel-mongers! who are at this moment assiduously and emulously employed, in the composition of these pestiferous fictions! And a second conflagration of unfinished manuscripts, "voluminous and vast," burst forth with a lurid and fuliginous; but to the eye of reason, most welcome and auspicious blaze!

It may be useful to run a parallel, in a few cardinal points, between the facts of real life, and the fictions of novel-writers, in regard to connubial and domestic happiness.

In most instances of happy marriages in real life, the parties possess only an ordinary share of personal beauty and grace: In novels, they usually possess an extraordinary share of both.

In real life, they gradually acquire, by the steady exercise of industry, frugality, and probity, a moderate portion of the goods of fortune: In novels, they inherit, *unexpectedly*, or, acquire, *suddenly* an affluence, that falls in real life, to the lot of one, in ten, or, twenty thousand persons.

In real life, such persons are usually remarkable for prudence, sobriety of temper, exemplary integrity and punctuality, in their social intercourse, conduct, and transactions: In novels, one or both parties, are imprudent, rash, romantic, intemperate in their feelings and passions; irregular, often culpable, sometimes dishonourable, and even criminal, and manifest great contempt for the opinions, of the prudent, cautious, and sober.

In real life, the happy and respectable husband, looks forward to the acquisition of wealth, and usually provides the means of comfortable and independent subsistence for his family; by the steady and skilful exercise of some species of useful and liberal talents, or, accomplishment, and his conjugal and domestic happiness, his respectability and distinction in society, essentially depend, upon the steadiness and energy of his exertions in the pursuit; to which

he devotes the maturity of his life, and the activity of his mind and body. In novels, the husband, from the moment when the nuptial knot is tied, is almost invariably an opulent idler; exempted by situation, indisposed by indolence, or, disqualified by ignorance and incapacity, for the exercise of any sort of valuable, liberal, or, noble pursuit; and looks for distinction and respectability solely, to the privileges of factitious rank, and the profuse, ostentatious, and unproductive disbursement of wealth.

In real life, an extraordinary share of conjugal and domestic felicity, results from the capacity of the husband, or, of the wife, or, of both, (and from a disposition to exert those capacities steadily and zealously,) to co-operate in cultivating the minds, and forming the manners and characters of their children; according to the best living models of moral excellence and liberal accomplishments: on the part of the wife, from superior skill, method, and neatness, in her domestic economy; the appropriation of a due portion of her leisure, to liberal literature, rational conversation, or, elegant art; from the exercise of a self-denying and active charity, and exemplary patience, equanimity, cheerfulness, and tenderness, in all the relations of life: on the part of the husband, from the exercise of public spirit, wisdom, eloquence, courage, and patriotism, in legislative bodies, during peace; or, if his country should be at war, in the field.

In novels, the character and accomplishments of the hero and heroine are rarely such, as to warrant a belief or even a conjecture; that they are, or, are ever likely to become, disposed or qualified, to derive any extraordinary share of conjugal or domestic happiness, from these sources.

In real life, when we review the origin and progress of a courtship and love, that produce in mellow maturity the blessed fruits of domestic happiness; we discover a preference, moderate and unassured in its early stages, gradually ripening into sincere, heartfelt, and decided predilection: a predilection, the fidelity, tenderness, and disinterestedness of which; are often severely tried by absence, distance, sickness, unexpected vicissitudes of fortune, and the strongest temptations to inconstancy: a predilection, established by a thorough knowledge of each other; an undisguised development of their dispositions, characters, and habits; an explicit and unreserved interchange of their opinions and sentiments, on the subjects most likely to affect their future happiness: a predilection, gradually and genially matured, by this knowledge, development, interchange, and ordeal, into fond, faithful, and constant love, and reposing on a conviction, inassailable by treachery or time; that they mutually possess the qualities, best adapted to make each other happy, during the remainder of their lives; because best adapted to qualify these really fortunate, and happy lovers; to fulfil the delicate, momentous, and inviolable duties, which marriage creates.

From this soul-refreshing retrospect; this sunny, flowery, and fruitful spot, (in the vast desert where so many wayward pilgrims wander,) let the reader avert his delighted eye: let him expunge and reverse every feature, in the portrait I have sketched, and he will behold, in all its deformity, the outline of a modern novel:

"Woman," it seems; "to the *waist*, and *fair*,  
"But *ending* foul in many a scaly fold,  
"Voluminous and vast, a *serpent* arm'd  
"With *mortal* sting."

In novels, we are taught to expect supreme conjugal and domestic felicity, from love at first sight; a love that mounts in a moment to the highest state of rapture and exaltation; that vows *eternal* constancy in half an hour, or, in a few hours, or, weeks, at farthest: a prodigious, ungovernable, and overwhelming love, (the fever and phrenzy of a diseased imagination;) which being excited exclusively by *carnal* beauty and attraction, in sensibilities keenly susceptible of sudden and violent excitement, necessarily occasions a temporary ebriety and mental blindness; that not only hides every defect, and heightens every charm in the idol of desire, but superadds a thousand unreal attractions.

This ebriety and blindness is well described by Sappho, in the celebrated lines; which seem to have philtered the souls, and stultified the common sense of novel-mongers.

This mental ebriety and blindness, whilst it endures; absorbs or evaporates the sensibility, stupifies the understanding, and confounds, or, fascinates the senses of the lover. This monstrous and morbid love, awakens a species of sympathy, resembling more, the feelings excited by the spectacle of disease or madness; than the moral harmony, to which the soul is attuned, by contemplating in real life, the union of innocent and enamoured hearts; of confiding, and congenial minds.

Such love, when followed, (*as it must be,*) by disappointment, or, by the inconstancy, caprice, or, guilt of its idol;

necessarily concludes with suicide, madness, misanthropy, misogyny, or, by deplorable and impotent melancholy, during the wretched remainder of its victim's life.

These tragical consequences the novel-monger never fails to describe, in a style the most pathetic and horrific which he can conjure up; and seems involuntarily, and almost *instinctively*, to imagine the most tragical catastrophe within the limits, or, on the very *verge* of possibility.

The probable, or, rather the *certain* consequences of such love, when it terminates in the consummation, for which the idolizing lovers so ardently long and so devoutly pray; consequences, that often include a more bitter and blasting disappointment, the novel-monger very discreetly and cunningly, forbears to develop. He leaves the reader, who is sufficiently weak, credulous, and inexperienced, to harbour a belief, (in the face and teeth of experience;) that the intoxication of these enchanted and enchanting lovers, continues during life.

It is mournful, it is humiliating, it is portentous! to reflect, that, after having access to the results of the experience of nearly six thousand years; there should be found in a civilized community, a *single* human creature of sound mind, and approaching the maturity of life, who can, even *for a moment* harbour, so stupid and noxious a delusion.

But we are struck dumb with wonder, we grow "marble with amazement," when we find such delusion, epidemical, and pestiferous, in communities, that boast of their intelligence and freedom, and in an age that glories in its light, and exults in its triumphs.

Is man for ever doomed, to be appalled by unreal terrors and tantalized by visionary hopes? Is he for ever doomed, to pace round the circle of sophistry, and imagine that he is advancing? To float in the balloon of declamation, and dream that he is ascending; to gaze on the stagnant and polluted pool of prejudice, at once shallow and obscene, and *gravely* fancy and *solemnly* pronounce it, to be deep, because he cannot see to the bottom?

Such cannot be the decrees of Heaven, or, the destiny of man. Error, and its *creature evil*, may live long, may reign widely, and revel widely; but they are in their essence, annihilable, and the moment of their annihilation must come, as surely as God exists.

But whilst we bow with adoration, and submit with resignation, to the mysterious dispensations of divine providence; let us remember that God governs the universe by secondary causes, and that whilst we are commanded by his holy word to "love our Creator with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our mind;" and to "love our neighbour as ourselves;" we are commanded also to "do good," to "eschew evil;" to "hold fast to the truth of things," and to wage with error "war of extermination."

Such is the war, which the writer in this essay endeavours to wage with the epidemical errors, that are incessantly re-produced and multiplied, by the modern abuse of moral fiction. Happy to the full extent of his wishes and beyond his most sanguine hopes, could any effort of his, confederate the gallant and chivalrous champions of truth, array an enlightened public opinion, and unite the

exertions of parents and patriots, of preachers and instructors; of the press, the pulpit and the rostrum; against so formidable a foe to national morality, and to social happiness.

Happy! even if the perusal of this essay should protect one innocent and inexperienced mind, from the "foul enchantments;" or dash from the eager lips, of one generous and ingenuous youth of either sex; the charmed cup of Comus or of Circe.

To return from this digression: The fables about love in novels, are founded on a set of inadmissible assumptions. Inadmissible! Religion is imposture! history is a liar! experience is solemn illusion! philosophy is somnambulism, if these assumptions are not radically false.

*It is not true*, that love in the highest degree of delicacy, tenderness and refinement, in which it can "reign and revel" in the most susceptible heart, and graced and gifted mind; pre-supposes in the beloved being extraordinary personal beauty or grace, or surpassing skill in accomplishments, merely ornamental.

*It is not true*, that persons of either sex who are most richly endowed with these charms, graces and accomplishments; are best qualified and most entitled to enjoy connubial and domestic felicity.

*It is not true*, that the opposition of parents, guardians and rivals; sudden and unexpected vicissitudes of fortune; the exposure of the lover's idol to incredible perils, privations and misery, in consequence of her love; are at all necessary to purify or exalt this passion, to try its constancy, tenderness or disinterestedness, or to give the parties a greater probability of happiness, in the married state.

On the contrary, the love thus excited, nourished and inflamed, is in real life, often succeeded by indifference, not unfrequently by alienation; and the marriages contracted under such circumstances, are almost proverbially the most unhappy.

*It is not true,* that the privileges of factitious rank, and the possession of superabundant wealth, are the best means of securing personal, domestic, or connubial happiness: The reverse, in a great majority of instances, is nearer to the truth, and more conformable to experience.

The inheritance of these privileges, by conferring distinction and importance without a shade or semblance of personal merit, or moral excellence, often leads the possessor to neglect the cultivation, and undervalue the sterling worth of such merit and excellence; becomes an apology, not only in his own estimation, but in the estimation of others; for the want of whatever is essential to give any human being a valid title, to the confidence, admiration, esteem or respect of the wise and good. Under arbitrary governments and half-civilized communities, the possession of these privileges, is often regarded as a sufficient substitute for talents and virtue; and even as an ample expiation, for the most flagitious profligacy, and contemptible folly.

The possession of superabundant wealth by inheritance, or sudden acquisition; by removing, all the ordinary and efficacious incentives to industry and enterprise, conspires with the “master vice” of man, indolence, to produce a motiveless and listless apathy; a thought-sick, life-loathing melancholy, more intolerable! than the agonies of disease

or famine. When the writer says *more intolerable*, he wishes to be understood as stating an undeniable fact. The perpetrators of the crime of crimes, *suicide*: The perpetrators of the only crime, that precludes the possibility of repentance: The perpetrators of the crime that hurries the affrighted and despairing soul of the criminal, into the presence of the Eternal God, at the very moment! when it exposes the self-murdered body “gored with gaping wounds,” red and reeking with its own blood, to the horror-struck senses of surviving friends, and to the scorn and execration of mankind: The perpetrators of this inexpiable and impious crime! almost invariably belong to the class of persons, who are in popular novels represented as the darlings of nature; the favourites of fortune; and the idols of the world.

Spurn, youthful and ingenuous reader! as you value happiness, here or hereafter; as you respect the noble nature of man; as you would preserve a “conscience void of offence,” spurn, I charge you! these monstrous misrepresentations of life and manners. Be not seduced into the fatal delusion, that you *can* be happy, without *deserving* happiness; or that you can *deserve* to be happy; without the steady and strenuous exertion of your faculties, mental as well as bodily.

Mind without consciousness; matter without motion; light without lustre; heat without repulsion; man without intellect: or, woman without a soul, are not more inconceivable, than the idea of happiness without exertion.

When a young man, sees a venerable sage in the decline of life, (Franklin or Corea for instance,) and observes the esteem and even reverence which they excite wherever they appear; he secretly says to himself "what! would I not give, to be thus loved and honoured." Such love and honour, are, no doubt, desirable; they constitute the most cheering consolation of virtuous and venerable old-age, and an essential and most precious part of the reward of wisdom and virtue, on this side the grave. But in the estimation of venerable old-age, this reward is comparatively worthless: Yet a little while! and alas, the hoary head is laid low, and all that is mortal in the most venerable old-age, is mingled with the dust. It is the retrospect of a well-spent life; it is the consciousness of a *solid claim* to immortal reverence and love; it is the presentiment that virtue and wisdom will survive in the memory and for the advantage of unborn millions; it is the anticipation of the benefits which posterity will derive, from so rare and precious an example: This! is the nectar of old-age, the "balm of Gilead and the blest physician" to its infirmities: This! is the charm, that makes virtuous and venerable age, more lovely in the estimation of the enlightened mind, than *merely* immortal youth, or *merely* unfading beauty: *This!* is the only immortal youth, the only unfading beauty, on this side the grave: This! and *only* this, ought to be enviable in the estimation of ingenuous youth, in contemplating the old-age of men like Franklin and Corea: But this is, and *can be* the reward only, of a life, steadily and *strenuously* spent, in the practice of piety and virtue. But methinks, I hear an

ingenuous and noble minded youth, exclaim, “all this is true, but exertion is pain;” pain! read on, and I will reply to that, read on!

“Whom God has joined, let no man put asunder.” God *has* joined pleasure and pain in this part of the universe, and therefore probably *throughout* the universe, and they can be disjoined only, by the Fiat of Omnipotence.

Is there a single pleasure, mental or carnal, sensible or intellectual; selfish or social: is there a solitary pleasure, within the reach of man, to which *pain* is not wedded as its counterpart, and with which, it is not connected, as its *cause*?

The cravings of hunger, (which are *pain*,) precede, and cause, the pleasures of eating our “daily bread;” but for these cravings, the act of eating would be nauseous, or, loathsome.

The still more importunate craving of thirst, precedes and causes, the exquisite pleasure of slaking it; and *but* for that craving, Tantalus himself would be as insensible to pleasure from swallowing the water, which alternately laves and eludes his burning lip, as, the vessel that contains it.

Sleep, is *sweet* only, to weary and way-worn limbs: The *pain* of exertion, must smooth the bed and soften the pillow: Without that *pain*, the bed of down is converted into “burning marle;” and “the eider bolster and embroidered woof” are stuffed with thorns: The “troubled” only, “cease from trouble;” the “weary” only “are at rest,” from their labours, in balmy slumber: And those who are thus

troubled and weary, *rest*, even in the “cradle of the rude imperious surge;” *Rest!* even “in smoky cribbs, upon uneasy pallets stretched, and hushed with buzzing night-flies to their slumber,” whilst lazy voluptuaries and inglorious kings, “with all appliances and means to boot, even in the calmest and the stillest night” are *restless* and wretched.

Doubt, suspense and rivalry, are proverbially the nutriment of love, in its progress from unassured predilection, to fond and confiding affection: The pain of uncertainty and solicitude is the ordeal, in which its constancy, is tried; the furnace in which it is sublimed and etherealized: hope and fear are the alternate shower and sun-shine, under which it ripens into mellow maturity, and is converted by the nuptial tie, into an union, indissoluble but by death; and which like that dissolution too, will be the precursor to an immortal and beatific union, “in another and a better world.”

“*Dura necessitas, curis accuens, mortalia corda,*” laid the deep foundations of civilization and science, and the “*amor patriæ laudum-que immensa cupido;*” which are but specious names, for pleasure-begetting pain, have furnished the materials for amplifying, enriching, elevating and embellishing, the glorious superstructure.

It is by solving *doubts*; surmounting *difficulties*; and satisfying *painful* and restless curiosity, that the study and acquisition of knowledge, afford gratification to the active and inquiring mind.

It is from the spectacle of *pain*, that human benevolence derives incentives to exertion: it is from the exertions

of benevolence thus stimulated, that beneficence derives its very being.

What is virtue, but an incessant, a strenuous and victorious conflict, with difficulty; danger; self-denial and hardship?

What is piety, but a cheerful acquiescence in the dispensations of divine providence; a magnanimous endurance of the inevitable *ills* of life, an heroic and triumphant *strug-  
gle* with the temptations, to which we are necessarily ex-  
posed, in this probationary pilgrimage?

What is victory, but the reward of danger bravely en-  
countered; of hardship suffered with constancy?

What is fame, (the fame “for which” all generous spirits, “bear to live,” and for which, they are at all times ready “to die,”) but the honours with which posterity hallow the memory and the names of their illustrious progenitors, who by courage in confronting *danger*; by patience in *suffering*; by perseverance in surmounting the *difficulty*; by a wisdom taught, and a virtue disciplined, in the *school of adversity*; have enlightened, and warned, and regenerated, mankind?

What is Heaven, but the happiness prepared in another state of existence and in a better world; by our “Father who is in Heaven,” for his dutiful children upon earth; who have “remembered their Creator in the days of their youth;” “have walked humbly before God;” “returned good for evil;” and submitted with patience and resignation to the ills of life; in a world, where “man is born to affliction, as the sparks fly upward?”

What is Hell, the “worm that never dies;” the “furnace whose smoke ascendeth for ever;” the deep, in which “a lower deep, still threatening to devour, opens wide!” What, according to the most enlightened theologians, are these appalling images; but emblems, and faint emblems, of the *remorse*; with which the disembodied and immortal spirit, must look back on the misdeeds “done in the body?” On the voluntary and ignominious bondage, of the soul to the senses, of the faculties of the man to the appetites of the animal? On apostacy from truth because it was **UNPOPULAR**; on desertion of the banner of justice because danger and death menaced its defender; on escape from the perils of battle, for the sake of booty; on the evasion or violation of duty, because it exacted the sacrifice of present and carnal pleasure, or, inflicted immediate privation and pain; because it summoned the surrender of wealth, popularity or power; on the habitual preference of mind-consuming sloth, and self-tormenting indolence, to the steady and energetic exertion of a spirit,

“Proud in the strong contention of its toils,  
“Proud to be daring.”

Are you answered, young reader? are you convinced, that there is no happiness for man, without exertion? No pleasure, that does not derive its purity, its zest, its very being, from **PAIN**. If you are not, you have my sincerest pity: The fault may be chargeable on temperament; education, and fortune; but you will be the *selected* victim. If you are not answered, an evil star presided at your birth: you are predestined to be one of the “profanum vulgus;” one of the “fru-

ges consumere nati:" you may inherit a dukedom, but you will never be, nor aspire to be, a Marlborough or a Wellington: you may "sway the rod of empire," but you will never "wake to ecstacy, the living lyre:" you may "shut the gates of mercy on mankind," but you will never assist in unrolling the "ample page of knowledge to their minds:" Tacitus or Gibbon may write your history; but it will never be read, in a "nation's eyes." If you are not convinced, young reader, your own experience will assuredly impress conviction; and although the warning will come too late for your benefit, it may be useful to the world.

This is the only consolation that any human being can administer, to the youthful victim of so fatal a delusion; unless we conceive that he is permitted to work a miracle, for his *special* salvation.

It is to prevent the evidence of these salutary and saving truths, from impressing itself on immature and uncorrupted minds; that a host of novel-mongers, (from the limbo of vanity, from the Lilliput of "belittled" intellect,) seem to have confederated their efforts: confiding in the musty and misapplied proverb, "that many littles, make a mickle,"

" The insect youth are on the wing,  
" Eager to taste the honied spring,  
" And float amid the liquid noon:"

" Hark! how through the *peopled* air  
Their busy murmur glows!"

" To Contemplation's sober eye,  
*Is* such the race of man?  
*Must* they that creep, and they that fly  
But *end*, where they *began*?"

*“ Must, the busy and the gay,  
But flutter through life’s little day,  
In Fortune’s varying colours drest!  
Brush’d by the hand of rough mischance,  
Or, chill’d by age, their airy dance  
Forsake in dust to rest?”*

Yes—emphatically, yes!—Whilst science and song, the science of Newton and the song of Milton; whilst history and biography, the “ daily bread” and “ living water” of intellect, stagnate in the cells of the monastic student; whilst the press teems, and circulating libraries swarm, with the soul and ephemeral fry, which are spawned with preternatural feracity, and gorged with emulous avidity, to satiate the mental *Boulinous* and *Lientery* of the omnivorous reader. Yes—emphatically, yes!—Such “ must be the race of man,” and woman, too; till an intelligent public, roused from its portentous trance, shall stay, this moral pestilence.

These reptile fictions, in the guise of harmless amusement, wind their way into the school-room; the play-ground; the parlour; the closet of privacy; the couch of repose, and even to the cradle of infancy. They infuse their “ delicious” and unsuspected poison, into the father’s admonition; the teacher’s lesson; the “ school-boy’s satchel” and pastime; the nurse’s tale, and even, (*eloquar an sileam!*) into the mother’s milk.

The apple of Atalanta, the cup of Circe, the scissors of Dalilah; the tunic of Dejanira; are their appropriate emblems.

Beware, amiable and noble-minded youth, beware! However deeply smitten with the passion of noble minds, the “ *laudum immensa cupido*,” a rage for novel-reading, will

silently but surely debauch your imagination and enervate your soul.

Beware! Hercules in his cradle crushed the snakes, but Hercules in his prime, perished by the Tunic: Sampson with the jaw-bone of an ass, spread death and desolation through the Philistine host, but his locks were shorn by the scissors, his strength was withered in the arms of Dalilah: The confident and *else*-victorious racer, turned aside to seize the apple of Atalanta, and was overtaken and outstripped, by his less swift, but more cautious rival, in the race: Ulysses himself, must have been transformed into one of Circe's grunting and degraded victims; if he had not spurned her brutifying beverage.

Parents and children, sons and daughters, teachers and pupils! these wily and invisible imps, are for ever around you! about you! upon you: morning, noon, and night, they haunt your steps and creep into your bosoms: They have exchanged the *vox tætra* for the syren song, and the *horridus odor*, for the fragrance of "cassia, nard, and balm;" but Sicilian harpies were not more direful, the frogs of Pharaoh were not more pestilent.

The ten plagues of Egypt were not more fatal to health and life, than this plague of fiction is, to the innocence and virtue of the rising generation.

It would seem as if the author of evil, trembling at the power of the press, and foreseeing how fatally it would sap the foundation of his empire on earth, by dissipating ignorance, and extirpating error; had embodied a legion of vassal-imps and stationed them, under the special command of

Belial and of Mammon, in every populous city. They are stationed there, for the purpose of tainting, (by constant exhalations from the oblivious pools of stagnant and corrupted fancy,) the atmosphere of public opinion; blighting the vernal luxuriance of moral vegetation; hiding by a cloud of delusion the firmament of science, and refracting or intercepting the sun-shine of truth, from the eyes of the rising generation.

- Halloo! Where are the ministers of the moral police, whose "charge it is to search through the garden of literature, and preserve the place inviolate, and its inmates from harm?" Do they expect that "Uriel" will again, come "gliding through the even on a sunbeam," to warn them that one of "the banished crew hath ventured from the deep, to raise new troubles?"

Or, has the fiend, "with a sleepy drench from the forgetful lake," benumbed them into lethargy?

Long ere now, touched by the talisman of analysis, (with which the mortal ministers of that police are armed,) the fiend, "squat like a toad, close at the ear of innocence, and essaying by his devilish art to work upon the organs of fancy;" ought to have "started up, discovered and surprised."

Long ere now, led by these ministers before this dread tribunal, which the press has established, and in which religion and reason, have seated their vicegerents; he ought to have been remanded to the "infernal pit."

But the prediction of the incarnate seraph, shall be fulfilled:

“ Evil on itself shall back recoil,  
“ And mix no more with goodness.”

This Satanic artifice, is doomed, like every other, to be detected and exploded.

A conviction of the radical and irreparable mischief, produced by the rage for novel-reading, begins to take root, in every thinking mind. There is not an affectionate and intelligent parent, a conscientious and experienced instructor, who do not deplore the rage for novel-reading, and are not ready to unite their efforts, to arrest and counteract it. There is not an ingenuous and tolerably well educated youth, whose cheek is not crimsoned with shame, when detected by his parent or instructor, or even by his friend, in perusing the fungous fictions of the day; whose conscience does not keenly smite him; as he skulks into a circulating library, or, steals into a corner, to eat this “ forbidden fruit.”

The tree that bringeth forth this fruit, “ shall be hewn down and cast into the fire.”

“ Fierce in dread silence on the blasted heath  
“ Fell Hupas sits:—The Hydra tree of death!”

But a greater than Hercules approaches! he wields in his hand no material club, but a weapon of celestial temper, and the “ hand that wields it is not of this world!” the Python of fiction coils his “ scaly folds voluminous and vast:” but a greater than Apollo descends! at his glance the monster trembles! At the stroke of his “ griding sword, with discontinuous wound, the snaky pest, writhes to and fro convolved,” in mortal agony. Under the invulnerable heel of the avenging vicegerent of divine justice, the head of the

"serpent is bruised," and trodden down, to "oblivion's deepest grave."\*

The writer will close these observations, on the descriptions and details of courtship and love in popular novels, by adding that they have a tendency to lead persons of susceptible and undisciplined minds, into ruinous misconception and miscalculation, in relation to the most momentous subject that can occupy the attention of man and woman, on this side the grave; because it involves consequences, on which their own happiness, and the happiness of their offspring, here and hereafter, essentially depend.

Popular novels produce an effect, scarcely less pernicious, by leading young and inexperienced readers, to form a false estimate of the intrinsic and comparative value of the constituents of personal happiness; of the accomplish-

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\* The writer cannot adorn his page by a quotation from the "Letters of Curtius," without expressing his regret for the premature death of their accomplished author, John Thompson, Petersburgh, Virginia. This lamented youth, exhibited at the age of twenty-two, a promise of genius and generous ambition, previously, and *as yet*, unparalleled in the annals of American literature. "Heu miserande juvenis! Si qua fata aspera rumpas, Tu Marcellus eris!

These letters, (which for elegance of style and energy of invective, have never been surpassed,) exhibit one of the most striking and melancholy proofs of the baneful effects, which the inordinate admiration of the "Letters of Junius," have, under a government permanently and essentially democratical, a tendency to produce.

But Junius will be met again at *Philippi!*

Junius and Curtius have perhaps already met in another world: and peradventure, each may anxiously wish, that their letters could be buried, in "oblivion's deepest grave!"

ments most likely to secure confidence, esteem, distinction, and respectability in the world.

Novel writers in general, greatly overrate the value of genius, wit, exquisite sensibility, surpassing strength, courage, eloquence, and grace. They seem to forget, that although it is as easy to impute and multiply those qualities in imagination, as their contraries, (as it is as easy to imagine the existence of a winged horse or a golden mountain, as of a dray-horse or a barren rock,) yet, *in fact*, their existence is very rare, and their multiplication, on an extended scale, in the highest degree improbable: that these are qualities *actually* bestowed by nature, on one of twenty thousand individuals: qualities, which no effort within the compass of human power, can confer on any human being, to whom nature has denied them: qualities, which, like precious gems, derive their principal value from their rarity: qualities too, which, by "leading" their privileged possessor into extraordinary "temptations," whilst they impair even the ordinary power of resisting the "sins that most easily beset," poor human nature; are often transformed into instruments of exquisite misery to the individual, and of the most extensive detriment, to the community of which he is a member.

Many of the most admired novels, have a tendency too, to depreciate, in the estimation of unthinking readers, the value of good sense; docility; veracity; patience; sobriety of temper; steadiness of purpose; self-command; application; good humour; prudence and fortitude. Yet these are qualities, which, or, the capacities for acquiring which, are bestowed by the parental care and maternal tenderness of nature, on a vast majority of her children.

These are qualities that resemble not pride-prized gems, but sterling coin, not exquisite viands, but "daily bread," not intoxicating wine or alcohol, but living water; for which the demand is effectual in every market, and whose value neither force, nor fraud, nor fortune, nor fashion, can depreciate or adulterate.

These are qualities, which are not only capable of culture from moral discipline and education, but may be improved to an extent, of which it is at this time, difficult to form an adequate presentiment.

These are qualities, which, in every stage of existence, in every variety of external situation, and under every vicissitude of fortune prosperous or adverse, are the unfailing sources of self-approbation; the best safeguards of virtue; the most efficient instruments of usefulness; the most valid claim, to public or private confidence.

These are qualities that "lead" their possessor not "into," but from, temptation; and when assailed by forbidden pleasure in the most seductive, or by inevitable danger in the most formidable shape, enable him or her, to unmask and spurn the one, to confront and subdue the other.

These are qualities, which in external circumstances the most disastrous, in poverty; in exile; in a dungeon; languishing under the pain of an excruciating or incurable wound; under the cloud and curse of undeserved odium; in the gripe of merciless and remorseless cruelty; secure to their possessor, an internal tranquillity and happiness, and a title to the reverence and admiration of the wise and good, so long as their names shall be remembered: a title

which neither transcendent genius, nor matchless beauty, nor triumphant courage, nor patrician treasures, nor imperial power, can bestow.

These are in fine the qualities, the acquisition and cultivation of which, is most important to, those who possess the more rare, dazzling and envied endowments, with which novel-mongers so profusely decorate their heroes and heroines, from which, and *from which only*, such endowments derive their moral value, and without which, these endowments are the most tremendous scourge with which divine vengeance can punish guilty man; or, with which diabolical malignity, can seduce and torment innocence and virtue.

Let any intelligent novel-reader, turn his eye for a moment, from the prismatic glass of fiction, and its phantastic fairyland, to real life, or, to the images of real life, reflected in the mirror of biography and history; let him observe, how essentially the happiness of a vast majority of human beings, depends upon the undazzling qualities, and useful accomplishments, which novel writers so absurdly undervalue; let him observe too, how essentially the happiness and moral worth of the few who possess dazzling qualities and ornamental accomplishments, depends upon the same causes: How unspeakably wretched! how incalculably mischievous! the darlings of nature, the favourites of fortune, the idols of the world, become, by their contempt or neglect of undazzling accomplishments and homely virtues; and he will perceive, how widely novel-writers deviate from truth and nature, and how ruinous are, in this instance, the consequences of the deviation.

But alas! it is in vain to refer the novel-reader to history and biography: It is another inevitable and most pernicious effect of novels, to indispose the mind to enjoy the chaste beauties which works of this sort exhibit, or to reap the inestimable instruction they convey.

Habitual indulgence in the use of condiments, strong spices and elaborate cookery, does not more surely indispose the palate to relish, and the stomach to digest, simple and nutritious aliment; nor does the constant use of diffusible stimuli, (alcohol and opium for instance,) more certainly impair the genial action of natural stimuli, on vital sensibility and energy.

To the inordinate admirer and indiscriminate reader of novels, the scenes presented by real life, are tame; its pleasures insipid; its business and transactions, irksome; its characters, common place: the ordinary topics of conversation, are tedious; social intercourse, dull and monotonous: even the most extraordinary vicissitudes and incidents, that sometimes occur in real life, (in comparison with the wild and wonderful adventures which the novelist records,) are felt to be flat and uninteresting.

The novel reader, is constantly disposed to exclaim with Perseus,

“ O curas hominum, O quantum est in rebus innane!”

Or, with Hamlet,

“ How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,  
Seem to me all the uses of this world.”

If this indifference to the interests and transactions of society, were caused by a zealous and exclusive predilection to philosophical studies; by a passion for literature, or

any of the elegant arts; or by an enthusiastic desire to achieve any new, liberal or beneficent design, there might perhaps be little to regret: there even might be much to approve and admire.

In the intense sensation, and in the constant incentive to the steady and energetic exertion of his faculties, which such enthusiasm would supply; the individual would receive an ample compensation, for his indifference to the ordinary pleasures of those around him: his enthusiasm too, (if usefully and successfully directed,) might not only compensate to society for his inactivity in a humbler, by his enterprise in a higher sphere of action; but give him a title to a place, amongst the benefactors in this world.

But the indifference to the pleasures and interests of real life, which a passion for novel-reading has so strong and acknowledged a tendency to engender; makes no compensation of this sort to the individual, or, to society. It is usually accompanied by a marked disgust for philosophical studies; for all works of literature and art, that require to be examined, compared and analyzed, in order to be enjoyed; for all pleasures of this sort, that are not merely like shadows in a mirror: that are not merely the momentary, bodiless and ever-changing images, which the superficial perusal and contemplation of such works, reflect on an indolent imagination, in the day-dreams of intellectual slumber.

This malady, which may be denominated the disease of novel-reading, (the "lethargy" of fiction,) is accompanied in all its stages, by a strong, and in its last stages, by a

cureless and insuperable aversion, to all strenuous exertion, mental or bodily.

If we imagine a human being, to have inhabited from infancy to adolescence, one of those palaces, built of diamonds and rubies, that are described in oriental fictions: To have wandered in an Elysium, carpeted with “velvet\*

\* The Zoilus of Gray, S. Johnson, has objected to the epithet “*velvet*.” The reason he assigns (as usual, where this literary usurper and idol, condescends to assign a reason for his dicta and dogmas,) will not sustain the stricture. This dogmatist opines and pronounces, “that an epithet drawn from nature ennobles art; an epithet or metaphor drawn from art, degrades nature.” It is *not* so: Amongst a variety of instances, that might be quoted, to prove the fallacy of this notion, the writer selects the following:

Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud  
Turn forth her *silver lining* on the night.”

In these exquisite lines; an epithet, properly applicable to one of the humblest and most familiar operations of art, is applied to one of the most fugitive, delicate and beautiful, forms of nature; a cloud, embellished by the moon-beam.

“ The *pillard* firmament is rottenness,  
And earth’s *base* built on stubble.”

“ Pillard” and “base,” although properly applicable to works of art, are here applied, (in a manner, of which every admirer of poetry will admit the propriety, and *feel* the beauty,) not only to natural objects, but to the grandest natural objects, presented to the contemplation of man; the terraqueous globe and the star-paved firmament!

Johnson’s objection to the epithet “many twinkling,” is equally unfounded. He opines and pronounces, “we may say many-spotted, but scarcely many-spotting.”

green," and enamelled by amaranthine flowers; whose odours embalmed an atmosphere, irradiated by perpetual summer: To have reposed, under the shade of trees, whose branches bent to earth with ambrosial fruits; while birds of paradise expanded their prismatic plumage, and nightingales war-

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The application of "many" to a present, is surely as defensible, as its application to a past participle, and has this advantage of presenting the idea, with greater vivacity.

If a surface exhibiting a number of spots, may on that account be properly described as many-spotted; the substance by which it is stained, (or as the doctor would probably express himself, *maculated*,) may surely with equal propriety, be described, as "many-spotted."

If we admit the correctness of this stricture; how comes it, that two lines in Dryden's Ode to St. Cecilia, (in which four epithets of this sort occur,) have hitherto escaped animadversion?

*Never-ending still beginning,  
Fighting still and still destroying.*

If the stricture, here quoted, be well founded, these lines are surely "many-spotted;" if it be unfounded, such criticism may surely be branded, as "many-spotting;" such criticism is, indeed, never-ending still beginning, fighting still and still destroying—ITSELF.

If this *be* criticism? Well might Sterne exclaim, "Of all the cants, that are canted in this canting world, although the cant of hypocrisy is the most odious; the cant of criticism is the most contemptible."

To the radiance of that species of poetry, (a radiance, "unborrowed of the sun," and in comparison with which his brightest beam is dim; his fiercest fires wax wan;) That species of poetry, which is "dark, with excessive bright;" whose imagery, is "impaled with circling fire, but unconsumed;" to the enthusiasm of that species of poetry, that lives in light, and laves the ethereal "spirit in floods of fire;" Johnson's mind was eye-less, and his soul insensible.

bled their “love-laboured songs;” To have reclined on the “rushy brinks” of rivulets, along whose diamond-spangled channels, nectar gushed from “Heliconian founts,” and to have beheld Genii, on every side, ready to execute, and even to anticipate, fancy’s “wildest wish.”

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It would seem as if the glorious bard, (who “united the sublimity of Milton to the elegance of Pope,”) had composed his elegy, in indignation at the injustice, or, in compassion for the infirmities, of such critics.

In that exquisite effusion, he sheds so mild and mellowed a moon-light, breathes so sober and so solemn an enthusiasm; that even the owlish eye of Johnson “*glowers*” with rapture, his torpid sensibility is thawed into a “genial current.”

The charmed critic exclaims, “had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him.”

The exclamation is natural. But beneficence must not be exerted at the expense of justice; nor the *dole* of charity dispensed from funds, appropriated to discharge the *debts* of duty.

Genius, must not desecrate its treasures, nor waste its divine energics, to establish the universality of its empire, or display the mightiness of its power.

Genius, may be doomed by “malignant destiny,” but may not condemn itself,

“To waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

The sun shines not, to cheer the dismal solitude, or gladden the imperfect vision, of bats and owls: he shines to ripen the fruits of the earth and the treasures of the mine; to nourish vernal luxuriance and mature autumnal plenty; to paint the bow in “colours dipt in heaven,” to array the rose in beauty, and emblaze the gem with radiance; to rescue vegetation from the withering grasp of winter, and renovate animation expiring, in the “icy” arms of death.

Let “famished bats and shivering owls,” hoot and shriek at the glorious sun, “with light and heat resplendent;” Let the birds of night court congenial gloom, and invoke the nocturnal lamp.

If we imagine such a being! to be suddenly transported into the most gorgeous palace, composed of earthly materials, built by mortal hands, and supplied with every facility and means of gratification, that wealth, power, art, and science, can procure or invent: was ever dungeon-gloom so

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Night, with all her sickly dews,  
Her spectres wan and birds of boding cry,  
He gives to range the dreary sky,  
Till down th' eastern cliffs afar  
Hyperions' march they spy, and glittering shafts of war."

This divine stanza, S. Johnson, thus blasphemes! "In this stanza, the poet endeavours to tell something and would have told it, had not Hyperion crossed his path."

Yes! in this stanza the path of the poet is crossed by Hyperion; as the glorious luminary which he is conceived to guide, crosses the path of night: to dissipate her shades, disperse her obscene birds, and ravish with admiration and delight, the senses and the souls of mortals.

"The heavenly muse, were" indeed "given in vain," and to her native heaven she would indignantly re-ascend *for ever*, if such blasphemous babbling as this, could jaundice the eye of taste, or suspend the according and cordial plaudit, of enlightened and indignant admiration.

What the bard was charged to tell, he *has told*; in the tone and style, that best becomes the hallowed herald of the heavenly muse.

What he was charged to tell, he has told; in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

The heavenly muse, holds no communion with the mortal, to whom, *thus told*, her message is enigmatical, or, her messenger unwelcome.

Such libellous and malignant cavilling, (however high *for a time*, the authority, and however, *in other respects*, eminent the talents of the caviller,) can serve only to inflame the admiration and brighten the glory, with which the poet descends to after ages: as the foul vapours and refractive clouds, that follow the

dismal to the captive's eye? Did ever hell's "back recoil-ing gates, grate harsher thunder," on a demon's ear? Did ever the vault, where mortality moulders; emit an odour more foetid to the sense, or noisome to the sensibility of living man? Did ever Alchymy absinthiate a chalice, with a

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"march of Hyperion," and sometimes for an hour, darken his disk, furnish, as he declines to the west, "the gorgeous drapery of his western throne":\*

From such envious cavilling, such poetry has nothing to fear. The rusty and "grinding" dagger may pass through it; but "immortal, the ethereal substance closes, not long divisible." From such cavilling, meanwhile, the caviller himself *has* much to fear: posterity will assuredly, re-examine with rigour, the title of that critic to judicial authority on the tribunal of taste; who can manifest such glaring caprice and partiality, such want of judgment, want of candour, and want of feeling, in his estimate of poetical merit.

To Johnson, the admirer of Gray, may address the sublime stanza, in which the Cambrian bard, as he beholds in prophetic vision, the future bards of Albion: Amongst whom, had this ode been composed by any of Gray's contemporaries or successors, he would himself have occupied, or deserved to occupy, a conspicuous place: that sublime stanza, in which the heavenly muse proclaims, not her defiance of the power, but her scorn at the impotence, of tyrant kings and savage conquerors: That

\* This fine expression, is quoted from an unpublished poem by a young American, who, after "warbling his native wood-notes wild" in the forests of Kentucky, has wing'd his way to New York, and is about to charm, (perhaps is now charming,) the taste of that city, and will charm the admirers of poetry throughout the United States, by a tale entitled, "Crystallina:" this production will probably claim a higher rank in the estimation of intelligent critics than any poetical effusion that has previously issued from the American press: with the exception of an "Ode to Time," by Eliza Townsend, of Boston, whose understanding is as remarkable for its strength, as her imagination for its brilliancy, who has too long languished in obscurity, and "wasted her sweetness on the desert air."

compound more nauseous? Did ever wheel or furnace, more severely try the martyr's fortitude? Did ever knout or rafter, more terribly appal the malefactor's sense? Did ever the anticipation of infernal torment harrow up the felon's soul, with keener agony? Than every sight, sound, odour,

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sublime stanza, which had it been the solitary effusion of his genius, would have raised him to a *sightless* distance above the rifle of Johnson: in that sublime stanza, the admirer of Gray, may apostrophise this modern Zoilus, and chastise him, as Ulysses chastised Thersites.

Fond impious man! think'st thou yon sable cloud  
Rais'd by thy *breath*, hath dimm'd the orb of Gray?  
Like Phœbus, he repairs his golden flood,  
Enchants ev'n Phœbus, with "unborrowed ray,"  
And warms the *nations*, with unsetting day.

But Johnson is not only the Zoilus of Gray, but the Judas of Milton.

Of Milton! who had he lived in the glorious days of Greece, "would have fired the impious wreath on Philip's brow;" Milton! who had he existed during the expiring struggle for Roman liberty, would "have dashed Octavius from his trophied car;" Milton! whose solar genius, like the sun in eclipse, "disastrous twilight shed, o'er half the nations;" Milton! who is destined to emerge from that "eclipse," like "a new morn, risen on mid-noon;" Milton! who old, blind, disconsolate, "fallen on evil days and evil tongues," "with darkness and with dangers compassed round," composed the divine poem, to which angels and archangels attune their harps: Milton! who soared to heaven, descended into hell, visited the bowers of paradise, and never, *except for a moment*, hovered o'er "the dim spot which men call earth;" Milton! on whose "mind, through all her powers, *celestial* light shone inward and there planted *EYES*," and shed its "purest ray serene," whilst "so thick a drop serene, had quenched" his outward "orbs;" Milton! who took fifteen

taste, and touch in such a palace, would shoot, through the senses to the soul! of such a visitant!

“ He would die of a rose, in aromatic pain.”

His first sensation would be agony unutterable, and his first agony, would be his last.

This picture, although its colouring is overcharged, has some resemblance to the effect which indiscriminate and ex-

pounds in the old world for “ Paradise Lost,” because he knew, that immortal admiration was its price, and he knew, that posterity in an old and new world, would pay it: Milton! whose ever-“injured shade” all future ages, shall emulously strive to propitiate, and to bless: Milton! who

“ Did but prompt the age to quit their elogs  
By the *known* rules of ancient liberty,  
When strait, a barbarous noise environ'd him.  
Of *owls* and *eucenos*, asses, apes and dogs:  
But this was got by casting pearls to hogs;  
That bawl'd for freedom in their senseless mood,  
And yet abhorr'd the truth that set them free—  
*License they meant*, when they *cried LIBERTY.*

S. Johnson is the betrayer, the blasphemer, the Judas of Milton.

“ Milton! thou should be living at *this* hour,  
Mankind have need of thee, they are a fen,  
Of stagnant waters: Altar, sword and pen  
The heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their heart-recorded claim,  
To inward happiness: We are *sordid* men.  
O raise us up, O come to us again!  
And give us, knowledge, freedom, virtue, power!  
Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart!  
Thou had'st a voice, whose sound was like the sea!  
So did'st thou travel o'er life's common road  
In cheerful godliness: and yet thy heart,  
The lowliest duties on itself did lay.”

clusive novel-reading produces, or has a tendency to produce, on young, susceptible, and undisciplined minds: It exhibits, (although the writer admits, through a greatly magnifying medium,) the feelings excited in such minds, by a transition from extravagant and phantastic fiction, to the scenes of real life.

It may be safely affirmed, that there is no instance of a young person of either sex, passionately devoted to novel-reading, who does not turn with indifference from the instructive, and, to well-regulated minds, amusing and delightful volumes of history, biography, voyages, and travels: with disgust from Comus and Paradise Lost, and with horror, from the disquisitions of Locke and Butler, from the intuitive revelation of Newton, and the profound investigations of Davy, or, of Murray.

And O! that this mental malady, whose taint is so epidemical, and whose victims are so multitudinous, as almost to have converted every populous city throughout the civilized world, into a hospital of "hurt minds" and morbid sensibilities: O! that this spectacle, so humiliating to the pride, so degrading to the dignity of human nature, could be

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Had Wordsworth written ten thousand lines more worthless than his ballads and madrigals, "words, mere words!" often vile words, without "rhyme or reason," and worthy only to be the shuttle-cocks of punsters, wad to the pellets of a pop-gun, or, paper, to wrap up tea or tobacco; had he waged with quavering quill and sympathetic ink, his "war of words," through a folio of folly, this exquisite sonnet to Milton, would shield him from the besom of destruction and the moths of oblivion.

S. Johnson, with Junius, will be met again at Philippi.

a monitory lesson to those who may have hitherto escaped, but are incessantly exposed, to its ever-active and widely-diffused contagion.

But although a catholicon for this malady, is not at this time within the reach of *any*; alteratives and correctives may be applied by *all*. Let fathers and mothers; let guardians and instructors; let the adult friends and advisers of youth, unite to discourage the circulation of these baneful productions, and to banish them from the hands of the rising generation; not by positive and penal interdiction, but by example, expostulation, and the substitution of works that blend amusement with instruction. Let all novels of a pernicious tendency, be excluded from public and private, and especially from academical and college libraries. As the demand for such works languishes, the supply will be effectually diminished. At this time, the guilt of encouraging, or, abetting the circulation of pestilent novels, is participated by a million of readers. Number, in this instance, by exhibiting the inveteracy and magnitude of the evil, far from impairing, increases individual responsibility. As the million is made up by addition, it can only be gradually diminished by subtraction: If nobody begins, victory will never declare for virtue. If every intelligent person of both sexes, who entertains a clear conviction of the pernicious tendency of popular novels; were to discourage their circulation, by every legitimate means within their reach, it is difficult to imagine how greatly their popularity would be checked, even in a few months. A diminution in the temperature of the atmosphere, inevitably annihilates many

myriads of useless or noxious insects. This is the only remedy for the epidemic of fiction, and for every other abuse of a free press; and if applied with concert, and discrimination, it will probably be found amply adequate to the correction of these lamentable abuses.

At this period, the press, in every civilized country, teems with pestilent novels. Where one valuable volume in any branch of liberal literature or science is published; fifty voluminous novels, spring up with fungous exuberance. . Yet the literary market is never glutted: The demand equals, and even exceeds, the supply!

Where one page of history or biography is languidly looked over, an hundred pages of improbable and immoral fiction, are devoured with eager curiosity. The depositaries of literature and science, are consulted only by a few monastic students, who, satisfied to comprehend the truths they contain, have seldom inclination or ability to communicate these truths to their unenlightened brethren, or apply them to any valuable purpose: who are little disposed, and less encouraged, to circulate their knowledge.

Meanwhile, the narrow and numerous compartments, the slender and narrow shelves of circulating libraries; compartments, into which no mechanic force could compress, no pneumatic skill could condense, the contents of a folio! shelves, which the weight of a solid quarto would shiver into fragments! these shelves and compartments, like the tiny cells of kindred insects, are industriously replenished by a hive of busy, buzzing, ephemeral scribblers, with luscious love-tales, mellifluous sentiment, and the wax-work of audacious and mendacious fiction.

"The *insect* youth are on the wing,  
"Eager to taste the honied spring."

A swarm of novels wing, or, wind their way through the streets and alleys of every populous city; of every rural village; along every road that conducts to any populated region, and every *bye*, or, *blind* path, that leads from *one family to another*.\* every spot that the industry and enterprise of civilized man, has reclaimed from "waste fertility," or, wrested from the savage, in the western wilderness. These beetles of sickly and somnolent fancy, these humming birds of idle curiosity, these vampires of slumbering, unguarded, and unsuspecting intellect; steal into the parlours, into the pockets, into the reticules, under the very pillows! of readers of both sexes, and of all classes of society, infuse poisonin to the souls, and suck the life-blood of innocent or inexperienced youth with the consent, too,

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\* In writing this sentence, the recollection of the writer was involuntarily turned, to the vicinity of Statesburgh, in South Carolina; where, he had the happiness, last summer, to pass a few delightful weeks: where Attic society, is embellished by Arcadian scenery: where Virgil's fine description, and Thomson's finer description of rural felicity, are realized: where infancy and childhood in all their innocence; and youth and beauty in all their loveliness; and manhood and womanhood in all their dignity; and virtuous and venerable age, (combining the wisdom that commands reverence, the benevolence that wins love, the infirmities that awaken the tenderest sympathy,) unite to charm the weary wanderer, who partakes the banquet of their *unbartered* and blessed hospitality.

In vain! even on the vernal luxuriance of this rural paradise, he beheld pestilent novels shedding their baleful mildew, and blighting the promise of the "moral year."

or, at least, the expostulating acquiescence, of the persons, to whose custody and counsel, their happiness is confided.

Whilst the living water of science, is sealed in a thousand fountains, or stagnates in *uncirculating* libraries; this impure and inebriating stream, meanders through innumerable channels, and alternately excites and slakes, allays and inflames, a morbid and insatiable thirst.

But where! methinks I hear the reader impatiently inquire, where, shall we find a remedy for this radical evil? There is probably no adequate remedy, good reader, but education, *national education*, dispensing elementary knowledge, from schools wisely organized; judiciously located; and sufficiently multiplied. The misfortune is, that the *potential* utility of education, (although incalculably important, and almost mathematically certain,) is not sufficiently gross and palpable, to rouse the activity of selfish passions. Its prospective blessings, from distance and diffusion, seem faint and indistinct, to undiscerning eyes. Ignorance cannot see them, if it would, and sensuality wallowing in the mire; intrigue hunting office; avarice hungering and thirsting for lucre; ambition panting, and straining every nerve in the race for popularity and power; would shut their eyes on these blessings, if they *shone in noon-day light!*

Hitherto, more especially in the southern states, even patriots, of both parties, have not undervalued the utility merely; but overlooked the *necessity*, of an efficient national education, to secure the permanence, to prevent and correct the abuses, to realize the promised, and certainly attainable blessings of republican liberty.

It is indeed a proud and glorious spectacle to the American patriot; it is consoling and delightful to philanthropists and to the friends of freedom, in either hemisphere; to behold this young republic, (like the primeval ark, freighted with the richest treasure that ever floated on the tide of time,) riding triumphantly on the revolutionary flood, that has swept away, or for a season, overwhelmed, the nations of the old world.

It is indeed a glorious, consoling, delightful spectacle: And any human creature who can behold it, without feeling "his imagination kindle, and his heart beat high," can be such only in form.

But alas! the American patriot seems reckless,

" Of the sweeping whirlwinds' sway,  
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey."

Although,

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
Whilst proudly riding o'er the azure realm;  
In gallant trim the glorious vessel goes,  
*Strength at the prow, and Wisdom at the helm.*

It does not surely, require the spirit of prophecy to foresee and foretel, the fearful train of calamities and crimes; the progressive degeneracy; the insane misrule; the lawless anarchy; the all-devouring gulf of destruction and despotism, that yawn around every community, in which a popular government is established; *unpillared* by national education.

Well may the American patriot, well may every descendant of the *magna virum mater*, every inhabitant of insular or continental Albion! rejoice in the actual prosperity and glory, in the prospective greatness, of this young republic: the world's best treasure, and "last hope."

Unrol the page of universal history, survey the condition of all co-existent nations, and tell me, intelligent reader! "What *is* there, what has there ever been, to be compared with it?"

A continent of vast extent, expanded under every climate; covered with a soil inexhaustibly fertile; inlaid with every metal that supplies instruments for art, every mineral that affords materials for chymical analysis, or medicinal science; intersected by deep, broad, mighty, yet manageable rivers; indented with capacious bays and harbours, that seem to reach out their arms to embrace the commerce of the world; washed by oceans, that wash too the shores of every distant region, and seem to dash loudly their mighty waves as if to invite and importune the victim of oppression, and the votary of freedom! to fly for refuge, redemption, redress! to the unknown world which they encircle and conceal.

On this continent, we behold an independent people, deriving their descent from the most enlightened nation in the old world; commencing their national career under the auspices of a government, permanently and essentially republican: speaking one language, (the most copious and nervous of all living languages,) from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and whilst on one side we behold the vast Atlautic, a canal! dug by an almighty hand, incapable of dilapidation or decay; over whose blue expanse millions of human beings, pass and repass, in the course of a lunar revolution, in vessels that ride in triumph over the subjugated surge; freighted with the treasures of

either hemisphere: On the other, we behold an hitherto unexplored extent of vacant and fertile territory, over which this people may disperse for a millenium, the vicesimally multiplying millions of their descendants!

In a situation so auspicious, with prospects so fair; how profound should be the wisdom! how consummate the prudence! how magnanimous the spirit! how pure and elevated the ethics! how generous, how expanded, how aspiring the souls, of so favoured a people!

How sage, experienced and patriotic, should be the legislators! how awful and incorruptible, the judges! how efficient, how watchful, how venerable the magistrates! how sage, how energetic, how high-minded, the instructors of youth! how intelligent, how impartial, how intrepid, the conductors of the press! how diffusive, how rapid, how various, how incessant, the circulation of knowledge! in a political community, commencing its career at an *æra*, subsequent to the invention and use of the **PRESS**, the **MAGNET** and **GUN-POWDER**, and in a **NEW WORLD**: a community, “rising into destinies beyond the reach of mortal eye,” because into destinies, that have no prototype in the records of history; no parallel in the situation or condition, of any other co-existent nation!

Yet in vain, have this favoured people obtained the fairest part of a new world; in vain, does an unfettered commerce, extract from the collective industry of either hemisphere, whatever can supply their wants, and multiply their enjoyments; in vain, does the accumulated wisdom of ages, deposit its treasures at their feet: in vain! until the extensive establishment of **CLASSICAL** and scientific schools, shall

afford the flower of the rising generation access, to the “daily bread,” and living water of knowledge.

The influence of education in a sphere thus expanded, with an efficacy thus mighty; is alike essential to prevent the abuses, and to realize the promised blessings, of republican liberty.

Unsupported by this mighty auxiliary; even the press will be lumber, and its freedom, an equivocal blessing. What avails the freedom of the press, and uninterdicted access to books of every description; unless that portion of the rising generation, (who are destined to guide and govern their countrymen,) acquire discernment to select, intelligence to comprehend, and taste to enjoy, works calculated to liberalize and enlighten their minds? The genial showers and sunshine, that fertilize a rich and cultivated soil; are shed in vain on the sandy desert, the impenetrable rock, and the stormy wave. Unless the minds of youth, are enriched and disciplined by liberal education, and exercised and liberalized by philosophical inquiries; the truths of science, will resemble the “unsunned silver of the mine.”

Those elementary attainments, that pave the way for the acquisition of profound learning; will resemble the scaffolding and foundation of a noble edifice, unwalled and roofless, for want of materials to erect the superstructure.

Those buds of genius, that might have ripened into inventive talent, will perish, like the brilliant but abortive vegetation of a Siberian summer. A few active and ardent minds, inflamed by an enthusiastic love of knowledge, may continue to gratify their curiosity, by the perusal of such

books, as accident may throw in their way. But an appetite whetted by fasting and artificial stimulants, will gladly feed even to repletion, on garbage. Novels, will supplant biography and history: The toy-shop of experimental and empirical physics, will supercede the profound investigations of science: The costly trinkets of childish luxury, will be preferred to the mimic-creation of imitative art: amatory ditties, and baby ballads, will be read and recited with avidity, whilst Comus and Paradise Lost, and the dramas of Shakspeare, and the Seasons of Thomson, and the odes of Gray and Collins, and the "Pleasures of Imagination" and the "Pleasures of Hope," are forgotten.

To return from a digression, which will not, (the writer trusts,) need an apology to the cis-Atlantic reader.

There are three distinct stages, or æras in the progress of national education. The *first*, affords to a majority of the individuals of both sexes, who compose a civilized community, a competent knowledge and skill, in the art of reading; but does not couple with this elementary knowledge and skill, a sufficient degree of intellectual cultivation, to enable any considerable number of individuals, to appropriate their leisure to useful reading. The *second* æra, qualifies many, (perhaps a majority,) to select books calculated to liberalize and inform their minds; but make no efficient provision, (by the establishment and judicious location of well selected libraries,) to supply the demand for knowledge. The *third*, and by far the grandest and most beneficent æra, (by maturing and multiplying local institutions for the diffusion of knowledge, Athenæums more

especially, and well selected libraries,) “unrolls the ample page of knowledge to the minds” of millions.

In the American republic; national education in the northern states, has reached the first æra, and is advancing towards the second. It is during this anxious interval, (this interregnum of capricious fashion, restless curiosity and unthinking innovation,) that the circulation of pestilent novels, is most extensive, and their influence most pernicious.

The last pernicious tendency of popular novels, which the writer will attempt to expose and denounce, is, their tendency to give a spurious character, and improper direction to sympathy, and to misguide young and inexperienced minds in their estimate and practice of beneficence.

Three principal circumstances, conspire to produce this most pernicious effect.

First, the sort of good and evil, pleasure and pain, happiness and misery, by the representation and description of which, the authors of popular novels, usually attempt to excite the sympathy of their readers: Secondly, the studied exaggeration which they employ, to keep alive and inflame this sympathy: Thirdly, the almost invariable omission of novel-writers to relieve this sympathy, by pointing out distinctly and in detail, the means that may be employed to mitigate or heal the misery, to correct the follies, amend the errors, and reform the vicious habits, which they exhibit, in so many affecting and frightful forms.

The happiness and misery usually described in novels, are incident to persons of exquisite feeling, in the flower of youth, or in the prime of life: of persons, who occupy eleva-

ted stations, inherit ample fortunes, and are exposed to sudden and astonishing vicissitudes of fortune.

Those who experience happiness and misery in real life, are usually persons who possess an ordinary degree of sensibility; are found at every stage of existence betwixt infancy and old-age: the great majority of the members of every civilized community, occupy the middle or lower stations in society; obtain the means of gratifying their wants, by the regular exercise of bodily labour, or by professional ability and skill, and rarely experience any astonishing vicissitudes of fortune, prosperous, or, adverse.

The happiness, and more especially the misery, that most frequently and imperiously excites sympathy in novels; is rare, refined and exalted. Other feelings and emotions, of a character altogether different, are excited to provoke and nourish, sympathy. Pride and vanity, (infirmities that spring from a depraved and inordinate self-love,) lend their aid to heighten a sentiment which is in its essence, benevolent and self-denying. Youth, rank, beauty, and brilliant accomplishments, combine to set off this elegant distress; to recommend the sufferer more effectually to the interest of the reader; to refine the luxury of wo: to draw tears, and streaming tears, from eyes, which the simple tale of pity, the sight of *mere* and *real* distress, never moistened.

The misery of real life, as it affects the great majority of our species of either sex, and at every stage of existence, is inelegant and ineloquent; proceeds from gross ignorance, from credulity, from disease: its victims are often old, sometimes ugly and deformed.

The *real* misery that afflicts the opulent, and those who occupy exalted stations, is most frequently caused, by inoculation of leisure, and by its inseparable companion and proper punishment, life-loathing ennui: by sensuality, by pride, by vanity, by envy, by avarice, by profusion, by misapplied beneficence, by profligacy, and want of feeling for the misfortunes of their fellow creatures.

A mind accustomed to sympathise in the elegant misery, that is tricked off by novel-writers in the harlotry of imaginary wo; is necessarily disposed not to survey with indifference merely, but to revolt with disgust, from living misery: so often repulsive, squalid, and even loathsome with rags, with filth, with disease; with faculties stupefied by disuse into impotence, and feelings seared by endurance, into insensibility.

A coxcomb who plumed himself on skill in dancing, or any other graceful, but frivolous personal accomplishment, would as soon think of felling forest trees, digging in a ditch, or delving the ground; as one of these epicures of perfumed sighs and sugared tears, highly-rectified wretchedness, and sentimental sorrow, would dream of exercising *beneficence*; of relieving or mitigating the misery, that is perishing for bread, groaning in a garret, or dying in a ditch.

Yet *this*, is often the wretchedness of real life; the *wretchedness* that makes the strongest appeal to moral sympathy; that calls most loudly for succour, and to whose *faintest* call, genuine humanity most eagerly and feelingly inclines its ear. *This*, is the wretchedness, the prevention

or relief of which, is the proper office, and appointed sphere of christian charity and active beneficence: *This*, is the wretchedness, for the relief of which; the rich are commanded in the gospel to appropriate superfluous wealth; or, in its simple and emphatic language, “to sell all they have:” *This*, is the wretchedness, which the “word of God,” and the “voice of nature;” the united dictates of piety and virtue, of justice and mercy; command all of us, (each according to his power and means,) to prevent, relieve, console, and succour. *This*, is the wretchedness, the succour of which, is the probation of faith and practical piety; the ordeal of virtue: the purest emanation, and most unequivocal evidence, of philanthropy, goodness, and benevolence.

Yet *this!* is precisely the sort of wretchedness, towards which, popular novels have a tendency, in the minds of their readers, and admirers; to excite indifference, disgust, and antipathy.

The misery, which in novels, incessantly importunes commiseration and assails sensibility, with all the artillery of artificial eloquence, with the shriek of agony, the hysterick laugh of horror, the funereal drapery, and madly drawn, ever-glittering dagger of despair; has often no solid claim to the sympathy of a well-regulated mind.

It is often the effect of a morbid imagination, of a distempered sensibility, of impetuous appetites, of licentious passions, of an odious, unfeeling, and exclusive selfishness. Dispositions and habits of this sort, are the natural and proper objects of moral disapprobation: such dispositions

and habits ought to be described and represented, only for the purpose, of exciting that sentiment in the mind of the reader; of developing their dreadful effects, both on the destiny of the individual, and so far as his actions or example operate, on social happiness. Amongst these effects, their inevitable tendency to deprive their impenitent and irreclaimable victim, of all claim, and shut him out from all access, to the confidence and even to the *sympathy*, of the wise and good; is the most terrible, as a punishment, and the most salutary, as a warning.

To steal this unnatural, and depraving sympathy more readily, into unsuspecting and susceptible hearts, these immoral dispositions and habits, are artfully blended with brilliant talents and accomplishments; with fascinating manners, with intrepidity, with skill in the use of weapons of offence, with wonderful presence of mind and self-command: with occasional acts of generosity and magnanimity, with transient fits of good nature, and “compunctionous visitings of nature,” for the moment exquisitely keen: as if the *agony* of these *moments*, were intended to expiate, or, could expiate, the deliberate *guilt* of the *years* that intervened between these moments, with monstrous, wanton, and accumulating atrocity!

By the practice of these arts, which may be emphatically designated, *black arts*; by aid of these auxiliaries, enlisted, selected, and disciplined with diabolical skill; the novelist-scribe succeeds in masking the native deformity of these dispositions and habits from undiscerning eyes: he succeeds, even in giving them an attractive colouring, (like the fine hues

shed by a prism, on rottenness, disease, and death,) which not only softens stern disapprobation, into tender sympathy, but even exalts it into admiration, and melts it into love.

Portentous depravation! a sympathy with the misery of a sufferer, who may have inflicted countless pangs on innocence and virtue, for one that he has himself, or, that she has herself, endured: a sufferer! who has beheld these pangs with an eye that wept not, and a heart that felt not: a sympathy with sufferers! (whose sufferings are awarded by justice,) at the very moment, when sympathy is refused! to the guiltless and amiable victims of their injustice: an admiration! of what is essentially detestable! a love! of whatever is most hateful, in the eyes of God and man!

Demonic sympathy! infernal admiration! unhallowed love!

But the omission, (on the part of the writers of popular novels to point out, vividly and feelingly, the means by which misery may be relieved, error corrected, and vice reformed,) is a sin of omission, not less pernicious to their readers than the *positive offences*, with which they are chargeable."

Bishop Butler, in the profound and inestimable work, usually known by the title of "Butler's Analogy;" states and establishes a principle, which will enable me, as with a clue, to unravel this intricate subject. He has shown it to be a fundamental law, and invariable tendency of habit, to weaken passive impressions, whilst it strengthens the *propensity* to, and the *power* of, active exertion. This principle is of universal application, and works uniformly in the formation of all habits, good and bad.

The habitual use of alcohol, even although the quantity may be gradually increased; produces an effect on the sensibilities of the infatuated Bacchanalian, continually diminishing in the intensity of pleasurable sensation, but inflames more and more, his morbid thirst.

He who habitually resists temptation, feels the impression it makes, grow gradually less seductive; whilst the desire and capacity to resist, acquire increasing strength.

An eminent surgeon of extensive practice, is gradually less affected by the spectacle of pain, however exquisite; whilst his promptitude and skill in performing the operations by which pain is relieved, improve.

Domitian felt the infernal gratification, arising from the exercise of cruelty diminish, as his desire to inflict pain grow stronger and more insatiable.

Persons who have formed a habit of active charity, are less affected by the spectacle of real misery, than persons of strong and uncorrupted sensibility, who have not formed this habit; but their desire and ability to relieve real misery are incomparably greater.

The light which this principle reflects on the tendencies of pernicious fictions, cannot fail to strike every reflecting mind.

The exaggerated descriptions of all the conceivable varieties of human misery, which popular novels present; obviously tend to weaken the impression which real misery, (so much less diversified and intense,) would otherwise make upon the mind: whilst the almost invariable omission of the novel-writer, to point out the means by which mi-

sery may be most effectually relieved; to accustom the imagination of the reader to conceive distinctly, and to dwell upon the beneficent use of these means; to anticipate, (and almost to realize by vivid anticipation,) the exquisite and unalloyed pleasures that prompt, accompany, and bless every exertion of this sort: The omission of this cardinal duty by the writers of moral fiction; defeats the *best*, and realizes the *worst* effects, which descriptions of imaginary misery have a tendency to produce.

It may seem perhaps, that this objection proscribes fictitious descriptions of misery in every possible shape; inasmuch, as no real sacrifice or exertion can be made, for the relief of unreal wretchedness.

The reader may weep, and weep blood; he may sigh till his very heart bursts, over the imaginary victim of exquisite suffering, mental or bodily; but it is obviously impossible by any personal exertion, privation, or sacrifice, (on the part of the most sympathetic and actively beneficent reader,) to rescue a victim, or, relieve a misery, that exists only in imagination.

It is unquestionably true that the only unequivocal proof of benevolence is *beneficence*; which essentially consists in making personal exertions and sacrifices, and enduring personal privations, to promote the happiness, or, relieve the misery of others.

“To go about doing good;” “To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked,” to heal the sick: or, in Burke’s beautiful amplification, “to remember the forgotten and attend to the neglected.”

" This is the school of charity, of which Christ was the founder, and in which his apostles were educated and disciplined. In this school, are his followers commanded to study his doctrines, and practise his precepts: In this school *only*, can self-love be expanded into virtue, and virtue sublimed into piety. God himself displays his benevolence, by the *semipiternal* and *ubiquitary* exertion of omnipotence, in the production of happiness.

No! it must never be forgotten; that the *act* and *habit* of doing good, is the only solid, valuable, unequivocal evidence, that we *wish* to do good: the only certain means of converting a mutable good wish, into a permanent good disposition.

It is equally unquestionable, that the persons whose hearts heave, and whose eyes gush; who sigh most piteously, and weep most bitterly, over descriptions of imaginary wo; who, because they are *thus* affected, congratulate themselves, (and are half congratulated, half condoled with by their friends,) on the humanity of their hearts, the tenderness of their feelings, the gentleness of their nature, the benevolence of their souls, *are* not, on that account the more, but *may be*, on that account, the *less* disposed, to exert active beneficence and christian charity: less disposed to sympathize in the sorrows, and relieve the misery of real life.

The tears that stream over the scenes of imaginary wo, (described in popular novels,) may stream from stony eyes, and frozen hearts. Selfishness may shed them: avarice may shed them: sloth may shed them: vanity may

shed them: cruelty itself, may indulge for a moment in this luxury of wo. The epicures of elegant wo; the gluttons of fungous fiction, delight to shed them. They produce momentary relief from apathy and langour; a pleasant titillation of the nerves: They cost nothing, but the conversion of the blood into a briny fluid, and its effusion from the eyes, which, although in *theory* very mysterious operations, are, in *act*, very easy, pleasant, and spontaneous. They cost nothing: *This* heightens the pleasure which avarice feels in shedding them: They demand no sacrifice of personal gratification: *This* satisfies *selfishness*: They require no sort of bodily or mental exertion, not even the motion of a limb, or even of a muscle: *This* reconciles *sloth*: *Vanity* is conscious that the act of shedding tears looks amiable, and her tears flow more freely; they bathe her cheeks: *Cruelty*, indeed, so thoroughly unused to the melting mood, wonders what can be the matter with her eye, (and thinks of consulting an *oculist*,) but is gratified by the novelty of the act, and the strangeness of the sensation.

Benevolence beholds the tragic farce with a dry and indignant eye: Misanthropy, with a sardonic smile: Piety lifts her imploring eye to heaven: Whilst Virtue, with down-cast look, weeps bitter tears, over the profanation of the finest sympathies of the human heart.

Still it must be admitted, that simple and pathetic representations of real misery; coupled with a detailed account of the means by which it may be most effectually relieved and prevented; with touching and impassioned al-

lusions to the ineffable pleasure which a benevolent heart feels in administering such mitigation and relief, and to the benefit which society derives from the exercise and example of benevolence *thus directed*; have a tendency, and *a strong tendency* too, to awaken, invigorate, and nourish the best feelings of the heart; to check inordinate selfishness, and to prompt a heart thus awakened and softened, to *seek* and *seize* with avidity, occasions to exercise its benevolent feelings, in *acts* of humanity, charity, and beneficence.

These desultory observations, (the greater part of which have been written since the printing of the essay commenced,) have, the writer trusts, ventilated and cleared the ground for an analysis of the “theory and uses of moral fiction.” There is not probably in the vast range of philosophical speculation, a subject more fertile in original thought, or more attractive from the brilliant embellishment and striking illustrations of which it is susceptible, and from the value of the practical deductions and results, to which it conducts the inquiring mind.

The writer, having (for reasons which have been previously assigned,) determined to postpone at present the publication of the essay he has prepared on this subject, will only add, that it will make its appearance in the first part of a second volume, which he hopes, (more especially if his exertions are stimulated by the sunny smile of public approbation,) to commit to the press in a few months.

To apply the observations that have been offered, on the “modern abuse of moral fiction,” to particular novels, is a

task, from which the feelings of the writer shrink, with a reluctance, wholly unaffected.

Declining therefore pretensions or wish to execute, this delicate, difficult and responsible office; he will only add, that all works of this sort, seem to fall naturally into the following classes.

1st. Fictions, that profess to exhibit, correct and striking transcripts, of life and manners.

2nd. Fictions, that exhibit a degree of moral excellence, distinctly conceivable, and possibly attainable by man and woman; but to which neither history, nor biography nor real life, present archetypes nor copies.

3rd. Fictions, that exercise sympathy by narratives and descriptions of a degree of misery, more exquisite and aggravated, than the victims of *extreme* wretchedness, in the world we live in, actually suffer.

4th. Fictions, that exhibit a degree of remorseless profligacy and guilt; to which human nature in its most degraded state, can scarcely be conceived to descend.

5th. Fictions, imagined for the purpose principally, of introducing descriptions of interesting and picturesque natural scenery, and wonderful or admirable monuments of art.

6th. Fictions, that embody characters, situations and circumstances, within the range, but on the very verge of possibility, without supernatural agency; and almost infinitely improbable.

7th. Fictions, that describe supernatural agents, and subject the vicissitudes in the fortune, and the feelings in the

minds and bodies of human beings; to the control and caprice, of these supernatural agents.

8th. Fictions, that include all the distinctive features, (except the last,) that have been separately designated.

Availing himself of this distribution; he ventures to opine, that Fielding's novels, present the most interesting and lively; Smollet's the most humorous and amusive; Miss Burney's the most chaste and charming; and Richardson's by far the most detailed, diversified, instructive and affecting, extant specimens of the first class.

At the head of the second class, he would be inclined to place "Hermsprong," "Things by their Right Names," "Hugh Trevor," and the character of "Margarite," taken singly, in Godwin's "St. Leon."

At the head of the third he would place without a rival, Mrs. Opie's novels, particularly her "*Father and Daughter,*" and far below "Sidney Biddulph."

In the front of the fourth class he would place "Ze-leuco."

In the fifth class, he would place without compeer, or competitor, "Corinna." In that enchanting tale, all that survives of imperial Rome, or classical Italy; has an existence in time to come, co-extensive with a taste for literature, and with the art of printing, and may defy the rage of the elements and the barbarian violence of man: Were the colossal limb that "erst" bestrode the world, to be torn from the adjoining continent by an earthquake; were the Cossacks in a "whirlwind of cavalry," to sweep its surface and convert it into a desert; all that is grand, or admirable or

lovely in Italy, would still “live in the descriptions, and look green” in the eloquence of “Corinna.”

At the head of the sixth class, he would place, (and almost without a rival too,) “The Fatal Revenge;” although it would not surprise the writer to find many persons, (whose opinions of literary merit are far better entitled to respect than his,) disposed to think, that the “Wieland,” of the late C. B. Brown of Philadelphia, is rightfully entitled to the place, which he has ventured to assign to the “Fatal Revenge.”

In the last class, every intelligent reader of novels, would probably place twenty or thirty, of nearly equal pretensions, and perhaps a majority of suffrages, would place Madam Cotchin’s “Exiles of Siberia” and the “Saracen,” at their head.

It is with heartfelt satisfaction, and it cannot fail to impart a proud, and more deeply-heart-felt satisfaction, to his fair readers, (and many, he trusts, very many such readers, will honour this essay with an attentive perusal), that the writer is in duty bound to add, with no unmeaning compliment, no idle adulation, but with sincerity and truth; that the strictures he has offered, on the far greater number of popular novels, contain an indirect, but emphatic eulogy on the writings of “*Maria Edgeworth.*”

This incomparable woman; the ornament of her own sex, and the instructress of both sexes, and of all classes of society, is confessedly the reformer of this species of composition.

The arbiters of literary pretensions, on the most august and penetrating tribunal of taste, now existing in the world,

and from whose deliberate sentence, the disappointed candidate for literary honours, can appeal only to posterity; the arbiters of this high tribunal, have pronounced, that “ if critics were permitted to envy a writer, Maria Edgeworth is the writer *they* would envy; for that she has assuredly done more good, than any other writer of the age in which she lives.” What an eulogy on any writer, from *such* a tribunal, and in *such* an age! Yet there lives not a contemporary writer, whose brow is wreathed with laurel, and whose brow is worthy of the wreath; who will not ratify the equity of the sentence.

“ She holds the mirror up to nature:”

“ So when a smooth expanse, receives imprest,  
“ Calm nature’s image on its watery breast:  
“ Down bend the banks; the trees depending grow;  
“ And skies beneath with answering colours glow.”

Like the huntress Dian, with her dread bow;

Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever *chaste*,  
She tames the brinded lioness,  
The spotted mountain pard, and sets at nought  
The frivolous bolt of Cupid.”

She “ paints the manners living as they rise,” in the colours of truth.

“ Folly, as it flies,  
Feels the fatal wound;”  
“ Flutters in death, and panting, beats the ground.”

In the night of ignorance, the genius of Edgeworth, reigns like

“ The moon full-orb’d, and with more pleasing light  
“ Shadowy, sets off the face of things,”

Nor

"in vain,

For all

"regard:"

"A thousand liveried angels lacky her,  
"Driving far off each thought of sin and guilt,  
"And in clear dream and solemn vision,  
"Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear."

In her thoughts, the *lucidus ordo* and the *splendida bilis*; and in her style, the *curiosa felicitas*, and the *simplex mun-ditiis*, shed their "selectest influence," and distil their "nectar'd sweets."

Maria Edgeworth has shown, that the facts and analogies of real life, afford better materials for instructive, and even for amusing fictions; than imaginary characters, and improbable adventurers.

It is natural, and accords perfectly with the operations of sympathy, as they are expounded by Adam Smith in the "Theory of Moral Sentiments,"\* that we should feel a

\* With a view to the advantage of a class of readers, (ingenuous youth of both sexes,) who, from the first sentence of this essay to the last, have never been for a moment forgotten, the writer takes occasion to express his deliberate and mature conviction: That of all ethical treatises extant, the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," is, in his judgment, the most valuable.

In this treatise, Smith has done, with regard to the feelings of the human heart, what Locke has done with regard to the operations of the human understanding.

The simplicity of its principles; the clearness, connection, and *gradual* complication of its reasonings; the felicity and beauty of its illustrations; the practical utility of the lessons it inculcates, and the simple and often sublime eloquence, with which it is throughout embellished; combine to make this volume, the most edifying ethical manual; the richest present,

deeper interest in fictitious characters and actions; in proportion as they are conceived to resemble in their moral and intellectual features, those of ourselves and our associates.

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that genius and wisdom have ever offered, for the instruction of youth.

Hitherto the practical value of this work seems to have been greatly underrated, and its nature and object misconceived. It is not a system of moral philosophy, but a series of elementary explanations, in relation to one of the most important, (perhaps the most important department,) of morals. A predilection for system, and premature synthesis, has been as injurious to the intellectual improvement; as a passion for dominion and universal conquest, has been to the freedom and happiness of mankind.

They spring from the same cause, ambition; and in both cases, the votary of ambition

“ Exchanges solid strength, for feeble splendour.”

From the obvious and distinctive meaning of the word sympathy, it follows, that we cannot, by its agency, explain the nature of *all*, or the origin of *any*, of our moral sentiments. Sympathy palpably implies, not the co-existence merely, but the pre-existence of feelings or sentiments, in the heart of one or more human beings; with which it conveys the idea of accordance in the heart of another, or in the hearts of others.

A complete theory of moral sentiments must embrace an analysis of the primary and pre-existent feelings; of which all social and sympathetic emotions and passions are but the copies, the shadows, and the echoes.

A picture presupposes an original: On the fidelity and minuteness of its resemblance to which, the perfection of the picture depends, and it is only by a nice observation, and luminous analysis of the original, that we can ascertain the defects and

The interest we feel, must be intense and durable, in proportion as they possess the qualities and accomplishments we are most accustomed to value; the virtues we most cordially esteem, revere, and love; the vices we most cor-

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merits of the picture. It is only by a careful comparison of the one with the other, that we can fairly appreciate the skill, or unskilfulness of the artist.

Refraction reflexion, &c. in optics, presuppose a knowledge of the matter or motion, or of both, that constitute light.

In acoustics, we must comprehend the principles that occasion the production and propagation of sound, before we can develop the causes on which its reverberation depends.

But although in morals it were preposterous to contend, that every thing depends upon sympathy, it must be evident to every competent inquirer that much depends upon this principle: in fact, that of all the principles that modify our moral sentiments, its influence is the most marked and extensive: That although we cannot by a knowledge of its operations explain *completely* the nature of *any* of our moral feelings, yet it has much to do with almost all of them; and is of the very essence of all motives, affections, passions, and emotions, which are by way of contradistinction and eminence styled **SOCIAL**: All those motives, affections, passions, and emotions, from the cultivation and exercise of which, whatever is *emphatically* styled **virtue**, derives its very being.

Another and a more dangerous error in "The Theory of Moral Sentiments," proceeds from holding up the feelings of the *unconcerned* spectator, as a criterion, by which to determine the correctness of the feelings of the person, *principally concerned*.

The author is led into this error by confounding, (what his illustrious friend and countryman David Hume, so profoundly and carefully distinguished,) the separate and peculiar provinces of reason and conscience.

In a lively and habitual fellow-feeling with the pleasures and pains, the happiness and misery, of all the conscious and

dially detest; the follies we most cordially despise; and the infirmities we are most prone to commiserate.

To keep alive, and nourish this interest, the creatures of fiction must be placed in situations, which we can clearly

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sentient beings around us, those more especially of our own species; in a heart-felt and ever-active desire, to impart pleasure and alleviate pain, humanity and virtue essentially consist: This fellow-feeling and desire, constitute the appropriate sphere of *conscience*; but in ascertaining what constitutes good and evil; in choosing the greater good and rejecting the greater evil; in devising the most effectual means of promoting or imparting happiness, of alleviating or averting misery; we can be governed only by the dictates of reason, enlightened by revelation or experience. *Mere* benevolence, however ardent and disinterested, is not virtue. The fond mother, who from ignorance of the means of doing good and imparting happiness, ruins her only child by injudicious indulgence, cannot surely be regarded as a virtuous mother. Knowledge *alone*, however comprehensive and profound, is not virtue; for the meanest of the fallen angels may be conceived to possess more knowledge, than La Place Cuvier, or Humboldt. Faith *alone* is not virtue, for even devils "believe and tremble." Virtue must consist therefore in the union of benevolence, with wisdom; in combination with the self-command and fortitude, that arm the individual, (in whose character these essential constituents of virtue are blended,) to confront bravely and endure patiently, the inevitable ills of life. Thus constituted, virtue is sublimed by religious faith, into piety.

These errors meanwhile, even (if their existence in the "Theory of Moral Sentiments" be admitted,) are evidence rather of its incompleteness, than of its imperfection, and evince, not that its explanations are incorrect as far as they extend, but that they are not sufficiently extended.

To professional instructors of youth, the value of the Theory of Moral Sentiments, is inestimable. The instructor who thoroughly comprehends and skilfully applies its principles, will

conceive; be actuated by motives, of which we can distinctly feel the efficacy; be exposed to the temptations by which we have been ourselves beset, and found it most difficult to resist; and perform actions, of which we can minutely trace the consequences.

In the perusal of such fictions, our curiosity is more eagerly excited and uniformly sustained; our sympathy or antipathy are more lively and determinate.

Extraordinary characters and adventurers, excite surprise, wonder, astonishment, amazement, admiration, and horror; emotions essentially violent, and therefore transient.

A genuine and vivid sympathy, is the only feeling in which the author of moral fiction can rely; who wishes to excite and keep alive in the mind of the reader, a deep, enduring, and unbroken interest, from the commencement to the close of the narrative.

Philosophy had fully established the truth of all this, previous to the appearance of Maria Edgeworth's writings; but these were necessary to bring home a persuasion of these truths, to the "business and bosoms" of all classes of readers.

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be qualified to correct the errors of his pupils; not by stripes and fines and coercive restraint, but by affectionate expostulation, by energetic remonstrance, by seasonable admonition. He will exchange the frown and ferrule of the pedagogue, for the august authority of the academic sage.

A teacher of moral philosophy who omits to put this book into the hands of his pupils, falls into an error not less egregious than that of a teacher of natural history who should omit to familiarize his pupils to the use of the solar microscope.

Her writings display also uniform evidence, that her fine genius is under the constant control of an enlightened conscience; of a severe sense of duty.

On the altar of duty, she offers up, not fitfully, and with effort, but habitually and spontaneously; the most precious, and (in the sight of God,) the most acceptable of all sacrifices, the sacrifice of popular applause and admiration.

It is evident that she *could* amuse the mob of readers more exquisitely, if she *would*: But she *will* not, excite admiration at the expense of self-disapprobation; amuse when and where, she thinks it her duty to instruct; flatter where she ought to warn; tolerate, when and where, she ought to denounce, and ransack and rack her imagination in fashioning idle tales, for the gratification of those famished minds that are perishing for want of the “daily bread” of sound knowledge; or of the “diseased minds, that have vainly invoked the physician, to

Pluck from the mem’ry a rooted sorrow  
Rase out, the written troubles of the brain,  
And cleanse the bosom of the perilous stuff,  
That hangs upon their hearts.”

Nor are her efforts to amuse and inform, confined to any one class of society; or, to any one stage of human life.

There exists not, probably, wherever the English language is spoken, a human being of either sex, in the interesting and critical stages of early youth, descended from parents possessing any degree of intelligence; whose faculties the writings of Maria Edgeworth have not assisted to develop, and who will not be indebted to the study and perusal of her writings, for the good they may do, and the happiness they may enjoy in the maturity or decline of life.

There is scarcely a child, wherever the English language is spoken; who has access to the sources of intellectual improvement, in whose simple and artless prayers, Maria Edgeworth has not a claim to be remembered.

Wise and accomplished must that mother be, above the ordinary lot of woman; who, in performing her most delicate and momentous maternal duties, will not be aided by the "Parent's Assistant."

How many thousand; surely I may ask, how many hundreds of thousands, in the middle and humble walks of life; are indebted, and will continue to be indebted, to "The Popular Tales," for the correction of some baneful prejudice; the reformation of some perverse habit.

Even the arch-enchantress Fashion, who has so long defied the sage's, the moralist's and the preacher's power, has been taught to tremble at Belinda's name.

Her votaries have shrunk appalled from their own images, reflected in the glass of moral fiction. Even now the enchantress trembles at her power!

"A cold shudd'ring dew  
"Dips her all over;"

She foresees that the hour is nigh, when,

"All her magic structures reared so high,"

Will be

"Shattered into heaps, round her false head."<sup>\*</sup>

\* To break the spell of this imp of vice and folly; (the offspring of unfeeling selfishness and feudal monopoly,) is an achievement worthy of the genius, and appropriate to the sex, of the illustrious writer.

But it does not satisfy the noble ambition of Maria Edgeworth, to exhibit the most accurate transcripts, the liveliest and most elegant pictures of life and manners: She aspires to execute, and she has admirably *executed*, the highest office of moral fiction,

**THE EXHIBITION OF MODELS.**

In "Belinda," she has taught the ingenuous and inexperienced reader, not to collate and compare the imperfect transcripts of living excellence with each other; in consequence of which, vice often escapes detection, by insinuating itself, under different names and forms, into every transcript: not to contrast exalted virtue with remorseless profligacy, by which an admiration and abhorrence, necessarily excessive, are always excited: Not to regard the virtues and accomplishments of a great character, as an expiation for the vices and infirmities with which they are alloyed; by which moral sentiment is corrupted, and conscience suborned.

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Although this enchantress has fastened her spell on the titled, and the opulent of both sexes; yet woman, in this state of factitious opulence and elevation, is her most infatuated votary, and her selected victim.

If we imagine the inferior animals, (those more especially with whom man is most familiar, and whose organization exhibits some semblance of affinity to human nature, the parrot, the magpie, and the monkey;) to have prevailed on some sportive demon to degrade its dignity, and avenge by thus degrading it, the imperial dominion which man has immemorially asserted and maintained; we may plausibly account for the origin of fashion. But FASHION too, will be met again at Philippi.

In "Belinda," the ingenuous reader is led to compare the various shades and modifications of virtue and vice in the human character, with that moral standard; the application of which, detects latent imperfections in the most exalted characters and unobserved virtues in the most depraved: brings home to every reflecting mind a humbling consciousness of the frailty of human nature, and animates all to pursue and imitate the excellence, which none can hope fully to attain and realise: represses excessive self-estimation even in the best, and shields even the worst from despair: moderates the idolatry of superlative merit, into enlightened admiration, and mingles fraternal sympathy with the feelings, excited by irreclaimable and remorseless depravity.

There exists a striking and beautiful analogy, between the effects of the elegant arts on the face of nature, and those of moral fiction, (when fashioned by genius, philanthropy and taste,) on the human character.\*

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\* This analogy was suggested by some observations, in the first part of Allison's elementary, luminous and elegant essay on Taste; a work modelled on the plan of the theory of Moral Sentiments, and which, like that work, ought to be one of the manuals of ingenuous youth, in every course of liberal education.

In the original plan of the essay, (as it is explained by the ingenious author,) it was divided into three parts, of which the first only has been published: The writer cannot surely be mistaken in conjecturing; that its completion is eagerly, and even impatiently expected by intelligent readers, throughout the republic of letters.

Has not the author been betrayed into a radical error, in considering the trains of imagery, which excite what he styles

In a fine landscape-painting, the artist not only groups the scattered charms and attractions of a thousand scenes; and embodies in a form palpable to every eye the consummate and ideal beauty, which was previously visible only to the “prophetic eye” of taste; but the contemplation of the painting, rouses the ambition and guides the skill of the agricultural artist and ornamental gardener, in stamping the semblance of this ideal beauty, on a portion of the terraqueous surface.

By the use of language, by the expression of “thoughts that breathe” in “words that burn,” the poet is empowered to “snatch a grace, beyond the reach” of the painter’s or

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the “emotion of taste,” as connected principally or exclusively, by *resemblance*? Is not causation, in almost every such train of ideas, the connecting principle? Ought not an analysis of the principles, on which sublimity, beauty and other affecting qualities, which are the objects and idols of taste, depend; to have preceded the attempt, to resolve these qualities, (as they are exhibited in the phenomena and scenery of the material universe) into association?

Has not every successful or celebrated writer, (who has investigated any department of the philosophy of the human mind, since the publication of Hartly’s great work,) been assisted, and even guided in his inquiries, by the principle of the “Association of Ideas;” as it is generalized and illustrated in that work, and in the admirable notes which are subjoined, by the writer forgets who?

Is not Doctor Reid’s attack on the philosophy of Hartly, levelled, not at the edifice which he has erected, (which will be found inassailible probably by the force of any kind of sense, “common,” or uncommon;) but at the cumbrous and fragile scaffolding, by which the entrance to the noble edifice is obstructed, and its beauty defaced.

the sculptor's "art;" to display in the images, that "live in description and look green in song," those purer and diviner models of beauty, which are not only without archetypes in nature, but are of a character too spiritual and refined to be imitable even by the chisel of Phidias, or, by the pencil of Appelles, and which it were profanation to attempt to sketch, with the rude implements of the agricultural artist.

To transfer the beauties of Milton's description of Eden to any external scene, would be possible only by the labour of angelic, or, arch-angelic hands.

It is in the representation and description of ideal beauty, that the excellence of the works of imitative art consists; and it is the effect of the public exhibition, attentive contemplation and extended circulation of such works, in purifying taste and embellishing the form and aspect of material nature; that constitutes their utility and their glory.

It is the high prerogative of the imitative (as distinguished from merely manual and mechanic) arts, not to copy with blind admiration and servile toil, the aspect of external nature, deformed as it necessarily is by the fall of Adam, and by the curse pronounced by the Creator, on his apostate creature; but by "bodying forth," those images of ideal beauty, (which seem to be susceptible of revival, by a sort of reminiscence,) and stamping their semblance on inanimate matter; to restore a faint vestige of the primæval beauty which adorned the earth, when it sprang from Chaos, at the command of God, and glowed with ineffable beauty under his approving smile.

Liberal literature, and that sort of literature more especially, that falls under the denomination of moral fiction; is capable of producing a similar effect, on the character of civilized man.

By the skilful selection, striking assemblage, and luminous exhibition, of those features of moral and intellectual beauty, which in real life are found *singly* exhibited in the characters of a thousand individuals, and not only detached from each other, but conjoined with different and opposite features; by heightening a little, but always with the closest regard to probability, the degree in which amiable or admirable qualities really exist; the inventors of moral fiction, may display models of excellence, in a light so dazzling, as to awaken the admiration of every ingenuous mind: with an eloquence so persuasive, and a pathos so powerful, as to convert that admiration, into a noble enthusiasm to imitate these models.

The profound contemplation of these divine models, especially when embodied in the drama; impersonated by histrionic representation, and embellished with all the graces and charms of consummate acting; addressing for the moment, our souls through our senses, electrifying the feelings of the spectator and auditor, by looks, tones, gestures, and attitudes, and transmitted through the medium of living sympathy, (whose force in a crowded audience rises in intensity, like the heat of a reverberatory furnace,) cannot fail to leave the most delightful and salutary impression on every susceptible, cultivated and uncorrupted mind.

By assembling too, in one character, the unamiable and immoral qualities; which not only exist separately in real life, but are often blended with virtues and accomplishments, that veil their deformity from undiscerning eyes, and even give them a fascinating attraction, and epidemic taint to young and susceptible minds; moral fiction may be employed to exhibit every immoral quality, in its native malignity and naked deformity.

Thus employed, moral fiction may dissolve this fascination, and neutralize this contagion; by developing all the evils, immediate and remote, personal, and social, which such qualities have a tendency to produce.

Thus employed, it may excite in the mind of the reader an abhorrence for vice, and a contempt for folly, in every shape they can assume: detect them in every lurking place however secret, strip them of every disguise, however artful, and detach them from every virtue or accomplishment, however amiable or attractive, with which they may be associated.

The practical utility of moral fiction, thus employed, is peculiarly striking and grand in a community, that has adopted a form of government, permanently and essentially popular.

The vices that contaminate the national character of a free people, are always associated with virtues which veil their deformity: These vices, in consequence of this association, not only escape just animadversion, and obtain toleration, but even indulgence and favor; and from the extent of their prevalence, and the frequency of their recur-

rence, (like whatever else becomes familiar,) often escape the scrutiny of the most discerning, and the reprobation of the most virtuous minds.

Thus employed, with adequate ability and skill, moral fiction may unmask vice in all its Protæan shapes; may mail even the heel of ingenuous youth, (retreating “from temptation,”) against the barb of its poisoned and Parthian arrows.

It has been finely conceived; (such is the essential loveliness of virtue!) that if she were to present herself to our view, in the human, and of course in the female form; she would ravish with admiration the heart of every beholder, and either overwhelm the victim of vice with despair, or infuse into his heart the desire, and implant the seeds, of radical reformation.

It may be added, (such is the essential deformity of vice!) that if she were presented to our view in any living form, (human it could not be!) her most remorseless and impenitent slave would shrink from her embrace, with a loathing, scarcely less abhorrent and implacable, than would be felt by the votary of virtue.

Moral fiction, when it reaches a certain degree of attainable, or, at least, conceivable excellence, may produce the effects, that would be produced by these awful personifications of virtue and vice, if they were actually animated and embodied.

As a moral instrument, fiction may be employed with far greater efficiency, than history, biography, or philosophical disquisition: But the analysis and illustration of this most

interesting and important subject, belongs to the Essay, “on the Theory and use of Moral Fiction.”

Maria Edgeworth, has confessedly executed the most delicate and difficult office of moral fiction, with far greater ability and skill than any of her predecessors, or contemporaries: Yet all that she has done, is but the type and shadow of what remains to be achieved, by the geniuses who are hereafter destined to soar with aeronautic skill, into this truth-illumined sphere.

But although more, infinitely more! remains to be accomplished, Maria Edgeworth has done much.

Intimately conversant with the profoundest disquisitions of moral philosophy, and accustomed to analyze all the varieties and anomalies of human nature, as they are reflected in the mirror of biography and history, or as they exist in the characters of her contemporaries of both sexes, and of all classes; uniting the highest power of genius, invention, with its fairest ornament, cultivated taste, and its surest safe-guard, an enlightened conscience; and adding to these rare endowments, the scarcely less rare and valuable habit of accurate observation of life and manners; she has not only risen to unrivalled eminence, but soared to a solitary elevation, in this species of composition.

Proudly she *will* not, scornfully she *can* not, but she *may securely* look down, on the most successful of her predecessors and on the most successful also, of her living rivals.

Illustrious, blessed, enviably happy woman! she may look forward, as far as her mind’s eye can reach, on the good which her “works” have done, are now doing, and the

greater good, which they will hereafter do. She may survey, (but she cannot number!) the fathers and mothers, the sons and daughters, the human creatures of both sexes; at every stage of existence, and in every condition of society, whom she has instructed and delighted.

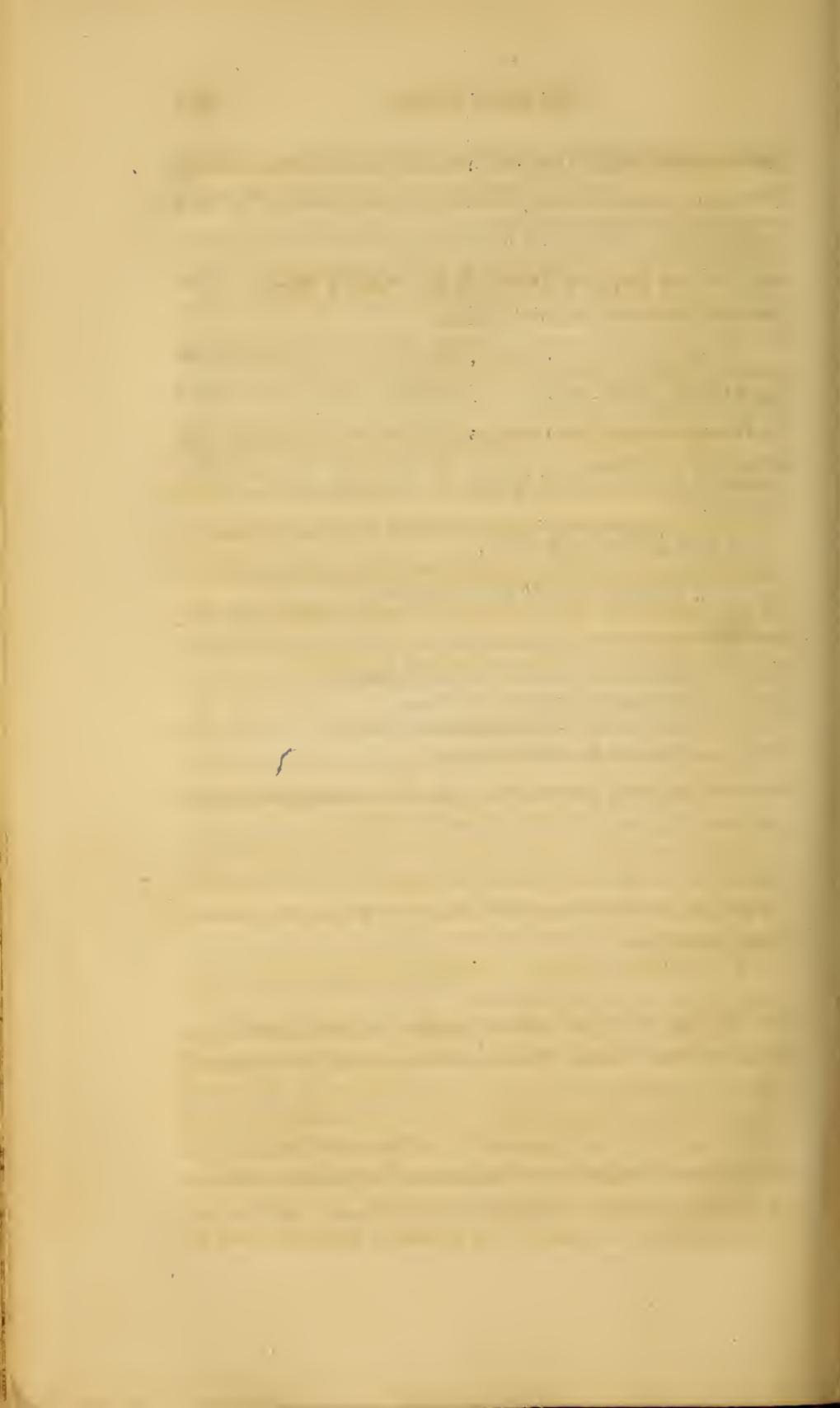
To that glorious elevation, can ascend only the according plaudits of the tribunals of criticism and taste, sounded by fame's adamantine trump, whilst far below, the murmurs of envy and illiberality, expire on faltering lips and alienated ears.

In that glorious elevation,

Converse sweet with heavenly habitants

Will

Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,  
The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence  
**TILL ALL BE MADE IMMORTAL.**



## ADDITIONAL NOTES.

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IN consequence of the unusual, and, in some measure, unavoidable haste, with which the contents of this volume were prepared for the press; several notes have been excluded from the pages containing the passages to which they refer: The notes thus excluded are here subjoined, with distinct reference to the appropriate passages.

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The following note ought to be read in connexion with the 5th paragraph of page 7th, of the first Essay.

But if we take a more enlarged and philosophical view of oratory, even the theorems of mathematical, and the principles of physical science, may fall within the legitimate sphere of this glorious art.

This opinion, however startling and paradoxical it may seem, is not wholly indefensible.

Imagine, a great mathematician or natural philosopher, demonstrating such a theorem, or elucidating such a principle, in the presence of an audience, sufficiently enlightened to comprehend the progressive steps of his reasoning, as they are embodied by the utterance of the speaker: Imagine, that with perfect distinctness of articulation, propriety of emphasis, a modulation of voice agreeable to the ear, and suitable dignity and vivacity of manner; he unfolds a principle, that en-

larges the boundaries of human knowledge, and reveals the *arcana* of nature, to the inquiring mind.

Feeling the most unshaken conviction of its truth and importance; and elevated by a consciousness of intellectual dignity, superiority, and power; with what earnestness does he investigate, with what perspicuity develop, with what felicity illustrate, its evidence and utility?

But it is asked, can oratory be displayed, in an appeal to the understanding solely? in reasoning merely, with logical precision from incontrovertible principles? Is not the excitement of the imagination and passions, essential to all the exertions of this art?

What! do no emotions accompany the discovery, development, and illustration of a new and important truth?

Whilst the exhibition of its evidence concentrates the attention, and calls forth all the energy of the understanding, is not imagination at the same time busy, in anticipating its future uses and applications?

But a graceful and impassioned elocution is essential to every exertion, and to the very existence of oratory; and can an elocution of this sort be displayed, in the development of abstract truth?

Displayed! ay, with irresistible energy.

Can the countenance be vacant, or the eye be dim, the hand motionless, or the utterance frigid or monotonous; when the light of *eternal* truth irradiates the understanding, when the heart swells with the divine enthusiasm which it inspires, and with a lively anticipation of the unspeakable benefits, which it has in store for mankind.

Of faculties and feelings thus stimulated and expanded, an impressive, although not a graceful elevation, becomes the *spontaneous* emanation, the *natural* interpreter: Thus roused and irradiated, the effulgent mind, seems for the moment, to "cast a beam on the outward shape."

These were the themes of the oratory, that ravished the senses and the soul of Adam, as it flowed from the lips of Raphael: Whilst Adam listened to this seraphic oratory, he be-

came unconscious, even of the divine beauties of Eden; the lovely mother of mankind, forgotten and unobserved, averted her eye from the fatal apple! at that moment, even the tempter, had shrunk in conscious impotence from her ear, and listened with reluctant rapture, to the seraph's tongue: These are the themes of the oratory, that would have exercised the genius of his descendants, had man never fallen: These probably are the themes of the oratory, through the medium of which, superior orders of intelligent beings, throughout the universe, communicate to inferior; their ample and continually expanding knowledge, of its laws.

True it is, that oratory of this sort, awakens neither in the mind of the orator, nor in the minds of his auditors, the passions of terror or pity, scorn or abhorrence, indignation or contempt: True, it awakens no merely *human* passion or emotion; no passion or emotion that ministers to the wants and desires of our gross and corruptible bodies; no passion or emotion in which superhuman intelligences, may not be conceived to sympathize: Nor does it admit the exhibition of that elegant, but phantastic play of imagination, those tasteful but unreal combinations of imagery, or of the use of that figurative diction; from which popular oratory derives its attractive, and meretricious charms.

But shall an art, which is at once the offspring, the organ and the ornament, of the noblest faculties of our nature, the faculties of intellect and speech; be relegated to the excitement of those impure passions, that are the strongest evidences of its imperfection, and the prime sources of misery and vice? or conceived to consist wholly in those illusions, so idolized by undisciplined imagination, and in the use of that barbaric diction, so delightful to corrupted taste; which have the strongest tendency to inflame those passions, and mar the progress of good sense, and science.

It must be admitted meanwhile, that these are not the themes on which oratory can generally exert its powers, with most advantage and success: At this time, the number of individuals who can truly enjoy oratory of this sort, is very inconsiderable. Mathematical and physical truths, especially such as belong to

pure mathematics, are in general too little understood, too difficult of comprehension; too remotely connected with the personal, domestic and national interests, that occupy the attention and agitate the passions of mankind, to be adapted to the purposes of popular oratory.

Slowly discovered by the philosopher in his closet, often the accidental results of experiment and observation, truths of this sort, are detailed in books; from which they are extracted by solitary and often painful efforts of attention and reflection, and are only susceptible of the charms of oratory, when illustrated by an accomplished lecturer, in the presence of a select and miscellaneous audience.

These observations have been offered solely for the purpose of vindicating the claims of this noble art to dignity and pre-eminence; of showing that its empire is co-extensive with the powers of intellect; that there is no walk of literature, no department of science, no invention of art, which it is not fitted to illustrate and embellish.

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The following note ought to be read in connexion with the first paragraph in page 147, Essay second.

Campbell in his admired essay on miracles, has attempted to prove not that Hume's celebrated argument is inapplicable to the miracles recorded in the Old and New Testaments as evidences of the divine origin of Christianity; but to invalidate the force of the argument, in relation to the credibility of miracles generally.

This ground is altogether untenable, and its venerable author in his attempt to maintain it, is inevitably betrayed into false logic at every step.

For instance—he urges “if our belief in testimony be as Mr. Hume contends, founded in experience; it will follow, that the wider our experience, the stronger ought to be our propensity to accredit the truth of evidence resting on testimony, but the contrary is the fact: During the early stages of human

existence the human mind reposes unlimited faith in testimony: It is only as we advance in life, in other words, as our experience extends, that our reliance in the truth of testimony is modified and limited."

This if the writer recollects aright is the substance of Campbell's observation. It may be replied, that the fact here stated is incontrovertible, and it is surely one of the strongest evidences, (perhaps the strongest evidence) of the truth of Hume's reasoning.

Experience is a compendious expression, for the knowledge we derive from the subjects of individual consciousness, (whether consisting of impressions from external objects or of internal operations,) enlarged by a knowledge of the subjects of the consciousness of other individuals, communicated through various media, natural or conventional.

During the early stages of human existence, the knowledge of every human being is confined within the sphere of his or her own consciousness; and as there exists, in other words as there is *experienced*, during those early stages, a co-incidence betwixt the thoughts and feelings of innocent and ingenuous infancy and childhood, and the language in which they are expressed, the child *governed by experience*, infers a corresponding co-incidence, betwixt the thoughts and feelings of those with whom it associates and converses, and their language.

And as we advance in life we become more distinctly acquainted with the radical imperfection and corruption of human nature: we discover long before we arrive at maturity, that every human being is liable to be deceived, and that many are disposed to deceive.

Governed by the *enlarged* experience, which every hour impresses more deeply this melancholy conviction, our faith in testimony becomes hesitating and qualified: credulity is converted into scepticism: we learn to distinguish betwixt fact and falsehood, and to appeal from fallible and fallacious testimony to the truth of things.

It is remarkable, that in his attempt to answer Hume's argument on miracles, Campbell is betrayed into an error, similar to Beattie's, in his declamation about necessary connexion.

Beattie's reputation as a philosopher resting solely on his essay "on the Immutability of Truth," is already in eclipse, and cannot without a miracle be preserved from speedy extinction.

Campbell has built his philosophic fame on a foundation, at once more solid and extended. His great works "The Philosophy of Rhetoric," and his "Preliminary Dissertations," will probably reach their zenith in the estimation of posterity, about the time that the reputation of Beattie has descended to its nadir.

It is astonishing, if any fact of this sort could astonish; that Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric, (which contains more valuable and original thought in a single page, than is diffused throughout Blair's tedious, immethodical and superficial compilation,) is scarcely known, whilst Blair's book is text and authority, in almost every celebrated college, in Britain and the United States.

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The following note has reference to the 3d paragraph of page 64 of the second of the preceding Essays.

If the reader would perceive how strong and steady a light, is reflected on the principles of natural theology, by the progress of physical science, let him compare Paley's "Natural Theology," with Cicero's work, *De Natura Deorum*.

Not that the writer means to undervalue the work, or disparage the genius of the illustrious and all-accomplished Roman; whose eloquence, it has recently become fashionable to depreciate.

A writer, who has distinguished himself by the publication of letters under the designation of the "British Spy," has in the United States, contributed to propagate this literary heresy. The passage in these letters, in which Cicero is mentioned, is remarkable, and would have drawn down unanimous denuncia-

tion from the tribunals of criticism, had this little work been of sufficient consequence to deserve the animadversion, or attract the attention of these tribunals.

Could any thing but the fact make it credible, that any person who had the least pretensions to literary taste, or, classical knowledge, would have the Gothic audacity to tell the public, that although "like the rest of the world, he learned at school to lisp, Cicero the orator," yet when he arrived at mature years, he thought him "cold! and vapid! ! and tedious! ! and uninteresting."!!!!

Had a notion of this sort, been fearfully whispered in faltering accents, by a plodding and pains-taking, but ill starr'd student, to his staring class-fellow, or, astonished instructor; it might have been pitied, forgiven and forgotten. But that any bearded man, liberally educated; born towards the close of the eighteenth century; a citizen of the only republic existing in the world, and devoting the maturity of life, with assiduity and ambition, to a profession that calls for the constant exercise of public speaking, should publish such a notion, (with apparent self-complacency,) is *credible* only, because it has actually occurred.

There are certain bodily maladies and infirmities, which the unfortunate patient ought to disclose only to his physician, and even to the physician, only with the hope of obtaining succour or mitigation. There are misconceptions and errors too, so monstrous and shocking, that they ought to be whispered only to a confidential and intelligent friend, and to him only, with a view to their detection and eradication.

This notion about Cicero, belongs to this class.

Yet the "British Spy" tells, not his friend or his physician, but the American public; that Cicero's orations are "cold, and vapid, and tedious, and uninteresting," in his *matured* "judgment."

The reader must believe, that the mind of the "Spy," has been arrested at the "lisping" stage of human existence; or that, he must have published this blasphemy about Cicero, in his second childhood.

"It must be so." The language he uses, is characterised by the tedious and stupifying tautology, peculiar to the dialect of dotage.

These letters appear to have been written, with a view to promote the diffusion of knowledge, and to excite a taste for liberal literature, in his native state. Strange inconsistency! Excite a taste for literature, by disparaging one of the brightest ornaments, (perhaps the brightest ornament,) of literature, that ever lived! Lived! *vivit*, non vixit! he *lives*, and will continue to live, in the reverence and admiration of the most enlightened votaries of science, literature, eloquence and patriotism, till "time shall be no more."

It is, as if the "Spy" had attempted to exalt female excellence, by questioning the chastity of Lucretia; or disparaging the accomplishments of the daughter of Scipio and the mother of the Gracchi.

One or two of these letters are written with unusual vivacity and elegance, but had their author composed ten thousand such letters, and had each of the myriad, been ten thousand times as remarkable for vivacity and elegance; the scale that contained his merits, (if counterpoised by the damnatory weight of this blasphemy about Cicero,) would still "fly up and kick the beam."

There is but one mode of expiating the offence he has committed: of repairing the injury he has done to the cause of literature, in his native state.

Could he be persuaded to submit to this expiation, his contrition would be sincere, his apology prompt and ample, and his recantation emphatic, and explicit. Nor is this mode of expiation painful: It consists merely, in reading and studying the orations of Cicero, till he learns to admire his eloquence; till he feels the blush of shame mounting into his cheek, and it is beheld mantling there, with mingled emotions of sorrow and admiration, "delight and despair."

Could he be persuaded to make the experiment, he would prob. bly find this piacular appropriation of his leisure, far more delightful, than the hours which he spent in writing his letters.

But if he cannot be persuaded to make it, the writer presumes to express a hope that, from respect for the *Magna virum Mater*; he will, announce himself as a Gothic, Turkish, Tartar, Cossac, Indian, any thing, but

**A BRITISH Spy.**

The author of the letters under the title of the "British Spy," has since published another little work, under the title of the Old Bachelor. The title which he has last selected is appropriate and ominous; assuredly he will never *win* nor *wed* one of the lovely and inspiring nine, till he expiates the injustice he has done, or rather the insult he has offered, to the memory of Cicero.

Till he expiates this insult they will never incline a propitious ear to his invocations, never! possibly however, he may find consolation in recollecting, with a happily-disposed and self-complacent gentleman in the *Rolliad*, that "without their aid, he had written full many a line."

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The following note ought to have been inserted at the bottom of page 207, essay third.

Having quoted a considerable part of Gray's "Ode to Spring," it would, in the writer's estimation, be injustice to the fame of its immortal author, to pass in silence the strictures of S. Johnson, on this exquisite effusion of poetical inspiration.

In the "Ode to Spring," S. Johnson faintly recognises "something poetical, both in the language and the thought;" but adds, "the language is too luxuriant, and the thoughts have nothing new: The morality is natural, but stale; the conclusion is pretty."

These observations are delivered in a strain somewhat too laconic and oracular to satisfy the intelligent reader. It behoves the philosophical critic, to illustrate the nature of the excellence

he applauds, or the blemishes he condemns: It is only by coupling analysis and reasoning, with praise and censure, that the judgments of criticism differ from the opinions of the crowd.

Luxuriancy of diction, may be naturally expected, and must be one of the most striking attractions, in an ode to Spring, and doctor Johnson has not shown in what instance, the luxuriance of language in this ode, is excessive.

That the “morality is stale,” is a charge scarcely intelligible: Even in colloquial language, the phrase, “stale morality,” would be objectionable, and it cannot surely be reconciled with the precision that ought to characterise the style of philosophical criticism.

Stale, in its proper and metaphorical sense, implies that a salutary or agreeable quality has been impaired in its influence by preservation or time. But morality possesses an essential identity, an immutable value, an undecaying freshness and beauty. The expressions aged angel, or dark sun-beam, gray eternity, decrepid immortality, would not convey ideas more incongruous than “stale morality.”

Shakspeare “spurning;” spurning with what? it must be with non-existence, non-entity! in other words, with *nothing*; “the bounded reign of existence,” with old time vainly “panting and toiling to overtake him,” do not present a more incongruous jumble.

The genius of Shakspeare was assuredly mighty, and even matchless; but he might have been safely defied to give “a local habitation,” or even an intelligible name, to so unpoetical and unairy a “nothing,” as we have here. Time vainly panting and toiling to overtake a being, who lived and moved and had his being, in time!

Here is a riddle that would have struck Oedipus dumb; a labyrinth in which even Ariadne would have been bewildered; a filament finer, and more attenuated than ever Clotho spun, fashioned into a net-work, “so reticulated and decussated,” without tangible “interstices,” or, visible “intersections,” that as it is impossible to “form a consecutive series of that, which is in its essence collateral;” it is impossible also, to extract meaning from what is in its essence unintelligible.

The author of these lines, doubtless intended to "tell" the reader something, and "something" too, that he intended to be "poetical;" but, alas! nothing "crossed his path;" and "existence sees him spurn her *bounded reign*," and "panting," even breathless! sense, "toils after him in vain."

Doubtless, however, there are many literary bees and minims, who opine, that these lines are "spotted" with "many" beauties, and are fraught with "*honied sweets*."

But to return to the strictures.

It is the province of poetry, not to introduce new, but to recommend and impress long-established, and well-established principles of morality; principles co-eval with the commencement, and co-extensive with the progress of civilization; principles co-essential with the nature and the mind of man. It is only in the imagery, the incidents, the sentiments, the allusions, and the style, employed to recommend and impress these principles, that poetical novelty can be expected or displayed.

This sort of novelty we surely find, in the "Ode to Spring." If, when viewed in this light, doctor Johnson intended to convey the idea, that "the thoughts have nothing new," the observation is just only, as a particular application of the melancholy truth, that there is "nothing new under the sun:" In this sense, the sun himself is old, and sunshine stale.

The want of evidence and illustration in the opinion which doctor Johnson has pronounced on the Ode to Spring, is the more to be regretted, from the obvious difficulty of reconciling with the scornful severity of his censure, the reluctant and penurious praise which he has bestowed. If the language of the ode be too luxuriant, if the thoughts contain nothing new, and the "morality be stale," we are at a loss to understand, *in what* he conceived the "something poetical," which the ode is admitted to possess, and the prettiness of the conclusion, to consist.

The language, the thoughts, and the morality comprise all that criticism can extract from any poetical composition; and if these essential parts are separately faulty and defective, the critic will display more liberality than discernment, more charity than consistency, who can ascribe any merit to the whole. But

as in this instance the critic is surely not chargeable with undue partiality to the poet, the inconsistency into which he is betrayed, must, I fear have arisen from the insurmountable difficulty, of reconciling the applause which justice *extorted*, with the censure he was *eager* to pronounce.

Amongst innumerable odes, that, like "insect youth, are" annually "on the wing," (if the writer mistakes not, S. Johnson has himself condescended to publish one of these ephemeral effusions,) this is perhaps the only ode, that contains a perpetual source, not of "honied," but of "nectared" sweets. The only ode to spring that will be forgotten only, when the spring of "heaven's eternal year," shall "visit the mouldering urn" of its author.

Whilst perusing this ode, even amidst the decay of autumn, or the desolation of winter; the expressions "gathered fragrance;" "rushy brink;" "gayly-gilded trim;" "busy murmur;" "honied spring;" revive in our bosoms emotions of "vernal delight and joy."

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The following note ought to have been introduced at the bottom of page 207 of the third essay.

The word "belittle" if the writer mistakes not, is of American origin or adoption. Although he has used it, he would not be understood as approving its introduction.

In common with many individuals, whose opinions have better claims to deference and weight; surely he may add in common with every well-informed and thinking man, the writer deplores the propensity which has for several years manifested itself, to impair the vernacular energy of the English language, by the unauthorized use, or, illicit coinage of words, to convey ideas; which may be conveyed, precisely and euphoniously, by words previously sanctioned by good use: as good use, is expounded in the "Philosophy of Rhetoric," "reputable, national and present use."

The right to establish a circulating medium, is admitted by jurists to be one of the attributes of sovereign power. The truth

of this principle is admissible, probably, under material limitations. But it can scarcely be doubted, that the legitimate authority to introduce new words, belongs only to those who exercise legislative power in the republic of letters; and that even in their hands, the exercise of this power, is a highly delicate, difficult, and responsible act.

An essay on this subject, fraught with valuable information, has been recently published, by John Pickering of Salem, Massachusetts.

This little volume, (which is worthy to be annexed as an Appendix to the "Philosophy of Rhetoric,") ought to be one of the manuals of American youth. Its attentive perusal and general circulation, can scarcely fail to check, if it does not arrest, the progress of a species of wanton and most pestilent innovation, to which a swarm of buzzing, vexatious, and egotistical pedants and sciolists, have given temporary vogue.

A work is now in the press, from the pen of an ingenious gentleman, Augustus B. Woodward, judge of the Michigan territory; in which the author has undertaken to execute a neologistical enterprise of unprecedented audacity.

As the writer is pledged to review this work, as soon after it issues from the press, as he can find leisure for that purpose; he will reserve for that article, any additional observations which he may have to offer, on this interesting topic.

The writer has, for years, cultivated a friendly occasional intercourse with judge Woodward, and would regret that anything may occur to interrupt the friendliness of future intercourse; but in reviewing this work, his motto must be, an old adage, which, although often and proudly quoted, is seldom sternly and conscientiously applied in practice.

*Amicus Plato, &c.*



## SUPPLEMENTARY NARRATIVE.

Nitor in adversum,

*Non aliter, quam qui adverso vix flumine lebūm  
Remigiis subigit, brachia si forte remisit,  
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.*

To preface this narrative by an apology, would be preposterous; for if its publication stands in need of an apology, it had better be omitted.

Before the reader can judge, whether the publication of this narrative be proper or improper, may or may not require an apology; he ought to read it. The narrator however will frankly premise, that, to the reader who after having perused it may think an apology for its publication necessary; he fears, that he has none to offer, which would be satisfactory.

The period that elapsed, between the nineteenth and the thirty-fourth year of the narrator's life, was devoted with assiduity and enthusiasm, to the instruction of youth, in the state of Virginia.

In the course of study pursued by his pupils, no inconsiderable portion of their attention was devoted, to exercises in elocution, composition and rhetoric. From the earliest recollectcd period of his life; the narrator had felt, and cherished, not a predilection merely, but a passion, for the cultivation of oratory. Incidental circumstances combined to nourish and inflame this passion.

He imparted instruction principally through the medium of colloquial lectures and explanations, and in forming the minds and correcting the errors of his pupils; he relied principally or solely, on his ability to awaken the curiosity and interest the affections, of ingenuous youth.

He early imbibed and steadily indulged the pleasing hope, (which personal experience gradually ripened into assured

conviction,) that if knowledge be communicated to the unfolding mind, in the lustre and attraction of its own prevailing evidence; it will charm every sensibility of the heart, whilst it expands every faculty of the mind, and emulate the pleasures of sense as much in vivacity and allurement, as it surpasses them in dignity, purity, and permanence.

This mode of instruction, necessarily called for the constant exercise of oratory, and upon the oratorical skill of the instructor, its *efficiency*, essentially depends.

In the cultivation and exercise of this noble art, and in directing the attention of his pupils to its cultivation and exercise; he was influenced by another, and a still more cogent motive.

The American republic, presents an ampler and grander theatre for the exercise of oratory, than any civilized community, that has existed since the glorious *days* of Greece and Rome: Ampler and grander far! than those celebrated states presented, even in their *most* glorious days.

In the American republic, all the causes, essential to the successful cultivation of oratory, and to carry it to all the perfection it is capable of attaining; combine their influence.

At the most enlightened æra in the annals of history, a civilized community, (whose members derive their descent from the freest and most intelligent nations of the old world,) has in the fairest part of a hemisphere recently discovered; commenced its career, under the auspices of a government, permanently and essentially popular.

In such a community, oratory spontaneously revives, and necessarily advances towards perfection; in proportion as the gradual multiplication, and judicious location and management of academical and literary institutions, increase the stock of national intelligence, liberalise public sentiment and enlighten public opinion: as schools and colleges, supply the incentives and instruction best adapted, to inflame the emulation and aid the exertions of aspiring youth, in the attainment of oratorical skill.

Whilst thus employed in Virginia, he was accustomed to hold semi-annual academical examinations and exhibitions; at

which, his pupils exhibited specimens of their proficiency and skill in composition and elocution; in the presence of their parents and guardians, and intelligent persons of both sexes in the vicinity of his academy, who felt an inclination and found it convenient to attend.

The narrator uniformly availed himself of the occasions, which these opportunities presented, to prepare and deliver a discourse, for the purpose of illustrating the methods and objects of the course of instruction which he had adopted; or on some interesting topic, connected with the duties of an instructor.

The impression which these discourses, and the manner in which they were delivered, seemed to leave on the minds of his intelligent auditors; encouraged the narrator, to conceive and attempt the execution of a design somewhat novel.

He proposed to deliver a weekly discourse, on some interesting subject, (literary or ethical,) in the presence of intelligent persons of both sexes, residing within a convenient distance from his academy.

In forming this design, the idea of pecuniary emolument, did not even  *mingle* with his motives.

He was influenced wholly by a love of intellectual distinction, a predilection for the exercise of oratory, and an enthusiastic desire to diffuse a taste for literature; which have long been the idols of his heart, and his “ruling” passions.

In his first attempt to execute this design, no patronage was solicited: The attendance of his auditors was gratuitous and spontaneous.

Self-love in every shape it assumes, is quick to perceive, and eager to pursue, its peculiar gratification.

The attention with which his auditors listened to these discourses, and the manner in which they testified their approbation; not only excited but nourished a hope, (which gradually gained strength,) that he was endowed by nature, or, had derived from education, uncommon skill in a certain species of oratory.

On the delight which this hope imparted; on the restless and fitful yet inspiring enthusiasm it enkindled; on the fondness

with which he hugged it to his "heart of hearts;" he forbears to expatriate.

During the last years of that period of his life, to which he now adverts, the hurried and unquiet intervals of midnight leisure, which he could abstract from the disheartening yet often "delightful task," of teaching "the young idea how to shoot;" were assiduously dedicated to the composition of these discourses.

When however the reader is apprised, that he had under his care, from forty to fifty pupils; at every stage of life between childhood and manhood, and engaged consequently in the study of all the elementary, and many of the higher departments, of literature and science; that he communicated knowledge, principally through the medium of oral lectures and explanations, and relied solely on the efficacy of expostulation, remonstrance and admonition, in the conservation of academic order; in awakening the curiosity, correcting the errors, and controlling the conduct of his pupils, both in and out of school; it will be readily conceived, that much of his scanty and precarious leisure, must have been abstracted from the time, which ought to have been devoted to exercise and repose.

But it is of the essence of all lofty and sustained enthusiasm, to evolve the intellectual energy, and create the solitary leisure, which are necessary to execute its designs.

Its votaries "reign and revel," in a world of their own: The variety of their emotions seems to multiply and diversify their consciousness; to call forth and concentrate, all the latent energy of their minds.

Time *is*, (although matter is *not*,) infinitely divisible, or more properly, infinitely expansible: In the rapid succession and endless diversity of ideas, which such enthusiasm conjures up, and in the exquisite emotions they awaken; hours became months, and months seem lengthened into years.

His situation, during that portion of the period of his life to which he now adverts, was singularly auspicious, to the success of his exertions as an instructor of youth, and to the nurture and gratification of his passion for oratory.

The individuals of both sexes, in the vicinity of his academy, most distinguished for their accomplishments, respectability and opulence; were still more distinguished for their taste, intelligence, liberality and public spirit.

It would be difficult, the narrator conjectures, (and he has traversed the United States,) to find in the neighbourhood of any rural village, or even in the vicinity of any of the most populous and flourishing cities, within their ample boundaries; a greater number of accomplished, amiable and respectable persons of both sexes, than are to be found in the vicinity of Milton, Albemarle county, in the state of Virginia.\*

He looks back to this period of his life, as to a verdant and sunny spot, on which "imagination most delights to bask;" where sensibility most fondly lingers, and which he would most readily consent, "to live over again."

During this period, he had under his care, young persons, from almost every part of Virginia, and never, (*surely never!*) was any instructor blessed with pupils, more capable of intellectual improvement, (there were a few, and but a few melancholy exceptions,) or more tractable to affectionate admonition.

Soon after his establishment in Milton, he was invited, (in a manner the most delicate and acceptable,) by the most respectable citizens in its vicinity, to deliver a weekly discourse on any interesting subject, which he might think proper to select.

This invitation was gladly and gratefully accepted. The gentlemen who took the lead on this occasion, provided a suitable room for the delivery of his discourses, and insisted that he should receive a pecuniary compensation.

\* In the vicinity of Milton in Virginia, the narrator was honoured and made happy, by having access to the society and friendship of a truly accomplished woman: A modern Cornelia, who like her prototype and precursor, if asked to show her ornaments, could point, and say, (say in the language of Cornelia,) *hæc mea ornamenta!* A matron, who like Cornelia, will not, the narrator trusts, be more distinguished as the daughter of Scipio, and the wife of a man not less accomplished than Scipio, than as the mother of sons and of a *son-in-law*, who will, he is sure they *will*; aspire to emulate the excellency, which they *cannot* but admire, revere and love.

A subscription was accordingly opened, to which most of the respectable persons in Milton, or, in its vicinity, annexed their names: Each of the subscribers agreeing to pay a specific sum; one half of which was paid at the time of subscription.

The narrator has forgotten the amount of this subscription, (he would be ashamed to recollect with precision, so relatively frivolous a circumstance,) but the motive by which the subscribers were influenced, he can never forget, whilst he remembers any thing.

Soon after, he relinquished the professional instruction of youth, and devoted his leisure exclusively to the cultivation and exercise of oratory: he has since delivered orations in the principal cities of the United States, and in the presence of all the intelligence, taste, beauty and fashion, in these states; but he can with perfect sincerity say, that he has never risen to address the most brilliant and crowded audience, with an enthusiasm so pure, so lofty, and so heartfelt, as he was wont to feel, when at the close of a week of scholastic drudgery, he rose to address his small but select audience, in the vicinity of Milton.

Here, the narrator hopes, it will not be improper to record an incident, which in no considerable degree contributed to sustain this tone of feeling.

It made a part of the arrangement for the delivery of these discourses, that occasional visitors should be supplied with tickets of admission.

Monticello, the seat of Mr. Jefferson, (then president of the United States,) is situated within a mile or two, of Charlottesville, to which the narrator paid a weekly visit, for the purpose of delivering these discourses.

Having paid a periodical visit to the city of Washington, at the time when this arrangement was made; Mr. Jefferson had no opportunity of annexing his name to the list of subscribers.

The first discourse, which the narrator delivered after Mr. Jefferson's return to Monticello, was honoured by the presence of the chief magistrate of the United States, and of all the visitors, then at Monticello.

Regarding himself and his guests, as occasional auditors; Mr. Jefferson wished to procure tickets of admission. The person by whom they were furnished, was directed to say; that the narrator felt himself highly honoured by his presence, and would feel the honour enhanced, if Mr. Jefferson would dispense with tickets, for himself and his guests.

With the intimation of this wish Mr. Jefferson had the goodness, (without the hesitation of a moment) to comply.

Whilst the narrator was entering his school-room, on the succeeding day, he observed a box in the entry, on which his name was labelled; and was informed by one of his pupils, that it had been left there by a servant from Monticello, with a letter.

The letter, (in a manner the most polite and gratifying,) intimated Mr. Jefferson's wish, that the narrator would accept the contents of the box.

The box, contained a complete and elegant edition in quarto, of the works of Cicero!

The flattering attention and regular attendance of his small but select audience in the vicinity of Milton, conspired with other causes, to give a new direction to the enthusiasm with which he had originally embraced, and for twelve years pursued, the instruction of youth.

There is a disheartening and monotonous drudgery, essentially connected with the business of practical education, in all its stages and departments; which as the instructor advances in life, silently but fatally saps his constitution, benumbs his faculties, and converts the fuel of enthusiasm, into the cold ashes of apathy, or into the lurid smoke of life-loathing melancholy. //

Such at least was its effect, on the health, sensibility and enthusiasm, of the narrator.

A short and simple detail of his daily labours, during his residence in Milton; will satisfy the reader that such must have been the effect of the drudgery which he underwent, on the health, spirits and mental energy of any conscious being; whose frame was not composed of adamant or iron.

He rose about seven o'clock in the morning, and was occu-

pied till breakfast, in hearing the junior classes recite lessons in geography, grammar, geometry, &c.

Immediately after breakfast, his pupils re-assembled; and after delivering to the senior class, a lecture on ethics, rhetoric, natural philosophy, or political economy; he was occupied in hearing the junior classes translate passages from the Greek and Latin classics.

During the interval betwixt breakfast and dinner; his voice, temper, faculties and feelings, were exercised intensely and often painfully, and without intermission.

The classes were successively dismissed; but the narrator was usually summoned to dinner, whilst he was engaged in the business of his school.

Immediately after dinner, the classes re-assembled, and pursued their respective studies till sunset.

After tea, a certain number of his pupils again assembled, and were exercised for an hour or two, in recitation and elocution.

From the school-room, he almost invariably passed directly to his chamber, where he spent four or five hours, in examining and comparing the speculations of the deepest thinkers, on the most important subjects, and in endeavouring, (to use a colloquial phrase, but big with import,) "to think for himself."

The narrator, has not only tasted, young reader! but has drank and devoured, (even to repletion and ebriety,) all the varieties and modifications of pleasurable sensation; and he assures you, on the evidence of *personal experience*, that the pleasure of *thinking* on important subjects, with a view to *communicate* your thoughts to unfolding minds, is, of all pleasures, the most exquisite, in act, retrospect and anticipation.

On Saturday afternoon he composed, and, during the night, committed to memory, the weekly discourse; which he delivered on Sunday forenoon, in Charlottesville.

He does not recollect, in delivering these discourses, ever to have felt the necessity of recurring to notes.

An enthusiastic attachment to the profession, which he had

embraced; a habitual, heart-felt and elevating consciousness of its dignity and usefulness; a constitution invigorated by the precious privations and mind-awakening abstinence of a Scotch education, combined with the excessive use of opium, (which proved, in the sequel, a most treacherous auxiliary), enabled him to sustain and survive, this unremitting and overwhelming drudgery.

He escaped insanity and suicide: He survived—But, *hæret lateri lethalis arundo*—Health, equanimity, and steady intellectual energy, were irretrievably sacrificed.

He cannot, “from the dregs of life,

“Hope to receive,

“What the first sprightly running could not give,”

And cares not how soon the curtain drops. But the experience which is useless to him, may be useful to others.

As his disgust for scholastic drudgery, (the drudgery of “handling again, and again,” and again, the rudiments; of combining and re-combining the elements of literature,) increased; his passion for the cultivation and exhibition of oratory, gained strength.

It was at this cheerless and dreary stage in the journey of life, when the face of nature seemed an universal blank, when life had ceased to charm and death to terrify; that the idea of delivering orations from the Rostrum, in the principal cities of the United States, suddenly crossed his imagination.

“So breaks on the traveller faint and astray  
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn!”

Vainly indeed would he attempt to paint, (in the liveliest and most brilliant colours which language can supply,) the delightful prospects that opened, (burst! let him rather say,) on the view of sanguine enthusiasm and generous ambition.

He seemed to anticipate in a moment, and by a prophetic glance, all the difficulties to be surmounted; all the good to be done, all the trophies to be won, in the successful execution of so novel and so noble an enterprise.

So firmly did this idea fasten itself on his imagination, so entirely did it occupy his attention, so intensely did it rouse the latent, or more properly, revive the extinguished sensibilities of his soul; that he experienced for several days a kind of morbid reverie, (accompanied by slight fever,) which during two nights successively, chased repose from his pillow, and prevented him from closing, or wishing to close his eyes.

During the latter part of the succeeding night, he sunk (from the exhaustion produced by intense excitement,) into a sleep so profound and protracted, that he remembers to have been roused by a faithful and affectionate old negro man, (Diogenes could dispense more readily with the services of Menas,) who waited on him, and apprehending from the death-like stillness of his sleep and the lateness of the hour, that he was dead, or, had fainted, began to halloo in his ear, and shake him violently.

It may seem, and it may *be* odd, yet the narrator can state with truth; that from the moment when this idea first crossed his imagination, he felt an assurance not only of ultimate, but of speedy and splendid success.

So lively was this assurance, that although he mentioned his design to several of his friends, and listened without surprise or impatience, to their exclamations of incredulity and astonishment, and even read in their faces a suspicion, that his mind was deranged, he *consulted* no one.\*

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\* There was one, and but one, exception: With the late Doctor Walter Jones, of Virginia, the narrator had the happiness and honour to become acquainted, immediately after his emigration from his native country, Scotland, to that state. This eminent person (with whom he had maintained, from the first hour of their acquaintance, an uninterrupted friendship, and a regular epistolary correspondence, till his death,) when apprised of his oratorical enterprise, approved of it, predicted its success, and encouraged the narrator to persevere.

During the whole progress of his excursion, he received letters from this beloved and venerated friend, containing the most affectionate and judicious counsel. Alas, he can receive no more. Alas, he

His resolution was irrevocably fixed, and he cared not what others, (even those whose intelligence he most respected, and in whose friendship he most confided,) thought of its practicability, dignity and usefulness.

The amiable and intelligent editor of the Richmond Enquirer, expatiated for an hour, (with all the earnestness of con-

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can never have the pleasure to thank him, in person, for a friendship, as disinterested and noble, as was ever manifested; for services as solid and precious as were ever rendered, by one human being to another.

He was fondly feasting the best feelings of his heart, with the anticipation of revisiting once more his aged and faithful friend; when a gazette, announcing his sudden death, fell accidentally into his hands.

It may be obtrusive, it may be improper, in a narrative of this sort; to give vent to feelings, with which the narrator can expect no lively sympathy, from a great majority of his readers.

But, when the coldest and most fastidious reader is apprised, that these feelings are awakened by the recent and premature death of a man; who, as a patriot, as a gentleman, as a scholar, as a friend; as a friend to literature, liberality and liberty, was confessedly pre-eminent: That he was the delight and luminary of every social circle, which he honoured with his presence: That no one ever conversed with him, or listened to his conversation, for half an hour, who could not recollect, and could never forget, whilst he remembered any thing; some novelty of thought or expression, which fell from his lips, at least equal, in solidity and brilliancy, to any thing, on the same subject, which he had ever, before heard or read: that he was a master of every sort of colloquial eloquence and would have been admired, even in the company of Swift, Arbuthnot and Bolingbroke: that he was at once the most liberal and indulgent friend, and the most judicious adviser, of youth, whom the narrator has ever known: He will forgive, if he does not approve, this involuntary tribute to the memory of his benefactor, by a man, who feels and knows, that he was so deeply indebted to his friendship, and has no other mode of indulging and relieving his feelings, but by vain expressions of grief, gratitude, reverence and love.

The tears mingle with his ink; he dips his pen in the very blood that warms his heart, whilst he calls to mind, the virtues, the accomplishments, the kindness, the services, of a friend and benefactor, whom

viction, and with all the fervour and fidelity of friendship,) on the ineligibility of the project, admitting it to be practicable, and on its impracticability, admitting it to be eligible.

He listened to the affectionate and energetic expostulations of his friend, with thankfulness and attention, and without attempting to answer what he had urged, contented himself by saying:—

“ The event must verify or disappoint your anticipations; for I am resolved to prosecute this design in the face and in the teeth of any difficulties or perils, which I can summon courage to confront, or collect fortitude to endure.”

When however he came to dismiss his pupils and shut the door of his school-room; to abandon abruptly and probably for ever a profession, which he had embraced so early and pursued so long; to which he had devoted the flower of his youth and some portion of the maturity of life; a profession which many peculiar circumstances, (to which he forbears to advert) combined to endear; the conflict which he experienced was acutely painful.

But the struggle was transient: He was impatient to enter upon the execution of the enterprise he had projected, and in the beginning of the year 1809, after a short parting address to his pupils, he *did* shut the door of his school-room, and the morning after took a seat in the stage to Staunton, for the purpose of traversing the United States in the character of a declaimer on the Rostrum.

In journeying to the larger cities, he passed successively through the intervening towns and rural villages, spent a week or two, and delivered orations, in each.

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he can never, never meet, again; “ whose spirit is fled up to the stars from whence it came, and whose warm heart, with all its generous and open vessels, is compressed into a clod of the valley.”

To the feelings and in the estimation of the narrator, and to the feelings and in the estimation of all who knew him, as the narrator *knew* him; the death of this admirable man made *a desert*, for leagues around his grave.

Small as these towns and villages are, he could scarcely, (in the *commencement* of his excursion,) have delivered his orations, in a situation and under circumstances, more auspicious to ultimate success: to the cultivation and exercise of the personal energy, self-possession and self-command, which were indispensable to ultimate and permanent *success*; in any emphatic sense of that very equivocal word.

In addressing an audience never exceeding twenty or thirty persons in number; accidentally and spontaneously assembled, in taverns, ball-rooms and court-houses; where he was necessarily exposed to irritating, vexatious and mortifying interruption, he could be stimulated to energetic exertion on the Rostrum, *solely*, by an elevating consciousness of the novelty, grandeur and prospective usefulness of the enterprise which he had undertaken; by an anticipation of success on theatres more brilliant and conspicuous, and by an assured conviction, that from every exhibition on the Rostrum, under circumstances so adverse and unpropitious, he was exercising, invigorating and maturing, the moral energy, and acquiring additional skill in the use of the rhetorical weapons, (ponderous as well as missile,) without the prompt and skilful use of which, the glorious and beneficent execution of the project he had conceived, would have been, not the Quixotism of an enthusiastic, but the Chimera of an insane mind.

Here it will not be useless or improper to state a fact, which will greatly surprise such of his transatlantic readers, as have formed their ideas of the state of society, in the only Republic that ever did, or ever *could* exist on the face of the earth, (the most permanent and magnificent monument of the greatness of the "Magna Virum Mater,") from the perusal of the fact-inverting fictions of the stupid, malignant and venal foreigners, who after traversing the United States with the rapidity of a running footman, have abused the Press, *injured* one community and *insulted* another, by the eructation of spleen and the ebullition of bile: a non "splendida" sed atra "bilis."

In the smallest and most obscure villages of Virginia, the narrator not only found a Press, circulating articles of foreign

and domestic intelligence, through the medium of a paper eagerly read and widely circulated, and collections of books for sale not badly selected;\* but in the audiences thus casually assembled, he never failed to address persons of both sexes, capable of detecting what was faulty, and of enjoying whatever was valuable or attractive in exhibitions; which could be appreciated only by intelligence and taste.

To enable the intelligent reader to understand the nature and appreciate the value of the discipline, which the narrator underwent, he will here state one of the many incidents of a similar kind, that occurred.

The day after his arrival in Fredericktown, in the state of Maryland; he intimated through the medium of a printed handbill, (he did not at that time think or rather *feel*, that his exhibitions were of sufficient consequence in public estimation, to entitle him to use a card for that purpose,) his intention to deliver, on the succeeding evening, one of his orations, in the largest room of the Hotel, in which he lodged.

On entering this room, (a few minutes after the appointed time,) he found only four gentlemen, whose appearance and deportment bespoke urbanity and intelligence.

The narrator stepped upon what he called his Rostrum, (a small platform, covered with a carpet and elevated about two feet above the floor,) and was beginning to deliver the discourse

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\* It is with profound, and, he may sincerely say, with patriotic regret, that he cannot add, that he found also, liberally endowed and wisely conducted *classical* schools, and scientific academies, schools and colleges. But these noble and beneficent institutions will, assuredly and speedily spring up: they are already springing up, under the genial influence of an emulous and piacular patronage. The invaluable academical institution (and if he had published a thousand vapid volumes, and a thousand times as vapid, as the volume he has published, this institution would protect him from ignominious oblivion,) which Mr. Tayler, of Caroline county, has established; is the precursor, and the model, to an hundred other institutions, of the same kind.

Twenty years hence, these noble institutions will attract and fix, the *delighted eye* of intelligent strangers, who travel through Virginia.

which he had announced, when one of his four auditors rose from his seat and very politely said,

“ You do not, sir, I hope, think of delivering your discourse in the presence of four persons: The handbill intimating your intention, has not been circulated through the town: if you will postpone your exhibition till to-morrow evening, you will certainly have many more auditors.”

The narrator, after thanking the stranger for his polite suggestion, replied, “ that he was a stranger in Fredericktown: That his exhibition was of a nature somewhat novel: that he had no sort of ground to expect in the first instance a numerous audience: that he could draw and *wished to draw* attention, solely by means of the favourable impression, which the discourse he had announced, and the manner, in which it was delivered, might leave on his mind and on the minds of the other gentlemen who by visiting the room, manifested a willingness to become his auditors; if at the close of his exhibition, he should be fortunate enough to leave a favourable impression on their minds.”

The gentleman bowed and resumed his seat, and the narrator proceeded to deliver an oration on Duelling, with as much earnestness and energy, although he acknowledges with far less self-complacency, than he afterwards felt, in delivering the same oration, in the principal cities of the United States.

The impression, which this discourse, and the manner in which it was delivered, made on the minds of his four respectable auditors, was evidently and decidedly favourable: The gentleman, who proposed a postponement of the exhibition, before he left the room, said, (with marked sensibility and emphasis, and in a manner indicating that he expressed the sentiments of his companions as well as his own,) “ If our exertions, sir, can fill your room to-morrow evening, it shall not be *full* merely, it shall overflow.”

The narrator, recollects this evidence of extorted and unequivocal approbation, with livelier sensibility, than he feels in recollecting the according plaudits of crowded, intelligent and fashionable audiences, in the principal cities of the United States, with which the *same* oration was afterwards honoured.

On the succeeding evening in Fredericktown, his room *was* crowded.

From Fredericktown, the narrator proceeded to the city of Washington, and finding the President at the seat of government; had the honour of waiting on him, and took occasion in the course of a short conversation, to explain the object of the literary enterprise which he had undertaken.

Mr. Jefferson seemed to think favourably of the utility of the design, but in adverting to its probable success, was benevolently disposed rather to check, than to foster an enthusiasm, which he readily perceived to be over-sanguine.

He had however the goodness to transmit to the narrator, (previous to his departure from the city of Washington,) a letter of introduction and recommendation to a distinguished preacher in Baltimore: an extract, from this letter was afterwards published in one of the Baltimore *Gazettes*, and *materially* contributed to the success of his exhibitions on the Rostrum, during his first visit to that city.

Mr. Jefferson's conduct in this instance, (*as in many other instances,*) was a signal evidence, not only of his philanthropic zeal, in encouraging any effort, or enterprise, that promised to be in any degree useful to society; but of the republican boldness with which that zeal has been manifested.

In expressing a favourable opinion of the narrator's ability to deliver specimens of oratory from the Rostrum; at so early and critical a stage in the prosecution of a design, the utility of which was, in the estimation of many intelligent persons, problematical, and in which the prospect of success was generally regarded as chimerical; Mr. Jefferson *voluntarily* assumed a responsibility, which a timid, selfish, or illiberal mind, would have cautiously evaded: from which, such a mind would have instinctively recoiled.

Previous to his first visit to Baltimore, the narrator felt in no ordinary degree solicitous, to arrange with providence and deliberation, the plan of his future operations: to leave as little as possible, to the influence of casualty, of incidental impression, of momentary, or morbid feeling, and of inconsiderate

counsel, in executing so new, delicate, and difficult an experiment.

Mature reflection suggested five cardinal rules for the government of his conduct; to which in the prosecution of his design he resolved to adhere, as inviolably, as the infirmities of his nature and habits would permit.

He deemed it essential in the *first* place, to the successful execution of the enterprise he had undertaken, to disconnect it as perfectly as possible, from political patronage and subserviency. Under a government alike popular in its *spirit* and in its form, there is an almost uncontrollable tendency, to convert every literary institution or enterprise; every intellectual pursuit or effort, into a political engine. Party-spirit is a part of the price that must be paid for the inestimable blessings of republican liberty: But party-spirit inevitably degenerates into faction, and the touch, the breath, the very glance! of faction, is contamination, disease and death, to whatever is liberal, patriotic, or beneficent.

Is there, under the auspices of a republican government, *no* theatre on which eloquence can wield her truth-tempered weapons; on which philosophy can promulge, illustrate, and inculcate her most salutary and instructive lessons; on which genius can bask and brighten in the blaze of science; on which an independent spirit can reign, and revel, and riot, in the plenitude of moral and intellectual energy, untrammeled by the fetters, uncontaminated by the hoof, or fang of Faction?

If there is *not*; the blessings of republican liberty ought to be inestimable, for the *price* at which they are purchased, exceeds calculation.

In regarding the “Rostrum,” as a theatre of this sort, the narrator *may* have been misled by sanguine enthusiasm, but he *is* not yet convinced that he was thus misled.

*Secondly*, he determined, in selecting the subjects of his orations, to avoid all topics that excite the proverbially inexpiable “odium theologicum;” the polemical rancour of religious controversy.

The pulpit is the proper and appointed place for the exposition and inculcation of religious doctrines, and a free press, is the appropriate organ for such controversies and discussions. The illustration of such subjects demands a temper and tone of feeling, far too serious and solemn, and are of a nature infinitely too momentous, to fall within the sphere of a species of oratory, of which liberal amusement is one of the primary objects.

*Thirdly*, he determined to select as the subjects of his declamations on the Rostrum, such as seemed best fitted to interest intelligent persons of all classes and denominations; such more especially, as promised to attract the attention of ladies of intelligence and taste.

It scarcely required the uniform observation and experience of six years to convince him, how essential the countenance, presence, and favourable sentiments of ladies of intelligence and taste are, to give dignity and attraction to the rostrum; to animate the attention of his auditors, and the exertions of the orator; to impart efficacy to every effort that is intended, or has a tendency, to "raise the genius and to mend the heart."

This is not the language of unmeaning compliment, of idle or interested adulation. Language of this sort, is perhaps, the most insignificant part of a dialect, incident only to the babyhood of intellect.

Far from indicating with simplicity, with sincerity, with polished elegance, the mingled and ineffable sentiments with which every susceptible and cultivated mind regards female loveliness and excellence; such language expresses only the barbarous idolatry of factitious rank, of titled opulence, of feudal fashion.

Contemptible at all times, such language were peculiarly degrading and offensive, on an occasion like the present. The narrator simply states a fact, which he is proud and happy to record; the truth of which every gentleman who has visited his lecture-room will verify: he simply, and *imo corde* expresses a sentiment of grateful and respectful recollection, indelible during life.

He will venture to predict, that if the oratory of the Rostrum, (by an ignoble, or mercenary subserviency to the purposes of faction, immorality, and fashion,) shall hereafter call down the matrons' indignant frown, or avert the virgins' eye with shame and scorn, it will sink to rise no more; and it had better *rise no more!* for thus abused and prostituted, it can rise again, only like a damned spirit from the regions of darkness, skilled to "perplex, and dash maturest counsels;" "to make the worse appear the better reason," and to drop "manna" secretly imbued with deadly venom, from its deceitful tongue.

*Fourthly*, he determined in selecting the subjects of his orations; in the embellishments of his rhetoric; in his costume, in the form and decorations of his rostrum, and in the style of his elocution; to conform *boldly* to the deliberate dictates of his judgment, and to yield promptly to the impulse of his feelings: under a full persuasion, that the judgment and taste of his intelligent auditors, and the censorial criticism of a free press, would detect, expose, and punish, any extravagance or impropriety into which he might be betrayed.\*

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\* Here the narrator invites, and, if he may be allowed, invokes! the impartial and earnest attention of the reader; whilst he endeavours to illustrate the probable efficiency of the Rostrum *prospectively*, in promoting the revival and cultivation of oratory, and in carrying it to all the perfection, which it is capable of attaining. The following observations concentrate the result of much reflection, and no inconsiderable or narrow range of observation, (assisted by personal experience), in relation to this interesting subject.

Before the intelligent reader assents or dissents to the solidity of the following observations; he is earnestly entreated to weigh their import maturely.

As the oratory of the Rostrum can only attract general attention, in proportion as it possesses the power of amusing or affecting a miscellaneous audience; and as, from the dignified and didactic nature of its subjects, it cannot call to its aid, the Music, Fable and Pageantry of the theatre, its means of amusing or affecting are, and must be, derived *exclusively*, from a consummate skill in the arts of rhetoric and elocution.

*Finally*, it was his unalterable resolution, not only to omit no occasion that might incidently offer, but even to seize with avidity every opportunity, to convert the rostrum into an instrument for the purposes of public utility and beneficence: by illustrating the salutary influence, and adding something to the

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In other departments of oratory; the object, and consequently the success of the orator, are often wholly independent of his power to affect or amuse a miscellaneous audience: but, on the Rostrum, during *every* exertion, and almost during *every moment* of every exertion, the orator must affect or amuse his auditors.

To the successful exertion of oratory, in other departments; superior skill in rhetoric and elocution is often unessential; to the very existence of oratory on the Rostrum, it is indispensable; and the success of its exhibition, (as it respects the reputation or emolument of the orator, the improvement or gratification of his auditors, or his usefulness to society,) will be exactly *measured* by the extent of this skill.

The same causes, therefore, that produce superior ability in the practice of law, medicine, painting or sculpture; of any liberal profession, or ingenious art, may be expected to produce, on the Rostrum, superior skill in the use of rhetoric and elocution.

In his efforts to attain this skill, the orator possesses on the Rostrum, the peculiar and inestimable advantage of being permitted to follow the dictates of his judgment, and the impulse of his feelings, with independence and freedom.

In the dimensions, form and decorations of his Rostrum; in his costume, and in the whole style of his elocution, he may depart boldly and freely from established modes of public speaking; provided his auditors perceive and feel, that, in deviating from the path of custom, he strikes, or even approaches, that of truth and nature. This exemption from restraint belongs to the Rostrum only, or, (doctor Blair's authority notwithstanding,) alone.

In the exercise of oratory, (particularly as it respects elocution,) in the pulpit; in deliberative bodies; on the bench and at the bar; there are established modes, from which any *remarkable* departure, is wholly impracticable, or palpably improper. These modes are prescribed by causes that have no relation to elocution, and over which the orator has no control. On the *Rostrum* alone, can any innovation of this sort be attempted; and, therefore, on the Rostrum only, can elocution reach the

funds of literary, liberal, and charitable institutions, by steadily maintaining on the Rostrum, that independence of mind, loftiness of ambition, and disinterestedness of purpose, which could alone give dignity, or insure permanent success to the pursuit which he had embraced: which only could auspicate the introduction of

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perfection, of which it is susceptible. Nor need we fear, that this exemption from restraint will introduce extravagance and rant. Let it be recollected, that the audience will exercise a corresponding independence, in dispensing censure and applause; that instant decisive marks of disapprobation will check and punish whatever may be extravagant or unnatural in the manner of the Orator: Let the censorial superintendance of the supreme tribunal, too, be recollected.

Nor will this exemption from restraint be confined to elocution alone. It will extend also to the choice of subjects; to the reasoning illustrations and embellishments of orations, delivered from the Rostrum. In the selection and use of these constituents or adjuncts of eloquence, the candidate for rhetorical honours, may follow the peculiar bias of his genius; restrained only by the judgment of his intelligent auditors, and the animadversions of philosophical criticism.

In the other departments of oratory; the same causes that fetter the powers of elocution, fetter the mind also, in the exertion of its faculties. The nature and objects of legislative, judicial, legal and ecclesiastical functions, often exclude altogether, and always admit with jealousy and reserve, the display of rhetorical skill. The reasoning, imagery, sentiments and style of the oratory, respectively adapted to these departments, are governed by severe and inflexible rules—rules, established, not with a view to stimulate, but, in many cases, for the purpose of suppressing, the exertion of eloquence. On the Rostrum only is the orator liberated from the restraints, which these rules impose. There only can the faculties of intellect and speech, (so far as is possible through the medium of oratory,) be exerted to their fullest extent; with united and unfettered energy.

Thus would the Rostrum become at once, a nursery for the cultivation, and a theatre for the exhibition, of elocution and rhetoric.

It will exhibit a constant succession of living models; from the contemplation and analysis of which, a standard of taste, in regard to elocution and rhetoric, will be gradually formed: This standard will be speedily applied to other departments of oratory, and subject every

a species of oratory, which is destined to spring up indigenously and flourish in the American republic; to open a new avenue, and expand an Olympic amphitheatre for the noble emulation, and heaven-ward aspirations, of genius, philanthropy, and generous ambition.

By a course of conduct (with the exception of a single deviation,\* into which he was betrayed by inexperience and inconsider-

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competitor for the palm of eloquence, to a severer and more impartial ordeal. The public exhibition of these models, will gradually animate the tameness of ordinary, and check the extravagance of theatrical, elocution.

To young persons, destined for professions, that call for the constant or occasional exercise of public speaking; the exhibition of these models, *will* be inestimably useful.

Even a *single* striking exhibition of this sort, may kindle a flame of generous ambition in the soul of an ardent and aspiring youth; which, during a long life, may impel and animate him through a career of glory.

In other departments, oratory may display her power, *partially* and *incidentally*; but the Rostrum alone, will contain her *altar*; her *chosen* ministers; her *exclusive votaries*; her *fairest* ornaments; her most *formidable* weapons; and her *proudest* trophies.

\* As incidents of this sort are peculiarly obnoxious to mistatement and misconception; it will be proper, in the narrator's judgment, to state this incident, precisely as it occurred.

In an oration on the "Progress of Civilization," (delivered during his first visit to Philadelphia,) he took occasion to enumerate and illustrate, the inestimable benefits and blessings, for which mankind are exclusively indebted to the Christian Religion.

During this visit, his orations were delivered in a large room, in Fourth street; which, although hallowed, on the Sabbath day, by the public worship of God, is occasionally appropriated, in the course of the intervening days of the week, to other purposes.

The learned Mr. Corea delivered, in that room, during the last two years, a course of lectures on Botany.

It will be proper to mention, also, that the Rostrum, from which the narrator addressed his audience, was erected directly in front of a pulpit.

ate counsel, which he reviewed with sincere regret, and which was followed by a public acknowledgment of its impropriety; (by every apology and acknowledgment compatible with personal dignity and independence,) he has had the happiness and hon-

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In closing his observations on the blessed effects which christianity has wrought, the narrator thus expressed himself.

“ To illustrate this momentous subject, with suitable solemnity and energy; to expound its sublime doctrines, and vindicate its divine origin; to bring home, to your minds and hearts, a persuasion of its unspeakable importance, in relation to the destinies of immortal man, in a future state of existence, and in another world; are duties, which devolve on the hallowed minister, who occupies the place behind me.

“ In the observations on this momentous subject, which I have presumed to offer, christianity has been viewed merely, as one of the great causes, which, in combination with other great causes, have improved the condition of society, and the character of civilized man.

“ The awful and mysterious question, in relation to its divine origin, I forbear to examine.

“ O pity, great Father of light and of life,  
“ A heart that fain would not wander from thee,  
“ So humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride,  
“ From *doubt* and from *darkness*, Thou only canst free.

“ But darkness and doubt are *not* flying away,  
“ Alas, I still roam, in conjecture forlorn,  
“ Nor breaks on the wanderer, faint and astray,  
“ The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.”

What impression the utterance of these observations, and the recitation of the concluding stanzas, from Beattie's Hermit, made upon the minds of his auditors, or what emotions they experienced, the narrator was unable to conjecture.

The silence, he well remembers, was deep and dead: His auditors seemed even to hold their breath, and to stare at each other with “ stony eyes.” The late C. B. Browne, who was one of his auditors, afterwards mentioned to the narrator, that his feelings, on that occasion, “ made an æra in his sensations.”

our, to deliver original orations from the Rostrum, during three successive visits to the principal cities, and one visit to most of the smaller towns in the United States.

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The narrator, meanwhile, proceeded to finish the delivery of his oration; at the close of which, he drew a picture of the stupendous and tremendous military despotism, which a fortune, unparalleled in the annals of authentic history, had enabled Napoleon Bonaparte to establish, and confidently predicted, (what he confidently anticipated,) the *speedy* and *inevitable* downfall, the penal and irretrievable perdition, of that most despicable and detestable usurper.

The sentiments which he expressed, according with those entertained by a great majority of his auditors, and being clothed in that hyperbolical and bombastic jargon, and delivered with that impassioned vehemence, and unaffected enthusiasm; which will always, it is to be feared, be more acceptable to a miscellaneous audience, than luminous analysis, and Attic elegance of diction, extorted a plaudit, loud, long, and apparently unanimous.

After delivering this oration, the narrator supped at the house of a respectable citizen of Philadelphia, and, in company with that literary circle, which, the humming-bird of Lilliput, the "minstrel of the brothel," the caricaturist of Anacreon, the metrical lampooner and lyrical libeller of whatever is peculiar, or peculiarly admirable and laudable, in the national character, or political institutions, of the American people: that literary circle, which the modern Catullus has bepraised, in a style, which could only have been less offensive, even to the respectable gentlemen, who compose that circle; than the malignant and mendicant minstrelsy which he has warbled, even in the public ear, in relation to their country, their countrymen and COUNTRYWOMEN.

In the course of the animated, but rather desultory and clamorous talk, which occurred after supper; the narrator was apprised, by one of the guests; that the sceptical opinion, which he had intimated, in relation to the divine origin of christianity, had given great offence, not only to one or two clergymen, who were present; but to sundry grave and serious persons, of both sexes, belonging to the laity.

This information excited, in the breast of the narrator, no ordinary degree of disquietude. In the prosecution of the design, which he had undertaken, the stage to which he had advanced, was critical. He was

He has had the satisfaction pretty generally, to address intelligent and respectable persons of both sexes and of all denominations, and often to have beheld his lecture-room thronged with intelligence, taste and beauty.

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delivering specimens of oratory from the Rostrum, in the metropolis of the United States: He had obtained the use of the hall, in Fourth street, not under an implied condition, merely, but under an express promise, to utter nothing, in delivering his orations, that could be offensive, to persons of any religious persuasion: His previous success had been flattering and brilliant, beyond his most sanguine expectations: During three evenings, he had beheld his room crowded with all the taste, science, intelligence, beauty, and even fashion of Philadelphia: His auditors had manifested their approbation, in a manner the most unequivocal and emphatic.

To dash, by imprudence, the brimming and golden goblet of success from his eager lip; dash it, almost untasted! at the moment when his heart thirsted to drain the delicious beverage, even to the dregs; was mortifying to better feelings than those of vanity and self-love: He recollects, and still recollects, this incident, with stern and unmixed self-disapprobation.

He returned to his chamber, at a late hour, and laid his aching head upon a pillow, which, during the night, anxious reflection had studded with thorns.

During the succeeding day, he became fully aware of the degree, in which he had excited the odium theologicum.

He paid a morning visit to doctor Rush, who, as soon as the narrator entered the room, exclaimed, "Well, sir, you have thrown away an empire of fame and emolument! it had been whispered, soon after your arrival here, that your orthodoxy was doubtful; but no one even suspected, that you would have the audacity and *imprudence* to avow scepticism, with regard to the divine origin of Christianity, in your orations: more especially, in a place appropriated to the worship of God, and standing before a pulpit. You must look forward not only to a sudden and considerable reduction in the number and respectability of your auditors, and to an abrupt cessation of intercourse with respectable persons, who have hitherto sought your society; but to an immediate revocation of the use of the hall, in which your orations have been delivered."

He has enjoyed the yet higher satisfaction of illustrating on the Rostrum, the utility, and adding something to the funds of most of the literary and charitable institutions, now established in the United States.

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In reply, the narrator not only acknowledged the impropriety of the expression to which the doctor alluded, and his presentiment of its auspicious influence on his reputation and success on the Rostrum: but reminded the doctor, that, "although thirty-four years of age, he had spent that portion of the maturity of his life, which had previously elapsed, in a scholastic and contemplative seclusion: that he was as raw, ignorant and inexperienced in the ways of the world, and as little accustomed to the society, notions and manners of men and women of the world, as *any*, and much less informed and disciplined, by that sort of knowledge and intercourse, than *many*, American boys of fifteen years of age, and intimated his intention, to seize the earliest occasion to offer a public and contrite acknowledgment of, and apology for, the impropriety, into which he had been unthinkingly and culpably betrayed."

The doctor shook his head, with an ominous and solemn gravity, indicating, as plainly as a shake of the head could indicate, his apprehension, or, more properly, his presentiment, that no acknowledgment, however contrite, no apology, however ample and explicit, would expiate the offence, in the estimation and feelings of the persons, who *conceived that they had a right to be offended*, by the indiscreet sincerity of the narrator.

On returning to his lodgings, after this interview with doctor Rush, he met in the street, the venerable bishop White; who had done him the honour to listen to more than one of the orations, which he had previously delivered in Philadelphia, and had eulogized, in strong and emphatic language, one of them (an oration on the immorality of gambling), to which he had listened.

The good bishop shook the narrator by the hand, expressed *strong* regret at the occurrence of the incident referred to in this note: admitted the narrator's right to avow his conscientious convictions, with regard to the divine origin of christianity: expressed decided disapprobation of the avowal of sceptical impressions or doubts, at the time, and in the place, chosen by the narrator: reminded him of the express condition on which he had obtained the use of the hall in Fourth street: stated his deliberate conviction, that no clergyman could, with propriety, listen to any of the orations which he might afterwards deliver in Phila-

Instances of any thing that had even the semblance of disorder or indecorum, during the delivery of his orations, have not only occurred with a rarity without precedent probably,\* in

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delphia, and pertinently added—“Whatever, sir, may have been your intention, you have done mischief: You may have examined this momentous question (although I cannot believe that you have examined it, with adequate deliberation, or to a sufficient extent), and are unfortunate enough, to entertain sceptical impressions. By avowing these impressions on the Rostrum, you not only excite or encourage doubts, in immature and uninformed minds; but indispose such minds, to examine this all-important question, with due earnestness and impartiality.”

To this explicit, reasonable and appropriate address, the narrator replied as he had done to doctor Rush, and the bishop rejoined by a shake of the head (a head of ampler dimensions, and, although not amplified by a wig, furnished with what is much more valuable, *profound theological learning*), still more grave and ominous than the doctor’s.

After delivering his next oration, in the same hall, on the succeeding evening; he expressed his sincere sorrow for the offensive avowal, into which he had been *unthinkingly* betrayed, in the preceding oration, and asked to be forgiven: resolving never again to repeat this offence: it never has, and never *will be*, repeated. On the forenoon of the succeeding day, the following extract, from the minutes of a meeting of the trustees of the university, was handed to the narrator.

“At a meeting of the trustees of the university, Tuesday, November 1, 1809.

“On motion, the following was unanimously agreed to:

“Permission having been given to Mr. James Ogilvie to deliver lectures in the College Hall, in consequence of his assurance, that they should ‘contain no sentiments, which could be offensive to persons of any religious persuasion;’ and it appearing to this board, from satisfactory information, that, in the course of his lectures, he has given offence to persons of divers religious persuasions; Therefore,

“Resolved, That the said permission be, and it is hereby revoked.

“Ordered, That the secretary furnish Mr. Ogilvie with a copy of the foregoing resolution.

“Extract from the minutes.

“EDWARD FOX, Sec’y.”

\* In the progress of his successive excursions through the United States, he recollects only three instances of the occurrence of any

the history of any attempt to execute, (under similar circumstances,) so delicate and novel an enterprise; but the narrator

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thing, during the delivery of his orations, that wore the semblance of indecorum.

In a narrative of this sort, it will not, probably, be unacceptable to any reader; nor uninstructive to young and noble-minded candidates for the honours of the Rostrum (to all shallow, vain and venal babbler the Genius of the Rostrum proclaims *Procul! O Procul!*), to be informed in what manner the narrator acted, on these occasions.

Under these impressions, he will subjoin a brief statement of the three incidents to which he refers, and of his conduct, in each instance.

Towards the close of an oration, which he delivered, during his first visit to New York; he was led to direct and fix the attention of his auditors, on an Epoch (pre-eminently memorable, even amid a twenty years' succession of astonishing events, and prodigious revolutions), the portentous Epoch! "when the conqueror of Lodi and Marengo, pointing, with his batoon, to the white cliffs of Albion, whetted the insatiable cupidity, and infuriated the souls, of two hundred thousand cannibals, disciplined to every deed of death and desolation; by describing, in 'words that burned' on his lips, and in imagery, which rage and rapine embodied and half realized as he spoke; the treasures of London, the plunder of the queen of isles; the beauty and the booty of the garden of the earth; the subjugation of the magna virum mater: to whose daughters the Paphian goddess had lent her Cestus, and every grace her peculiar attraction; to whose sons, Pallas had consigned her ægis, Pomona her Cornucopia, and Neptune had, for a season, transferred his trident."\*

The audience, (which was composed of nearly one thousand persons,) catching, suddenly and simultaneously, the feelings of the speaker; gave vent to their sympathetic enthusiasm, in a loud, protracted, and, he believes, heart-felt plaudit.

The room shook, as if it had been rocked by an earthquake, and re-echoed, as if it had reverberated the thunder's, or, the cannon's roar.

\* These were his words, accurately, or nearly:—For he does not possess a transcript of one of his orations.—These declamatory effusions were written on fragments of paper (often on the backs of letters): Nothing about them cost him much study but the elocution.

has even been fortunate enough, to receive almost uniformly, the most flattering tokens of the approbation and even of the applause of his auditors.

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When the plaudit ceased, a gentleman deliberately rose from his seat, in the middle of the room; assumed an erect and disdainful port; looked intrepidly and indignantly around, and, without casting a glance, or directing his hand towards the Rostrum, but turning, both successively and slowly, to the auditors, in every part of the room; hissed, with set teeth, and with an intensity of sibilation, that indicated unusual vehemence in the feeling, by which it was prompted.

His proceeding, excited a lively and general emotion of momentary anger: Frowning brows, and flashing eyes, were bent upon him: idly bent!—The hisser, with an air of calm defiance, conscious intrepidity, and scornful unconcern, resumed his seat.

At that moment, the situation of the narrator, (then a novice in such scenes, and destitute of that habitual self-possession, and imper-  
turbable serenity of soul, which experience only can attemper and confirm), was critical and distressing. In the school of experience, he has, he trusts, acquired a self-control and self-subjection, which, to him, would make the recurrence of such an incident, amusing merely: At this time, if the contents of a loaded pistol, were discharged at him, whilst he was declaiming in the Rostrum, (unless the contents pierced his heart, opened an artery, from which life-blood would burst in a torrent, or inflicted intolerable agony); so unexpected and improbable an incident, could not now disturb him for a moment, or, *but for a moment.*

Far different were his feelings, *then:* He experienced inexpressible disquietude. Advancing to the very verge of the Rostrum, and with a gesture, attitude, and expression of countenance, which emphatically indicated the most anxious and earnest wish to be allowed to proceed; he succeeded in restoring order, and preventing outrage and violence, in an audience as polite and respectable as were ever, probably, assembled, in that populous, opulent and flourishing city.

Next morning, a very injudicious article appeared in the New York Evening Post, “advising the united Irishman, who had the audacity to hiss, during the delivery of Mr. Ogilvie’s oration, in the presence of a thousand persons, to take leave of absence, during the delivery of any orations which Mr. O. might afterwards pronounce.”

This article, as might have been expected, drew forth a reply, in a democratic paper; in which it was stated, “that, if this oration should

He has the yet prouder and more precious satisfaction of recollecting, (whilst he is duly conscious of the liberality and indulgence of his auditors,) that he owes his success *exclusively*,

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be repeated, and if Mr. Coleman, (the editor of the Evening Post), were present, the amusement of the evening would be diversified and enhanced by a game at leap-frog; in the course of which Mr. Coleman would amuse and astonish the audience, by the most prodigious leap, from a window of Attic altitude, ever witnessed, in that or any other city."

The narrator, arrested an altercation, so hateful to his soul; so degrading to the press; so offensive to the dignity, and damnatory to the nascent glory of the Rostrum; so abhorrent to all the aspirations and Chivalric enthusiasm, which had impelled him to undertake, and governed him in the execution of so romantic an enterprise; so odious, he is sure, to every liberal and intelligent person, of either sex, who witnessed his exhibitions: He arrested this vile altercation, by requesting the insertion of the following card in the Evening Post:—

"Mr. Ogilvie is sorry to observe any thing that fell from him, on the Rostrum, converted into a subject of newspaper altercation: The right to manifest approbation, and the right to express the opposite sentiment, rest on the same foundation, and *both* rights ought to be exercised, with the same promptitude, sincerity, sensibility and independence. He who addresses a miscellaneous audience, would manifest a culpable and pitiable weakness, in permitting himself to be surprised or mortified, at finding that every thing he said was not alike acceptable to all of his auditors."

At this time, if the narrator were called on, under similar circumstances, to publish such a card; he would add, "that, so far as his own feelings were concerned, he could not but admire the man, who had the intrepidity to rise, and express, so boldly and emphatically, his solitary dissent, from the sentiments manifested by a thousand persons."

He does, *with all his heart*, admire such intrepidity.

The publication of this card, drew from the hisser, or his friend, an article—which stated “that the hiss was not excited, by any thing which fell from the orator, who had uttered no sentiment which was not natural and proper, from the lips of a native of Great Britain: That the hiss was excited *by*, and directed *to*, the audience; who had listened, in silence, to marked compliments to *their own country*, and to lively anticipations of its rising and prospective greatness, and (as the

to the attractions and utility of the Rostrum; and that he has never, even for a moment, sacrificed sincerity or independence of mind, to party or faction, and never, *except for a moment, even bowed,* at the shrine of popularity or fashion.

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hisser, or his friend, expressed himself in that article) *clapped for king George.*"

During his second visit to New York, the narrator delivered the same oration, in the presence of a highly respectable audience, (and if he was not misinformed, the hisser was one of his auditors, on that occasion), not only without interruption, but with, apparently, *unanimous* approbation.

The *second* instance occurred in Paris, one of the smallest towns in Kentucky.

During the delivery of an oration on gaming; a person, evidently intoxicated, had taken his seat in the second row of benches, and repeatedly disturbed the audience, and, at an earlier stage in the prosecution of his design, would have embarrassed the narrator, by a behaviour; which the epithets brutal, savage or barbarous would inadequately characterise, (for a brute could not have been admitted near the Rostrum, and no savage or barbarian, could have so shamelessly sunk below the instinctive dignity of human nature): by a behaviour, in fact, which could be excused, or explained, only by insanity, or intoxication.

The narrator, being entirely unacquainted with the character, and even with the name, of the inebriated or insane intruder; determined to be governed, in his mode of proceeding, by the conduct of those around him; to whom, he thought it most probable, that he was well known.

From *their* mode of treating him; their friendly, and seemingly sorrowful and assiduous anxiety to check his extravagance; the narrator inferred, that he was a man of respectable station and character, who had accidentally drank to excess, previously to visiting the room.

He accordingly raised his voice, to a tone that drowned the unmeaning noise of this Salamander of Alcohol, and advanced, in the delivery of his oration; till a passage occurred, in which the misery and ignominy of intemperance, were depicted, in strong colours: In pronouncing this passage, he descended from the Rostrum, and, advancing with a slow and pausing step, towards the bench, on which the involuntary, and, probably, unconscious violator of decorum sat, or on which he had staggered, and lay stretched; continuing to declaim, as he ad-

His exhibitions on the Rostrum in the cities and towns through which he successively passed, were noticed by local gazettes, with almost invariable and often with extravagant eulogy:<sup>\*</sup> He

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vanced, till he approached the mind-deserted body, as nearly as he could.

Here, for a few moments, he stood still: ceased to declaim: folded his arms, and resting his eye on the floor, slowly and solemnly said—

“ Where example so emphatically arrests attention, declamation may well be dumb: It is, and *can be*, but babbling and impertinence, in the presence of a warning, that addresses the soul through the senses.”

The *third* instance occurred during his second visit to Charleston.

The narrator had announced an oration on female education, and, on that occasion, ladies were respectfully requested to dispense with tickets.

The room was not merely crowded—it overflowed. It contains seats for the easy accommodation of five hundred persons: Seven hundred were assembled, when the narrator entered the room, and the door through which auditors passed, was thronged with persons eager to be admitted.

As he drew near the Rostrum, he observed six or eight young gentlemen, who had arrived too late to procure a vacant bench, seated on *it*.

Altercation with auditors is, at all times, and in all circumstances, most unpleasant; but altercation with persons, whom you are about to address, and the moment before you arise to address them; ought surely to be avoided, by any sacrifice of convenience or feeling, consistent with self-respect and personal independence.

In this instance, however, to submit passively and in silence, to so flagrant an impropriety; to invite, and even sanction its repetition, by *thus* submitting, was not to be thought of.

The narrator first tried the effect of polite expostulation. He apprised the young gentlemen, that as many seats as the area of the room could contain, had been procured; that to permit their sitting on the verge of the rostrum, during the delivery of his oration, would be obviously and greatly embarrassing to him, and offensive to a great majority of the audience; and requested that they would embrace the only

\* These eulogies, if collected, would fill a volume.

associated on amicable terms with respectable persons of every sect, party and persuasion. Upon the whole, in looking back on the progress of an excursion which is drawing fast to its close, he

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alternative, which presented itself to a sense of decorum; standing, during the delivery of the oration, or, taking back their tickets, and withdrawing from the room.

This expostulation was ineffectual: Several of the young gentlemen continued to sit on the Rostrum, and, with an air somewhat disdainful; an air distinctly indicating their disposition to do what they pleased, *without* pleasing to care about the propriety of what they did; the embarrassment it might occasion to others; or the opinions which might be entertained of the propriety or impropriety of the mode, in which it was their imperial pleasure, their arbitrary will, to act.

Young gentlemen, who act in this way, often profess to be, and think they are; and would knock down, challenge and shoot a fellow-citizen, who should hint a suspicion that they are *not*; zealous, and staunch, and enlightened republicans.

It is, however, I fear, *true*, (and the discharge of the contents of a pistol, with a hair-spring trigger, with the utmost possible intrepidity, inhumanity and precision, through the heart of one of their friends or companions, who should venture to whisper a suspicion of this truth, in their hearing, would not, I fear, make it *untrue*); that this mode of acting is not only anti-republican; but the assumption and exercise of a prerogative, which despots only can wield with impunity, and to the exercise of which slaves only, can passively submit.

It is not the semblance, but the *essence* of arbitrary power.

It may be worth while, too, to add, that so stupid a delusion, can be injurious only to its victim.

In a *state of society*, like that of the American people, and under the form of government, to which this state of society has *given birth* and which *it* will preserve inviolate, probably, for a millennium; a conscientious, decorous, and even sensitive respect for the equal rights of others, is the most unequivocal evidence of devotion to republican liberty, and the very shield of personal independence.

But to return to the incident which he is recording. After pondering a few moments, the narrator advanced in front of the Rostrum, on which he turned his back, and, as soon as his indication of a wish to address the audience, had hushed the buzz of chattering, which, in a

recollects also with feelings which words, mere words! are inadequate to express: that no one, who may be encouraged by the success that has crowned his exertions to pursue the career of glory and of good which has opened, can find an apology in the example of their precursor, for converting the **ROSTRUM**, into an engine for the gratification of any sordid or inglorious passion, or for the accomplishment of any immoral, sinister or factious purpose.

Feeling a clear conviction of the propriety of using, in this narrative, language thus explicit and emphatic; the narrator feels the propriety also, of enumerating the principal benefactions, which the emolument arising from the delivery of his orations, enabled him to present to useful institutions, in the different cities and towns of the United States, which he has successively visited.

In Philadelphia the sum of \$150 to a society for the relief of the poor widows, and \$70 or 80 to the St. Andrew's Society: In New-York, \$350 equally divided between two charitable so-

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crowded and miscellaneous assembly, uniformly and unhappily precedes exhibition, he said, (suppressing, as perfectly as he could, every appearance of irritation or discomposure)—

“ Under arbitrary governments, order and decorum are preserved, in assemblies of this sort, by a coercive police, by military force: Under a republican government, and in a state of society ripe for its reception; the self-respect of every respectable citizen, and his habitual and unaffected deference for the equal rights of his fellow-citizens, are the safe-guards of decorum and order, not only in polite and select, but in the most miscellaneous and numerous assemblies.

“ To the rightful authority of this moral police,” the narrator continued to say, turning his eye, and pointing with his hand to the young gentlemen, who were seated on his Rostrum, “ it is, *he is sure it is!* unnecessary to make a formal appeal.”

This short address had its intended effect: Young and impetuous spirits, who would probably have drenched the Rostrum in blood, had the bayonets of a Parisian police been employed to remove them, without resistance, without a murmur, withdrew from the Rostrum.

cieties:—In Albany, in the state of New-York, \$100 to a public library, \$50 to an orphan asylum, and \$70 to a reading room: In Providence, Rhode-Island, \$70 to an orphan asylum, \$60 to a public library, \$50 to a ladies' reading-room, established in consequence of the impression made on the minds of his female auditors, by an oration on the utility of public libraries: In Newport, in the same state, \$70, to assist in repairing and refurnishing with books a noble edifice, originally erected for the purposes of a public library, but which had gone to ruin at the time, when the narrator visited Newport, and for the reparation, and refurnishing of which with valuable books, a considerable sum was subscribed by its opulent and intelligent inhabitants, in consequence of the impression left on their minds by an oration, which he had the honour of delivering:—In Boston, \$500 to an orphan asylum, and \$120 to an Athenæum, by far the noblest institution of that kind in the United States, and a glorious monument of the perseverance, industry and public spirit of Mr. Shaw, the most active agent in promoting its establishment, the benevolent dispenser of the benefits and pleasures it affords: \$120, to an orphan asylum in Salem: \$70, to an orphan asylum in Newburyport: A similar donation, (the amount forgotten,) in Portsmouth: \$50 for the uses of a benevolent society in Portland:—\$220, to a charitable institution in Baltimore: \$280, to an orphan asylum in Charleston, \$130 to a humane society in the same city: \$250, to an orphan asylum in Savannah in Georgia, \$240, to a public library in the same city: \$120, to an orphan asylum in Augusta, in the same state: \$100, to a public library in Lexington, Kentucky: \$150 to an orphan asylum, in Fredericksburg, Virginia: \$100 in Richmond, and \$100 in Petersburg, in similar institutions.

There are, (the narrator fears,) readers, who will ascribe this enumeration of the benefactions, which he has made to public institutions, to ostentation and vanity.

What shall he, what *can* he say, to propitiate such readers?—Nothing, he fears he can say nothing; which will not, in *their* judgment, aggravate his offence.

For he *does* recollect these benefactions, with self-complacency and even with pride: he is not ashamed to avow, that these feelings accompany this recollection.

These benefactions were made exclusively, from the emolument arising from his exhibitions on the Rostrum: they are, he trusts, an unequivocal evidence, of the sort of motives, by which he was actuated in the execution of the design, which he has undertaken.—The only evidence of the liberality and elevation of his motives and objects, which he had it in his power to exhibit.

Amidst all the vicissitudes of his future fortune, and the more terrible vicissitudes of internal feeling, to which he is constitutionally liable, and by which, he is periodically tortured; during those paroxysms of black and blasting melancholy, when a living soul seems to be united to a dead body; seems to be conscious of, and in contact with, the “deep damp vault, the darkness and the worm;” when every sound is discord, every taste nauseous, every odour foetid, every form hateful; when the life-sick soul turns with aversion even from the voice and look and lip of friendship and of love; even amidst these awful visitations of alternate apathy and agony, this recollection will reinvest life with attraction and divest death of terror.

In reviewing all the indiscretions and extravagances, into which he has been betrayed, by ignorance of the world, inexperience in its ways and unphilosophical contempt for its customs; by literary vanity; by a despicable avidity for popular applause;\*

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\* In adverting to this circumstance, it may not be unacceptable to any intelligent reader, nor uninstructive to the juvenile candidate for oratorical distinction; to state, that, whilst the pursuit which he had embraced, unhappily tended to nourish that passion for popular applause, which constitutes (he hopes hereafter to be able, in reference to this infirmity, to substitute the past tense,) the master vice of his character, it brought with it a sort of “antidote to the bane.”

He soon became very painfully conscious, that the applause bestowed by a miscellaneous audience, depends more on the animation

by momentary and morbid sensibility even to the grin and yawn of fashion: In reviewing all the indiscretions and extravagancies,

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and impassioned vehemence, with which an oration is delivered; than on the value, novelty or profoundness of the thoughts, or on the propriety, or even beauty of the language in which they are clothed.

The writer is constitutionally and incurably liable to very anomalous fluctuations of spirits and mental energy. At one time his mind, concentrating its energy, he knows not how, and glowing with rapture; seems to irradiate and etherealize the very matter in which it is embodied: At another, his frozen heart, benumbed faculties, palsied tongue, leaden eye, pallid cheek, Hippocratic face, flaccid arteries and feeble pulse, exhibit the appearance of something spectral and sepulchral, and are accompanied by an unassured consciousness, and a faintness of vital energy; vibrating betwixt the sick bed and the sepulchre.

His elocution is, of course, remarkably variable, and, in delivering his orations, is always too vehement or too languid.

His local popularity and eclat, as a disclaimer, underwent a corresponding fluctuation. In the progress of his excursions, every discourse which he delivered, was successively regarded and pronounced, (by audiences of equal taste and intelligence,) the *best* and the *worst*, according to the languor or energy with which it happened to be delivered.

Far, therefore, from being flattered or gratified, he was often deeply mortified and discouraged, by the eulogies that appeared in local gazettes; not only on account of their extravagance, but, as he conceived, and was convinced of, their misapplication.

As an illustration of this curious fact, and as an evidence of the sincerity of the feelings which he has expressed, he will subjoin a card, which he addressed, through the medium of the Pittsburgh Gazette, to a writer in that paper, who signed an extravagant eulogy on his declamation "*The Recluse.*"

"MR. OGILVIE TO THE RECLUSE.

"A CARD.

"After acknowledging, with due sensibility, the politeness of the editor of the Pittsburgh Gazette, and the kindness of the Recluse; Mr.

ces, into which he has been led by scholastic seclusion, by the Godwinian epidemic; by an anomalous temperament; by the excessive use of opium.—In reviewing all these indiscretions and extravagances, (and each and all of them, are

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Ogilvie does not yield to the impulse of momentary feelings, but obeys the dictates of mature conviction, when he asks leave to observe, that the extravagant praise which the Recluse has showered upon him, has mortified him more than the keenest satire, or the most fastidious criticism could have done.

“ Assuredly Mr. O. is not indifferent to the approbation of persons of intelligence and taste, nor is he insensible to the charms of popular applause. But he has lived too long, to experience any sentiment but mortification, from extravagant praise.

“ Praise, bestowed with discernment and impartiality, is confessedly one of the strongest incentives, and precious rewards, of every human exertion or effort; that contributes to the advantage or gratification of others.

“ When lavished, in undue proportion to the “quantum meruit,” or to the quality of desert, it becomes worse than useless: can be gratifying only to imbecility and vanity.

“ The degrees and kinds of merit are infinite: by these the proportions of praise ought to be graduated; with these they ought to correspond.

“ The critic who volunteers his judgment of the rank, which the candidate for literary honours is entitled to claim, ought to recollect that he undertakes to execute a very delicate and responsible office. He ought to be confident that his claim to the qualifications of an umpire is solid and acknowledged, and to have good reasons for believing, that his decision will correspond, at least, that it will not *irreconcilably clash*, with the judgments of that class of persons; whose *concurring judgments* only can decide every question of this sort.

“ If he assigns to the candidate for literary honours, a rank palpably and extravagantly too high; he not only invalidates or annuls his own claim to judicial authority in the tribunal of taste, but disparages and depreciates the positive degree of merit which he unduly exalts.

“ In such cases, it usually happens, that the iniquity of the partial arbiter is visited upon the candidate; who, in consequence, of extravagant praise, is often, in public estimation, placed, for a season, as much

"written in his memory," in characters indelible, but by death,) he recollects with decided self-approbation that on the ROSTRUM; he has never forgotten what was due to the dignity of a pursuit, that opens to the descendants of the

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below, as such unmeasured eulogy attempted to place him above, the rank he may rightfully claim.

"The Recluse has not only compared Mr. Ogilvie with eminent and immortal men, who challenged admiration, in a sphere to which the pursuit, which Mr. O. has embraced, bears no analogy; but with persons with whom, had it been his fortune to contend for glory, he must have felt and known himself to be as inferior, in every mental endowment and accomplishment, as the Grampian hills, are to the Andes, in amplitude and altitude."

The incidental hurry with which this card was written, prevented the narrator from subjoining the following observations, which it will not be useless, perhaps, to add.

"In the metrical address, with which the Recluse closed his eulogy, he expresses an earnest wish that Mr. Ogilvie would deliver orations, from the Rostrum, on the great political questions; which, at this time, divide the opinions, and agitate the passions, of the American people.

"He must be, indeed a "Recluse," not to perceive that the utility, dignity and success; the very prosecution, of the design which Mr. O. has undertaken, not only exclude the discussion and illustration of, but forbid, on the Rostrum, the most remote or oblique allusion to, topics of this nature.

"Assuredly, the security of a regulated and moral freedom is the most precious of all human blessings: Assuredly, such freedom is not a thing speculative in its nature, or equivocal in its value: Assuredly, whatever concerns the use or abuse of freedom, must be of infinite moment, in the estimation of the wise and good: Assuredly, the man cannot have a heart in his bosom, or a soul in his body, who can be neutral in the discussion, or indifferent to the decision, of the political questions, that successively divide the opinions, and agitate the passions, of a free people. He is not worthy to participate the blessings of liberty, who can be thus neutral and indifferent; who, on all proper occasions, will not deliberately form, and boldly avow, the opinion on

Magna virum mater, a career sufficiently beneficent and glorious to satisfy and even to satiate, the amor patriæ and the laudum immensa cupido.

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that side of every such question, which his understanding and his conscience lead him to embrace. He is not a good citizen, who is not at all times ready to die, in defence of freedom, and in defence of whatever is essential to its security and permanence.

“ But there are seasons and places for all things.

“ The Rostrum is not a proper place, nor is the oratory of the Rostrum an appropriate or efficient instrument for such discussions.

“ To invite intelligent and respectable persons, of both sexes, and of all parties, sects and persuasions; to listen to specimens of oratory, and to select, as the subjects of such specimens, questions, the discussion of which, (how luminous, temperate, profound and eloquent soever the discussion might be), cannot fail to alienate, shock and disgust some portion of a miscellaneous audience, would not be Quixotism, but folly.

“ The attempt to allay or mollify party animosities and factious passions, by declamations from the Rostrum; would be to pour oil, not on the agitated wave, but into the burning crater of a volcano.

“ Xerxes, lashing the billows of the Hellespont, did not exhibit a more ludicrous and memorable instance of presumptuous folly.

“ For the presumption of kings and conquerors there is an obvious and plausible apology: for the presumption of those who undertake to instruct and reform their brethren, there is, there can be none: Such presumption deserves all the derision, disappointment, disgraceful and unpitied failure, by which it is surely overtaken and punished.

“ Under a government permanently and essentially popular; a government which will, probably, for a millenium, grow more popular, both in its spirit and in its form; it is all-important that the genuine votaries of literature, the votaries who cherish a generous elevation, a sublime enthusiasm, in the race for moral and intellectual glory, should be aware; not of the expediency, but of the necessity, of disconnecting literary pursuits, as perfectly as possible, from the spirit of party and faction.

“ If they will not listen to expostulation, let them hearken to experience. On this subject, its warning voice speaks in thunder: If they will not weigh arguments, let them look at facts: On this subject they blaze in sunshine.

Much, and he trusts, neither crude nor superficial reflection, have combined with no narrow range of observation and experience, to impress on his mind a conviction; which he thinks it will be proper to avow, that the *Rostrum*, is the most genial nursery for the revival and cultivation of oratory; the most splendid theatre for its exhibition; the most unweeded, fertile and varied soil for its beneficent application, that has been yet opened, to the aspiration of genius, philanthropy and generous ambition.

In an oration entitled the “*Rostrum*,” (the first of the series which he proposes to publish in a second volume,) the narrator will state and illustrate the grounds of this conviction.

He will add, that he indulges a hope, (unless he should be disabled by disease or arrested in his career by death,) to vindicate the claims of this species of oratory to its rightful rank, (within the short period of two succeeding years,) in London, in Edinburgh and in Dublin.

Intending also to publish hereafter, a circumstantial detail of incidents that occurred during his successive excursions through the United States; accompanied by observations and reflections, on the *situation, condition, political institutions, manners and customs, national character, and probable destinies* of the American people; he will close this rapid retrospect, by mentioning a few other incidents, which (in a narrative of this sort, and in relation to the view, with which it is subjoined to the preceding Essays,) it would, he conceives be injudicious, not to narrate.

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“ We have seen, and recently too, more than one *instance*, but *one instance* truly deplorable; of a man, of eminent and acknowledged literary talents, maimed and dismounted, on the Arena, in the very outset of his career: doomed, or, more properly, dooming himself, during the remainder of his life, to baffled effort and blasted hope, in consequence of becoming, (no matter what might be his motive or his object,) the minion of party, and the tool of faction.”

At the close of his second excursion through the eastern and middle states, he determined, after visiting Charleston, Savannah, and one or two of the inland towns in South Carolina and Georgia; to pass eighteen months or two years, in the western states.

To the moral observer, this region presents a spectacle, not only interesting and wonderful; but without parallel in the records of authentic history, or, in any other part of the habitable globe, hitherto explored.

The narrator found here, not only widely scattered and firmly rooted, but in a state of luxuriant vegetation and rapid progress towards maturity; the seeds of a moral, and exuberant civilization.

When he recollects, that this part of the territory of the American Republic, was twenty years ago a howling wilderness, and that it had been explored, reclaimed and populated by a portion of the illustrious race of men, who derive their descent from Scotland, England and Ireland, he felt his heart swell with emotions, with which every human creature, (whose name is worthy to be enrolled amongst the dead or the living, the progenitors or progeny who compose, have heretofore composed, or may hereafter compose, this illustrious race,) will sympathize, *imo corde*.

He was ready to apostrophize with more than filial reverence, the magna virum mater, and to invoke the vengeance of God and man, on the heads of the infatuated wretches, on which ever side of the Atlantic they are born; whether they be natives or inhabitants of insular or continental Albion; who seek to disunite the interests, and alienate the affections of two communities\* whom "nature and nature's God," have bound together by so many precious, sacred, and peculiar ties.

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\* Two communities! It is surely more natural for every citizen or sojourner in the United States, who was born and educated in Britain or Ireland: It is even more rational and philosophical, to regard them as integral parts of one great community, occupying separate territories, and existing under different and independent governments.

Whilst he was indulging these natural, but essentially selfish and partial feelings, he forgot not the homage that is due to the spirit of regulated and moral freedom; to which that illustrious race are indebted for their pre-eminence in the great family of mankind: The homage due to the power of progressive improvement, which promises to diffuse amongst the future descendants of that widely-scattered family, and by the instrumentality mainly of this illustrious race, the blessings of liberty, plenty, and intellectual cultivation.

Nor did he forget the ineffable gratitude, which is due to "Our Father who is in Heaven;" who, by the dispensations of a beneficent providence, is constantly educating good out of evil: who has willed that this world should not only be a theatre for the progressive improvement, but a probationary preparation for an immortality of bliss, to all who are, by the practice of

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The successful revolutionary conflict, which severed for ever the colonial tie; the glorious declaration of independence; the deliberate adoption, and efficient establishment, of a government, democratic in its spirit, and republican in its form, which followed this conflict; are events, (as they affect the separate or common interests of both portions of this great community,) worthy of special gratitude to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift," of anniversary rejoicing, in the temples of the Most High, on both sides of the Atlantic; throughout the civilized world, and to the end of time.

In consequence of these great events, the separate and common interests of both countries, are not only more efficiently protected and promoted, and the feelings of natural affection and social amity, have a deeper and richer soil into which to "strike their everlasting roots," and a kindlier atmosphere to ripen their blessed fruits: but the NEW WORLD, becomes, what it is destined to be, the Regenerator of the old world: an accessible, hospitable and inviolable asylum, to the victims of oppression and the votaries of freedom: the most stable and magnificent monument of the glory of the queen of isles, and "a boundless theatre," in which man is destined

"To run,  
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,  
The GREAT CAREER OF JUSTICE."

piety and virtue, worthy to share it, in “another and a better world.”

To return.—The narrator was not induced to visit the western country solely, by curiosity to contemplate society under an aspect novel and interesting: He wished to devote eighteen months in the solitude of primeval forests, to the composition of a new series of orations; on a plan more systematic, and with an exertion of his faculties, more severe and concentrated.

He had another inducement, in selecting the western country for this purpose.

Soon after his arrival in Virginia, he had become acquainted with a man, who had also been born and educated in Scotland, and emigrated to Virginia, soon after he had finished his studies in the college of Glasgow.

His name is James M’Allister: He is the son of a weaver in Stirling, and one of a family of ten children.

This man was more remarkable for mental capacity and cultivation; for clearness and depth of thought; for perspicuity and promptitude in the colloquial communication of his ideas; for simplicity of manners; for spotless purity, and innocence of heart; for exemption from the influence of every vicious and visionary passion; for whatever exalts one man above another, as an intelligent being: He came nearer to the character of a scientific sage, than any human being, the narrator has ever known, with the exception of William Ogilvie, professor of humanity, in King’s College, Old-Aberdeen, in Scotland.\*

Mr. M’Allister had retired to the western country, settled there, probably for life, married, and become the father of a family.

In the society and conversation of this extraordinary person, the narrator hoped to find an incentive to the prosecution of the noble enterprise which he had undertaken: He hoped to derive

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\* This gentleman is the author of a profound and original essay on “The Right to Property in Land;” of which, if the narrator mistakes not, there is a copy in the Loganian library.

assistance in the development of the momentous subjects, which he proposed to analyze and illustrate.

Here bitter was his disappointment! He found him alive, indeed, and neither in bad health, nor in unprosperous circumstances; but the ghost and shadow of what he might, the narrator adds with pain, *ought* to, have been.

He found him, the idolater and vassal of indolence; the breathing and unburied victim of a voluntary and seemingly predestined insignificance and obscurity.

Yet, with one spark of the laudum immensa cupido, young reader! this man, as an instructor of youth; as a philosopher; as an orator; as a critic; as a legislator; in any pursuit, profession, or sphere, that calls for the display of transcendent genius and ripened wisdom; might have been one of the luminaries of the world, the object of universal and immortal admiration, reverence, and love.

The impotence and obscurity of James M'Allister, is the most singular intellectual anomaly; the most perplexing moral phenomenon; the most mournful and humiliating evidence of the imperfection of "poor human nature," and the most conclusive evidence of the necessity for the love of wealth, power, popularity, or glory, (of some motive distinct from the *mere* power and pleasure of thinking,) to call forth the steady and strenuous exertion of intellectual energy; which the narrator has ever observed, read or heard of.

After spending a week in Lexington, and delivering two of his orations, he visited Bards' town, in the vicinity of which Mr. M'Allister lived, and sometimes, (but as rarely as possible,) moved.

It was his previous intention to reside a few months in this village; in order to have more convenient and frequent access to Mr. M'Allister's society and conversation.

But upon renewing his intercourse with this motiveless monster of intellect, he sensibly felt the infectious stupefaction of his incurable and seemingly innate lethargy.

As he listened to the cogent, but abhorred logic; the nervous, but soul-chilling eloquence, with which he expatiated on

the inanity of fame, present or posthumous; on the difficulties and vexations with which the candidate for literary honours is doomed to struggle, often abortively, and on the nothingness even of the most brilliant and envied and triumphant success; he felt conviction “o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,” the flame of enthusiasm,

“With damp and darkness seem'd to strive,  
As if it scarce could keep alive.”\*

\* Having quoted two lines from one of the most popular productions of a modern poet, (whose poetry has excited so much attention and admiration,) the narrator takes occasion to opine, that the description of the vault of penitence, in Marmion, is perhaps the finest passage in that epic ballad.

One cannot readily find any where a passage, that more powerfully “quells the heart with that grateful terror,” which constitutes one of the noblest efforts of poetical genius, and one of “nectar'd sweets” of cultivated taste: in contrast with the disgusting and sepulchral horror, which is as easily and strongly excited by the tales of a beldame as by the Leonora or Burger, and can be gratifying only to stupid credulity, corrupted taste, infantile or savage ignorance.

In the vault of penitence, all the images of poetical horror are enshrined.

So deep, that the loudest and most piercing shriek, could scarcely “reach the upper air:” So lone, that “few, save the abbot, knew where the place lay:”—That it may be irremovable to its visitants and inmates, “victim and executioner are blindfold, when transported there:” So damp and dim, that the light of a single “cresset,” depending “from its iron chain,” glimmered in its struggle to “keep alive:” So old-and unfrequented, that its “pavement,” is composed of “stones half sunk in earth, by time half wore.”

The “niches,” that yawned in the “dark wall,” so “narrow;” that the “haggard monks, in Benedictine dress,” stood motionless in their apertures: So deep, that the “blazing torches, they upheld,” served only to embrown the darkness, of the unearthy cavity behind them.

Last—The “hewn stones and cement,” prepared to close and seal up whoever or whatever, is thrust there from the world, for ever.

Howsoever extravagant, what the narrator has said of Mr. M'Allister's intellectual powers may seem to readers, to whom his name is mentioned for the first time; he is assured, that he has said nothing which will be thought extravagant, by any of his readers, (their number, alas, must be small,) to whom this extraordinary man is personally known; and who have ever witnessed, during an hour of animated conversation, the fearless frankness, the transparent sincerity of his soul: whose minds have basked for an hour, in the solar brightness of an intellect, that pierced, as if by intuition, and dissipated almost with the evidence of demonstration, every subject on which, and through which, it shot its penetrating beam.

Mr. Taylor, of Caroline county, Virginia,\* (one of the most prompt, practised, dextrous, colloquial gladiators living,) who has often felt the withering glance and grasp of that powerful

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What critic, how eager soever to expose the peculiar defects and blemishes, and however indisposed to relish the peculiar, and often unrivalled beauties of the Scottish minstrel, will, or *can* refuse his admiration to this exquisite passage?

\* This gentleman has recently published a dense and ample octavo, in reply to what Mr. Adams has entitled, "a Defence of the American constitutions."

In giving a title to his works, the latitude and discretion of an author is unquestionably ample, but Antiphrasis is scarcely allowable.

This conflict betwixt the native and savage strength and subtlety of intellect; unarmed, except with the teeth, hoof and talons which nature supplies, and a champion, cased from head to heel, not in the adamantine mail of science, but in the helm and hawberk, &c. of feudal learning: not levelling the rifle of analysis, or discharging the Congreve rockets of philosophical rhetoric, but launching the barbed and feathered shaft, with the skill of a Toxopholite: projecting the massy javelin and ponderous spear, with Telamonian strength; is perhaps the most amusing spectacle, that has been exhibited on the literary arena, in the American republic, since its birth.

The spectacle of this struggle, betwixt the wily Retiarius and the dextrous Secutor, is not merely amusive: to the youthful candidates for literary, philosophic or political distinction, it is highly instructive.

intellect, whose wily eye has wavered, and whose fluent tongue has faltered into momentary dumbness, in colloquial conflict with this invincible logician; will charge the narrator, in what he has said, rather with tameness than extravagance.

This ill-fated man, is doomed to pass the rest of his life, not where he ought to be, near the centre of the most enlightened

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They will see how little, in an age like this, can be accomplished by genius without taste; by learning without knowledge; by sagacity without science.

They will behold the Sysyphus of sophistry,

“ With many a weary step, and many a groan,  
“ Up a high hill, heaving an huge round stone.”

The stone! which science would have empowered him to project from the base, to the “ cloud-capt summit” of the hill, without one “ weary step,” or one “ groan,” by the contraction merely of his finger, or the flexure of his arm.

They will see this “ huge round stone,” “ resulting with a bound,” and descending with accelerated velocity to its original position. The stone! which, had it been aimed with the skill, and projected with the momentum of science, would not only have crushed his adversary, but whirled the very summit (on which he proudly towered, and from which he looked contemptuously down upon the engineer,) into the very bottom of the subjacent vale.

There is no blunder or solecism in phraseology; no fault or defect in style; no species of variety of sophism; no infelicity of illustration, of which Mr. Taylor’s book, does not furnish original and ample specimens; yet, had he enjoyed the benefits of liberal education; had his mind been judiciously disciplined and instructed, Mr. Taylor might have been a profound thinker, an admirable logician, an elegant writer, and an accomplished orator.

Young Virginians—Reeves, Gilmer, Robertson!—Young Carolinians—Legare, Wardlaw, Taylor, Smith!

Young native or adopted citizens of the American republic, in whatever state you may reside, and to whatever sort of distinction you aspire (except that which arises from the accumulation of superabundant, and misapplied or hoarded wealth), remember THIS.

circles in Edinburgh, London, and Paris; but in the bosom of the western wilderness.

Yet even there, his *possible* value is inestimable.

Could any popular Kentuckian patriot, (Mr. Clay, for instance, or the narrator's noble-minded friends, Hawkins and Crittenden,) draw him from his idolized obscurity, and place him at the head of the college of Lexington, (whose present president would surely vanish at the very sound of his name;) they would give themselves additional claims not only to the confidence and respect of their countrymen, but titles to the gratitude of posterity.

It is afflicting, it is humiliating, to reflect; that whilst the votaries of Mammon ransack the sunless and poison-breathing caverns of the earth; descend even to the ceiling of Pandemonium; venture almost into the jaws of death and hell, to extract gold from the bowels of the earth; patriotism will suffer wisdom to slumber inactively on its surface, and genius to "waste its sweetness on the desert air."

After a few interviews, he recoiled with implacable antipathy from this incarnate Genius of the Castle of Indolence, and fled from his society, before he had fastened his spell upon his soul.

From Bards' town, he made an excursion to Nashville, in the state of Tennessee: On his way thither, he stopped for refreshment at a solitary log-house, situated at the bottom of a glen, encircled by hills, whose summits may have been bathed by the waters of the flood, and whose sides were overshadowed by pathless, and at that season of the year, leafless forest. There was not a human habitation within miles of this house.

Here he found an intelligent gentleman, with an amiable wife, and interesting children.

This gentleman had emigrated from Virginia ten or twelve years before, and possessed in an uncommon degree, the urbanity and affability of deportment, independence and generosity of spirit, ingenuousness of disposition and warmth of feeling, which characterize the Virginian and South Carolinian gentlemen.

This family lived in singular seclusion: neighbours they had none, and their distant acquaintances and friends could not be expected to visit this solitary spot, during the dreary winter, which was then commencing.

This spot, seemed to be peculiarly favourable to the fruition of intense and uninterrupted reflection. Here the contemplative visionary, (morning, noon, and night,) might ruminate in a noiseless chamber, or roam the dismal and silent forest.

Here such a visionary might brood over his own thoughts; revel in reverie, and bask in the sunshine of contemplation, amid a stillness unbroken,

“ Save when the beetle wheel’d his drony flight,  
“ Wound his slow and sullen horn,”

Or, when the startling bat

“ Flitted by on leathern wing.”

Here accordingly, the narrator determined, with the consent of his landlord, to sojourn six months, and devote his leisure exclusively to the composition of orations.

On intimating his wish to this gentleman, (Mr. Benjamin Temple,) his consent and that of his lady were promptly, and even affectionately accorded.

In this state of monastic seclusion,

“ The world forgetting, by the world forgot,”

without access to books, or to any society, but that of the family for half an hour at breakfast and dinner, and sometimes an hour and a half in the evening; he consumed six months in tasking and exhausting, the transient and tantalizing hours of intellectual energy, which in his “ system,” are uniformly alternated by days, weeks, and sometimes by months; of collapse, atony, and impotent volition.

At the expiration of this period, he determined, (for the sake of health and exercise, and in order to try the effect of one or two of the orations, which he had written during his seclusion,)

to visit the principal towns in Kentucky, and to deliver orations in each.

He passed successively, (lingering a few days in each,) through Louisville, Bards' town, Frankfort, Lexington, Danville, Winchester, and Paris, and had often the pleasure of addressing audiences, (composed of nearly one hundred persons of both sexes,) nowise inferior in intelligence and accomplishments to their eastern brethren.

That an amusement, in its essence literary and rhetorical; wholly divested of the fable, pageantry, and music of the theatre; fastidiously disconnected from all connection with, or, even allusion to, party and faction: that an amusement that presupposes no *merely* vulgar ignorance or rudeness, in the persons to whom it is addressed, should have attracted, (generally attracted) marked and respectful attention, is surely no equivocal evidence of an advanced civilization.

But facts are better than compliments, especially in a narrative. A well turned and properly applied compliment, is nothing but a fact courteously and gracefully insinuated. Indeed any compliment that has no foundation in fact, is but sarcasm in disguise, insidious flattery, or covered irony: a compliment in the teeth of fact, (however intended or received,) is falsehood, base and vile; can be uttered only by fraud, and can be acceptable only to folly.

The narrator is aware, that there are persons in the eastern states, so uninformed and prejudiced, as to regard their western brethren as a sort of savages.

Having spoken of the inhabitants of the western country, in a complimentary strain; he will therefore record a fact, which (amongst many others which he could now, and probably will hereafter, state), will evince that the compliments he has paid, are neither unmeaning nor undeserved.

He has previously stated, that in delivering his orations in small towns, he was obliged to hire the use of ball-rooms.

In Kentucky, from the non-existence as yet of any more commodious and appropriate place, he uniformly addressed his audience in such rooms.

In the larger cities of the eastern states, the pecuniary remuneration exacted for the use of the rooms in which he delivered his orations; was uniformly the *maximum*.

He records with pride and satisfaction two exceptions: During his visit to the city of Washington, the hall of the house of representatives was, (with the unanimous consent of the members,) offered for his use, and he was not allowed to defray the expense of lighting the noble hall, (in which he had the honour to address the most august audience, that can be assembled in the United States,) nor that incurred by erecting a temporary Rostrum.

In Richmond too, the hall of the house of delegates was, (both during the recess and session of the legislature,) opened for his reception, by the governor of Virginia, (governor Barbour,) and in a manner the most gratifying and acceptable.

In Kentucky the ball-rooms in which he spoke, made a part of hotels and taverns.

Without intending to make any invidious comparison, between the proprietors and superintendants of hotels and persons in other stations; it will be admitted, that this employment is not particularly favourable to the cultivation or exercise of liberality, in pecuniary transactions.

That this employment does not preclude, on the part of those who adopt it, the exercise of such liberality, the fact about to be stated, would alone sufficiently evince.

Whatever Pope *meant*, there is good and solid sense in the lines,

“ Honour and shame, from no condition rise,  
“ *Act well* your part, there *all* the honour lies.”

Liberality and illiberality, are dispositions in the minds, and habits, in the character of man and woman; not the adjuncts or effects of their employments.

A guest possessing sensibility and discernment, may feel that he is treated illiberally, in the most gorgeous palace that opulence has ever erected, and at the most sumptuous banquet, by which the senses were ever feasted:—And the same stranger may experience a liberality, that will awaken the finest

sensibilities of his soul, in the humblest cot, in which poverty ever hid its head.

But to proceed—During his successive visits to the principal towns of Kentucky, in three instances; in Lexington, Danville, and Frankfort, the proprietors of hotels refused to make any charge for the use of their ball-rooms, assigning as a reason, that they thought the rooms honoured by such exhibitions.

He well remembers, that captain Davinport, (the proprietor of a hotel in Danville,) when the narrator pressed him to receive a moderate, and barely equitable compensation, for incidentally considerable trouble and inconvenience, in preparing the room for his reception, declined with a feeling somewhat indignant.

After having twice traversed the greater part of the United States, in the character of a disclaimer on the Rostrum, and delivered discourses on NATIONAL EDUCATION, on the PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION, AND PROSPECTS OF SOCIETY; on LUXURY; on USURY; on DUELING, GAMING, SUICIDE and WAR; on the UTILITY OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES, on the PRESS, on the ROSTRUM, on BENEFICENCE, &c. besides various, and somewhat elaborate criticisms, annexed to the recitation of select passages of poetry; the narrator determined to prepare a course of Lectures on Oratory, for the purpose of being delivered to successive classes, formed in the colleges and principal cities of the United States.

He proposed to accompany these lectures, by regular exercises in composition, criticism, and, above all, of ELOCUTION.

Unaccompanied by such exercises, (steadily, diligently, and skilfully conducted,) any course of lectures on oratory, however luminous and original, must be inefficient; with any view to the practical instruction or improvement of youth, in the cultivation of the grandest and most useful of all human accomplishments.

The notorious and opprobrious inefficiency of all *modern* efforts to impart, or even to improve practical skill in oratory; is principally ascribable to the incapacity or disinclination of lecturers on oratory, to connect such exercises with the delivery of their lectures.

In teaching elocution, (and the extent to which skill in elocution may be taught, he *knows* to be great, and believes to be indefinite, or limitable only by the skill of the teacher,) the drudgery and labour which he must undergo, are no doubt, overwhelming, and the occasional trial of temper is tremendous.

But this drudgery, and labour, and trial of temper, must be encountered with philanthropic energy, endured with Christian patience, and pursued with Lancasterian perseverance, by every lecturer on oratory, who is disposed and qualified to do his duty: By every teacher of oratory, who is smitten with an honest zeal, inspired, the narrator would rather say, by a noble emulation, to promote the revival and cultivation of an art; which has gone back, whilst inferior arts, (and what other art is not inferior!) have advanced, and even in consequence of the advancement of inferior arts: To promote the cultivation of an art, the revival of which, is the proudest and fairest trophy of republican liberty; the nurture of which, is her darling care; the perfection of which, is at once her shield and spear.

Having formed this design, (the execution of which, he considered as the second stage, in the progress of the enterprise which he had undertaken,) he was led, by circumstances which he will proceed to state, to select the college of South Carolina, as the theatre of his first systematic effort as a teacher of oratory.

In the progress of his first excursion through the United States, he had paid a short visit to Columbia; the seat of the college, and the seat also, of the annual sessions of the state legislature.

On his arrival there, he waited on the president of the college, doctor Maxcy; and was received and treated with Attic simplicity and urbanity, by that ingenious, learned and most amiable man.

On intimating his intention to deliver one or two of his orations in Columbia; president Maxcy, in a manner the most prompt, cordial and flattering, offered him the use of the college-chapel for that purpose.

This offer was readily and thankfully accepted, and he had the satisfaction to deliver three orations, in a place suitable to the dignity of such exhibitions.

The admission of students was, of course, gratuitous: nearly all the students then at college, attended every evening; although a smaller number of the citizens of Columbia listened to these orations, than he had ever addressed in any city, town, or rural village, which he had previously visited.

After delivering a third oration, as he was crossing the area in front of the college, he was surprised by the sudden bursting forth of a blaze of light: on looking back, he beheld the windows of the college, and of the house of president Maxcy, brilliantly illuminated; and over the door of the Chapel, a transparency, exhibiting the American eagle, bearing in her talons the narrator's name.

So lively a demonstration of the ardour and sensibility of ingenuous youth, was most gratifying and even delicious, to the feelings of the narrator: He envies not, nay he would feel strong disgust towards the gravity, dignity, stoicism, (call it what you please,) of the man, who could witness such a demonstration, of which he was himself the object, without kindred emotions.

It was the recollection of this circumstance; combined with the blended confidence, respect, esteem, and even attachment, which the conversation, manners, and countenance of president Maxcy, had left upon his mind; which determined him to select the college of South Carolina, as the theatre of his first systematic effort to teach oratory.

He accordingly, soon after his return from the western country, revisited Charleston: after passing a few days there; he travelled to Columbia, and took the earliest opportunity to explain the object of his visit, to the Faculty and Trustees of the college.

He experienced from both the most liberal and polite reception: every facility, to the gratification of his wishes and the execution of his project, which it was in their power to afford, was extended to him.

By the advice of his friend, doctor Maxcy, (who embraced the proposal with an ardour that corresponded, and even vied, with his own,) he printed a short prospectus of the nature and objects of the course of lectures, &c. which he proposed to deliver. An extract from this prospectus will be found in the appendix to this volume.

The pecuniary compensation which he required was unusually moderate: It would have afflicted and mortified him, to have prevented, any student, (who possessed the requisite share of capacity, cultivation, and ambition,) from offering himself, *on the score of expense*, as a candidate for admission into the class, he wished to form.

The hope of pecuniary emolument, made no part of his inducement to undertake this design.

Not that he is insensible to the propriety and reasonableness of being influenced, and even, in many instances, *exclusively* influenced, by views of pecuniary emolument. At his time of life, he would be thoroughly ashamed of so absurd an affectation, or of so childish a delusion.

Nor is he at all disposed to overlook the efficacy, or dispraise the propriety of such motives; when directed to their proper objects, and confined within their appropriate sphere.

In all pursuits, that have for their object the gratification of the animal wants of the individual; or the acquisition of the physical means of gratifying wants of any description; regard to pecuniary emolument is a reasonable, moral, and becoming motive of action.

Such motives and actions make a part of virtue; that virtue on which the happiness of every human being *more or less*, and on which the happiness of a great majority of human beings, *principally*, depends.

But such motives never *did*, and never *can*, prompt generous, magnanimous, or noble actions.

If such motives consciously influence exertions, that have for their object the moral and intellectual improvement of our fellow men, and especially of ingenuous youth; they tarnish the motive, pervert the action, and debase the actor.

If such motives stimulate actions that ought to be prompted by the love of glory, present and posthumous; of good, moral, or, intellectual; by a species of infernal Alchemy, they transmute virtue into vice.

The worship of God and Mammon, are not more irreconcileable, than a concern about pecuniary emolument, in the execution of any noble enterprise: in the exercise of philanthropy and patriotism; or in the performance of liberal or noble actions.

These are not the sudden and crude, but the habitual and mature convictions of the narrator: to prevent honest misconception, and disarm malignant misrepresentations, he thinks it proper in this place, to explain these convictions with a distinctness, which cannot readily be mistaken or mistated.

In forming this class, the sole difficulty was created by the disproportion, between the number of students in the college of Columbia, who were desirous to be admitted into the class; and the number of pupils, which, (with a view to the fairness and success of the experiment,) it was eligible to receive.

The class, however, was readily formed, and with one or two *very* melancholy exceptions, the narrator could scarcely have found in this, or probably in any other college, the same number of young persons more capable of acquiring, or more ambitious to acquire, knowledge of the principles, and skill in the exercise, of the noblest of the arts.

He entered upon this course of lectures about the beginning of March: it closed at the end of June.

He delivered two lectures a week: each lecture usually occupied the attention of the class intensely, from two to three hours.\*

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\* During that period of his life, which was devoted to the professional instruction of youth; the narrator was impelled, "omni et imo corde," with inefnable disgust, scorn and horror, to abjure, (as perfectly as he possibly could,) all coercive and penal methods of exercising scholastic authority, of communicating knowledge, and of influencing the minds of his pupils.

Nearly three hours every evening, (with the exception of Sundays,) were devoted to exercises in elocution.

On Sunday forenoon, he spent an hour in instructing a small number of young men, (who intended to take orders,) to read

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He became indefatigably, and almost instinctively ingenious, in devising *methods* and *modes* of teaching “the young idea how to shoot;” without shooting, like teeth through the gums, or corns in the toes—with PAIN.

At the close of many, and of many *abortive* efforts, trials and experiments; he stumbled upon the following mode of lecturing; which he ventures to recommend, affectionately and most respectfully, to instructors of youth; as the most delightful and efficient mode of communicating knowledge by lecture; of awakening liberal curiosity, of attaching the pupil to his instructor—of attaching the pupil to knowledge—of attaching pupils to each other—of inducing, and even compelling the instructor, to analyze and digest the subject of his lecture—of enabling the instructor to scan the disposition and capacity of his pupil—as the most delightful and efficient method of instructing youth by lecture, of which he has any knowledge.

The following explanation of his mode of lecturing is addressed exclusively to teachers: he begs leave to request, that, before they condemn, they will do *him, it and themselves*, the justice, fairly to try it.

On entering the lecture room, he laid upon the table a manuscript, containing a series of questions, the answers to which comprehended the substance of each successive lecture: These questions were transcribed, as expeditiously as possible, by every member of the class, into the blank-book with which they were furnished, for that purpose exclusively: When transcribed; he requested any member of the class, to read, in his place, the first question:—The question thus proposed; he rose, and answered, in a manner, which was, he trusts, generally, full, clear and impressive: It then became the duty of every member of the class, to prepare himself, as speedily as possible, to restate, aloud, and in his own language, the substance of the explanation: That due time might be afforded for this purpose, the lecture was suspended, until it was announced to the lecturer, by a member, that the whole class were thus prepared:—He then proposed the question to one, two, or, perhaps, three members, of the class, taken without selection; who rose in their places successively, and restated the substance

with propriety, one of the finest pieces of composition in any language, (but unless well read, intolerably tedious,) the English Episcopal service.

On Wednesday evening, different portions of the class recited successively, select passages in prose and verse, from the

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of the explanation: If these restatements, were made with sufficient distinctness of thought and propriety of expression; he proceeded to the second question, and from the second to the third, through the whole series, until the lecture was concluded: the explanation connected with each question, passing through the same preparatory process by the class, as the first:—But, if any member of the class, (when called on to restate the substance of an explanation,) exhibited evidence, that he had not perfectly comprehended it, the lecture was again suspended, for a few minutes, until such member of the class obtained, from the lecturer, or from his class-fellows, a more distinct knowledge of the subject.

When cases of this sort occurred, those members of the class, who, (from closer habits of attention, or greater quickness of apprehension,) had more readily and clearly seized an explanation, were urged to stimulate and aid the exertions of their companions.

When the lecture, thus delivered, was finished; every member of the class was required to prepare a *written* answer to one of the questions; which converted the explanations that composed the lecture, into a series of exercises in composition: These exercises were handed to the lecturer, when the class assembled to listen to the succeeding lecture, and as soon as they assembled.

This mode of lecturing devolves upon the lecturer, the duty of delivering his explanations, in the first instance, perspicuously and impressively: his ideas must be distinctly conveyed, and attention vividly awakened: Abstract reasoning must be embellished by imagery, and embodied by illustration: When it is requested by a majority of the class, an explanation, which, from its novelty or abstraction, may be difficult of comprehension; must be restated, again and again, by the lecturer; not reluctantly and impatiently, but eagerly and willingly, and with the liveliest desire, and the most strenuous and patient effort, to assist the student in comprehending the explanation. Whilst he exacts from every member of the class a steady and profound attention; the lecturer, in listening to the restatements, and revising the written

works of eminent authors; in the presence of persons of both sexes, in Columbia, or in its vicinity, who felt an inclination, and found it convenient to attend.

On these occasions, the college-chapel was thrown open: The audiences were always numerous and respectable, sometimes crowded, even to overflowing: But their excessive and often injudicious plaudits, were rather unfavourable, than propitious to the proficiency of his pupils, even in elocution.

He well remembers, that during one of those evenings; a young gentleman of very promising talents, who recited with

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exercises, of the students; ought to manifest, not only a sincere and anxious desire for their improvement, but a punctilious and delicate attention to their feelings.

This mode of lecturing, devolves on every member of the class, the duty of giving, (so far as the will can controul the vagrancy of thought,) his whole attention to the lecturer, during the delivery of the successive explanations that compose the lecture: Of exerting all the energy of his mind to recover and reconnect the train of ideas; and to be able, when called on, to restate an explanation, to clothe his ideas in language, not only correct and perspicuous, but copious and elegant: Should an explanation seem to be unusually difficult, it will be the duty of the student to encounter it, with adequate spirit and perseverance; to invite the assistance of his fellow-students, and should his utmost exertions, thus aided, be unsuccessful, to apply to the lecturer for re-explanation:—In every class, composed of twenty members; inequalities in capacity, intelligence and attainments, will inevitably exist: Some will apprehend more readily, conceive more distinctly, and express their ideas with greater promptitude and brilliancy than others. Some will have been more fortunate than others, in the early excitement and development of their faculties.

Young persons, who have any natural or acquired superiority of this kind, ought to regard the opportunity it affords, of assisting their class-fellows in the acquisition of knowledge; as the most precious privilege, which such superiority confers.

The pleasure of *acquiring* ought to be blended, as early and intimately as possible, with the more exquisite pleasure of *communicating* knowledge. These pleasures have an essential tendency to *purify* and *exalt* each other, &c.

remarkable propriety, one of the finest passages of “Paradise Lost,” was permitted to retire from the Rostrum, without a plaudit from his auditors; whilst a smart boy of twelve or fourteen years of age, extorted a thundering plaudit, by reciting Merrick’s “Cameleon”\* with uncommon vivacity.

The presence of auditors during exhibitions of this sort, is highly eligible; but unless they can be prevailed on to listen without clapping, or are qualified to clap with discrimination, their presence is *baful*.

During these four months; so intense and sustained was the enthusiasm of the narrator, that although his health was shattered, his debility extreme, his appearance spectral, and his prospect of living twelve months desperate; he not only enjoyed habitual cheerfulness, but was exquisitely happy.

Yet during this period, young reader! he suspended all social intercourse; scarcely allowed himself half an hour in the day for exercise, and never retired to rest till the pen dropped from his hand, and his head sunk upon the table, from exhaustion of bodily and mental energy.

Yet he was happy, young reader! exquisitely happy; Cesar at Pharsalia, Napoleon after the battle of Marengo, Crœsus surveying his hoarded treasures, might have envied the happiness which *he* enjoyed. Do you ask, why he was thus happy? Because the better feelings and higher faculties of his nature were intensely excited, strenuously and steadily exerted.

Make the experiment, young reader! (for nothing, I fear, but your *own* experience will impress a full and fruitful conviction,) and you will be convinced, that the steady exertion of

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\* The narrator suspected that this plaudit was injurious to the boy, on whom it was bestowed—so strong was this impression, that, at his final exhibition in Columbia, he would not permit this boy to recite Collins’ “Ode to the Passions;” although his father specially requested that he might recite the ode, and although the boy would have recited it, remarkably well. The narrator’s reason for refusing his permission was; because his father requested it, and because his son would have recited the ode, *remarkably* well.

the distinguishing faculties of human nature, (in a pursuit, *really, or believed to be,* useful to yourself and others,) is the only kind of pleasure, which is not *pain* in disguise; the only kind of pleasure that is not outweighed, merged and *obliterated* in the pain of which it is *necessarily* the cause; the only kind of pleasure that,

“ Brings to its sweetness no satiety.”

In addition to the Prospectus, previously referred to, the reader will find in the Appendix, an extract from the Card, in which the final examination and exhibitions of the class were announced: He will find also, the spontaneous testimonials of the Faculty and Trustees of the college, with regard to the result of the first systematic effort, that has been made in the American republic; or any where else probably, in *modern* times, to promote the revival and cultivation of oratory.

At the close of the final exhibition of the class in the college chapel; one of his pupils, (in the name of the class, and in a manner that gracefully testified his own sentiments and those of his friends and fellow-students,) presented the narrator with a gold medal; “ As a token of their esteem and gratitude towards him, “for his unremitting attention, in promoting their improvement.”

When he has since delivered orations from the Rostrum, this medal has been uniformly suspended around his neck, and proudly too.

Having entered thus auspiciously, on the second stage in the prosecution of the design, which he had undertaken; he began to fix his eye steadily on the third, as it distinctly emerged above the edge of his widening horizon, and loomed and lowered, like the Alpine heights, when they first arrested the gaze of Hannibal.

The stage to which he now so pompously adverted; was the establishment of *efficient* professorships of oratory in the Colleges, and the erection of spacious and magnificent halls, (exclusively dedicated to the exercise and exhibition of oratory, on the Rostrum,) in the principal cities of the American republic.

The obvious and *inevitable* difficulties, incident to this stage in the progress of his career; “might startle well,” but could not “astound,” the soul of an adventurer, in the maturity of life; who had long been instructed and disciplined by the “lore of the stern and rugged nurse,” and had,

“ever” walked, “attended  
By a strong siding champion, *conscience;*”  
Attended too, by “*pure ey’d FAITH:*”

an adventurer, whose path, (in all his devious and romantic wanderings,) had ever been lighted by the torch of the “prime cheerer,”

“white-handed hope,  
“The hovering angel, girt with golden wings.”

In his first struggle with these difficulties; the “strong-siding champion” quailed—The “stern and rugged nurse,” the “relentless power;” the “tamer of the human breast,” resumed her “iron scourge;” inflicted pangs “unfelt before;” her victim tasted “of pain,” and vainly groaned, *unpitied* and *alone.\**

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\* Having quoted, more than once, Gray’s “Ode to Adversity,” the writer, (although he would assuredly deem it a sort of sacrilege, “to violate its dignity by slight censure,”) cannot deny himself the pleasure of bestowing on it, the tribute of his unqualified and increasing admiration.

This ode, may challenge comparison with any other human productions of the same kind. It unites excellencies that are rarely exhibited, even separately, and still more rarely combined, in the same composition: philosophical profoundness of thought, moral sentiments the most pure and sublime, the persuasive energy of eloquence, and the overpowering enthusiasm of poetry.

How admirably is the tendency, of adversity to humanize the heart, and establish habits of moderation, fortitude, self-command and self-denial, described!

How forcibly is the inexperienced and reckless favourite of fortune, warned against the indulgence of the habitual intoxication, which pros-

For a season the “prime cheerer” ceased to cheer, the “hovering angel” folded her “golden wings.”

In his first struggle with these difficulties he was maimed, dismounted, discomfited, and wounded: nor has the wound yet ceased to bleed.

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perity has a tendency to excite! how entirely are the false colours, with which its sunshine gilds the scenes that surround him, effaced and dissipated!

How distinctly is the line drawn, betwixt that sort of adversity that constitutes the school of virtue, and that which has been appointed by Heaven, as the scourge of guilt!

With what solemnity and devotion, does the poet supplicate, for himself and his fellow men, to be initiated in the school, and protected from the scourge, of adversity!

In the tone and attitude, of a commissioned minister of divine vengeance; he denounces the inevitable and tormenting punishments, by which prosperous guilt, and triumphant tyranny, are doomed to expiate their crimes: With the aspect, and in the accents, of a messenger from the skies, he unveils the angelic guard, (unseen by vulgar, invisible to guilty eyes,) that watch over the safety, bind up the wounds, and temper the fortitude, of every virtuous victim of adversity.

With what solemn energy! what harmony of numbers! what picturesque personification! what vivid allegorical painting! are these sublime sentiments embellished, and these inestimable lessons inculcated!

In this ode, (if an allusion to classical mythology may be pardoned), sentiments, suggested by Minerva, are harmonized by the lyre of Apollo; and every Muse, save one, successively inspires the strains in which they are conveyed: Thalia alone, is motionless and mute: as she listens, with downcast eye, her countenance, for the moment, assumes an expression of reverence and awe.

It is not on the susceptible feelings and undisciplined imagination of inexperienced youth, that the moral sublimity of this ode can be fully impressed; nor by its immature judgment, that its excellence can be adequately appreciated. This noble ode is a banquet for the meridian of our lives, and for the maturity of our powers.

To a mind originally vigorous and virtuous; sufficiently cultivated by liberal education; invigorated, without being narrowed, by experience; disciplined by the knowledge, without being hackneyed in the

He is quite aware, that he is expressing himself in language that will be distinctly understood only by one reader in a hundred, and expressing sensations which will awaken a vivid sympathy in the hearts of one only in a hundred readers, to whom this language will be clearly intelligible: yet this language is the idiosyncratic idiom, the spontaneous emanation of his feelings, and for the sake of the delicious sympathy of the few existing, and the *many* unborn minds to which this language will be delicious, he cheerfully subjects himself to the scorn, and, (if it so pleases them,) to the neglect, or even to the curse, of the mob of readers.

In plain language, he prepared two elaborate orations, for the purpose of illustrating the prospective benefits, that would result from the establishment of efficient professorships of oratory in the colleges; and from the erection of oratorial halls, in the principal cities of the United States.

The first oration he had the honour of delivering, in the presence of the legislature of South Carolina.

Towards the close of his oration he distinctly intimated; that "if such a professorship were established in the college of South Carolina, with the annexation of a salary as ample as that which was attached to the presidency of the institution, and if he were unanimously invited by the legislature to fill the rhetorical chair; although he would be *deeply* and *duly* sensible of the honour conferred on him, it would be altogether incompatible

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ways, of the world, and inured to various vicissitudes of fortune; there is probably no poetical effusion, that will afford livelier, more elevated or unalloyed delight, than the "Ode to Adversity."

The young man, who can read it with enlightened admiration and unaffected rapture; exhibits no equivocal evidence, not only of correct and refined taste, but of just moral sentiments.

The man, in the maturity or decline of life, who can *fully* enjoy its beauty, must possess, what is more to be envied than cultivated taste; "a conscience void of offence."

with his engagements and plans, to accept so flattering an invitation."

The eligibility of such a Professorship was generally, he believes unanimously, admitted, by the intelligent and patriotic members of the legislature: it was admitted too, that the narrator, (although he rose from a couch of debility and pain to deliver this oration, and retired to a couch of greater debility and pain, after having delivered it,) had, on no former occasion, in South Carolina, spoken so impressively.

In vain! The feelings of his respectable auditors, after venting themselves in a loud and protracted plaudit, evaporated "into thin air."

During his last visit to Charleston, he made two distinct efforts, in that city, to pave the way for the erection of a hall solemnly dedicated, and exclusively appropriated, to the public exhibition of oratory.\*

He invoked his respectable auditors, (with an earnestness almost importunate,) to reflect, "how nobly such an edifice would embellish the principal cities of the United States! how appropriately and how proudly, it would adorn and distinguish the metropolis of one of the amplest, fairest, and most fertile portions of a territory, over which "rulers reign under laws, their rulers!"

"In the capitals of Europe," he added, "we behold 'cloud-capt Towers, and gorgeous Palaces, and solemn Temples,' and Halls of Legislation, and Courts for the administration of justice, and Academies and Colleges for the instruction of youth, and Theatres for the display of dramatic genius and histrionic skill, and Repositories for the exhibition of specimens of the fine arts, and Museums in which are collected and preserved, all the curious and anomalous productions of Nature's triple kingdom;

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\* The term oratory is used, in preference to eloquence, because the former is admitted to include, whilst the latter (according to its modern acceptation) does not include, an exertion of the powers of elocution.

facilitating by disposition, and by exciting curiosity opening, the avenues of science."

Glorious monuments these, of the progress of civilization; the best securities for its permanence; the most efficient means of extending its bloodless, beneficent, bliss-diffusing empire!

In Europe, oratory alone, has neither an asylum nor an altar, neither resting place nor refuge!—Yet,

" Her path where'er the Goddess roves,  
" Glory pursues and gen'rous shame,  
" The unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame."\*  
" Alike she scorns the pomp of tyrant-power  
" And coward vice, that revels in her chains.  
" When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
" She sought, O Albion, next, thy sea-encircled coast!"

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\* Surely the admirers of poetry, and of the quintessential and sublimest kind of poetry, the Pindaric, might have indulged a hope that the stanza, (of which the closing lines are here quoted,) would not only have escaped the cavilling of the most fastidious, but have extorted a plaudit from the sternest and coldest critic.

A succession of images, exquisitely picturesque and poetical, and embellished by every charm, which felicity of epithet, and harmony of numbers, can impart: a succession of images, inspired by the Muses, and attired by the Graces, closes with a sentiment, which Minerva might have prompted, and Urania approved.

The "Heavenly Muse," in a form,

" As glorious,  
" As is a winged messenger, from Heaven,  
" When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,  
" And sails upon the bosom of the air,"

is beheld descending from Heaven, (betwixt the equator and either pole,) to alleviate the

" Ills that await,  
" Man's feeble race."

Assuredly, no mortal, who can peruse this divine stanza, without indulging emotions ineffably rapturous; will ever experience alleviation

In Albion, insular Albion, she lingers yet: the vestige of her sandal'd foot is yet visible, her inspiring breath is yet felt! as her votary pauses and ponders, and weeps, over the monumental marble, that enshrines all that is mortal, of Chatham, Burke, and Fox.

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from the “ills that flesh is heir to,” from the inspiration of the heavenly muse.

Turn, good reader, with horror turn! to that page in the book which, per Antiphrasin, per Synechdochen, et per Catachresin, is ycleped “The *Lives of the British Poets*”—for, unless you *read*, unless you have, as I now have, the evidence of your senses; you will not, you *cannot*, believe, that the Biographer of the British poets; one of the umpires on the tribunal of taste—has *pronounced*, (whilst sitting on this tribunal,) that this stanza describes, “*well enough*,” the influence of poetry.

“ Poor human nature!”

*It is mournful—it is humiliating!*

It is the rare and regal privilege of intellects, like Johnson’s, to stamp his opinion on the minds of millions: to assign to every candidate for literary honours, his rank in *popular* estimation, for ages, *perhaps* for ever.

That such an intellect should thus abuse its privilege, is scarcely less revolting to the enlightened mind, than the venality of Demosthenes, or, the Cæsaricide of Brutus.

“ Well enough!” The phrase almost immemorially appropriated to foster the first feeble efforts of a docile child, who has learnt to “lisp,” before it attempts to interpret, or is qualified to understand, and of course, to admire, “Cicero the Orator.” The phrase, in which the sullen pedagogue, coldly and guardedly lauds the tasked exercises of juvenile intellect: The “faint praise,” by which the low-minded, envious and consciously-eclipsed competitor for poetical glory, endeavours, vainly endeavours! to wither the “amaranthine wreath” that encircles a rival’s brow: The reluctant eleemosynary dole of mercy, (more terrible than the keenest satire, more mortifying than the bitterest vituperation); by which criticism gently consigns to oblivion, the abortive effusions of dullness and mediocrity, is *here applied* (by one of the *idolized* arbiters of poetical honours), to a stanza, that may challenge comparison with any other, ever written by mortal man:—

What American citizen can be insensible to the honour of providing an asylum for so glorious an exile; a home for so illustrious a guest! Ever *last* to retreat, and *first* to re-appear, in the train of republican liberty.

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A stanza, in contemplating which, the eye of the Theban Eagle would have blenched with admiration; “his plumes” would have “droop’d, and his wing flagg’d,” with conscious inferiority, with willing homage: A stanza, whose imagery the chisel and the pencil of Greece, would have emulously embodied: A stanza, closing with an aspiration which,

“ Bright rapture soaring as she sings,”

wafts to Heaven—which every muse ratifies and re-echoes with ravishment—An aspiration which Urania hallows—which Nature inspires, and “Nature’s God” approves.

That the arbiter of poetical merit, can be so far influenced by envy, by illiberality, by ignorance, or by insensibility, as to pronounce, from the judgment-seat of criticism, such a sentence, on such a stanza; is truly lamentable.

Partiality and injustice, of this sort, have a tendency to shake the confidence of unphilosophical readers, in the authority of a tribunal, whose decisions are so irreconcilably adverse; not only to the deliberate judgments of uncultivated, but to the moral instincts of untutored, but susceptible minds: To countenance an opinion, that in matters of taste; natural unanalyzed, and unanalyzing sensibility, is a safer guide, than the canons of criticism:—To warrant a presumption, that the beauties of poetry are of a nature too subtle to be susceptible of analysis: that, like the finer elastic fluids, they are discernible and palpable only in their remote and combined effects, and, in their elementarity, elude alike the attention of the ordinary, and the ingenuity of the curious, inquirer: To give currency, and even a specious sanction, to the pedant’s aphorism, and the dunce’s refuge—*De gustibus nil disputandum.*

With regard to the *Truth* of the sentiment, with which this glorious stanza closes, Doctor Johnson has obliquely insinuated a sceptical doubt, which not only deserves, but demands, more serious notice.

With what pride, would the American patriot, point out to the admiration of foreigners, an edifice so original in its design; so noble in its destination: an edifice of which none of the capitals of Europe exhibit a model: an edifice truly American,

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It will be proper to quote his own words—"The opinion that poetry and virtue go together, &c."

This opinion is founded in Truth and Nature, and on this foundation the Heavenly Muse rests her "divine right," not to the admiration merely, but to the reverence and homage of mortals.

All genuine poetry; all poetry that mends, whilst it melts the heart, that purifies, whilst it gratifies taste, that elevates, whilst it ravishes imagination; that, amidst every fluctuation and revolution in government, laws, customs, manners, opinions, tastes and fashions, preserves and displays an unimpaired and imperishable charm, is indissolubly wedded, and even identified, with VIRTUE.

"The prime cheerer," Light, is not more essentially connected with genial heat: the prismatic colours with the solar ray.

Political institutions are liable to infinite perversion, from the profligate ambition, the narrow views, or from the conscientious errors of their founders.

In systems of physics; sophistry, authority and eloquence, may spread over nations, and perpetuate, from age to age, a specious, but fallacious hypothesis, in place of a transcript of the truth of things; an evolution of the chain of cause and effect.

But all genuine poetry, is in its essence, an effusion of feelings, of which every human heart, (however corrupted,) instinctively feels the justness: a development or illustration of principles, of which every understanding, (however sophisticated,) intuitively recognises the truth: a succession of imagery, of which every imagination, (however clouded or jaundiced,) necessarily reflects the outline: a narrative of events, of which individual experience, enables every human being, of sound mind, to perceive the verisimilitude, or to detect the improbability: Or an assemblage of fictitious characters, which can interest and affect, awaken and sustain curiosity and sympathy, delight or admiration, solely, from their analogy to the realities of nature.

All genuine poetry, is conversant with subjects, that lie within the sphere of conscience, instinct, intuition, *personal* experience and sympathy.

worthy of a people who have recently achieved their independence, and established with a deliberation and concert, unparalleled in the annals of history, a republican government.

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Metrical harmony, figurative diction, are the body, not the soul; the wardrobe, not the armoury; the colouring, not the substance, of poetry.

Opinion, and art, and phantastic fashion, may improve and embellish, may disfigure and distort, (to an extent almost indefinite,) the appearance and movements; but cannot change the symmetry, the complexion, the physiognomy, of the human “face and form divine.”

A form of government, or code of laws, may enslave, deprave and curse successive generations and aggregated millions, and their victims may be ignorant of the source, and of the correctives and remedies of the evils which they endure: They may even conscientiously admire and adore, revere and love, the very institutions! that make them useless and unhappy, miserable in themselves, and hateful to each other.

A “vain wisdom, and a false philosophy, with pleasing sorcery, may charm,” for an indefinite length of time: may by an indefinite number of individuals, be unanimously accepted and accredited as immutable truth.

But all genuine poetry is, in its essence, incorruptible, incoercible, incontaminable.

A poetical sentiment, incident, image, or even expression, inconsistent with truth and nature, or offensive to good taste; that has a tendency to stain the purity, or even to *sully* the *lustre* of virtue; to mask, or even to soften, the deformity of vice, excites instant suspicion, disgust and antipathy, and is obnoxious to speedy and inevitable, if not to immediate detection and reprobation.

Error, in the shape of political institutions, laws and philosophical systems, (like an evil spirit, actually embodied in the material form of something that “lives and moves, and has its being on earth,”) may walk, even at noon-day, and walk for ages, to and fro the world, unseen, and even unsuspected, by man or woman: But error and immorality, in the guise of Poetry, (like a harlot, who endeavours to mask age, disease or deformity, by splendid habiliments and a false complexion,) can escape detection, only under the shelter of darkness; in a light faint enough to make “darkness visible,” or in the presence of the blind.

This oration, (in which the narrator attempted to illustrate at considerable length, the probable and practical utility of such an edifice,) was not ill-received.

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In its pictures of material and moral nature, Poetical *resembles* Mathematical truth.

A poetical delineation of the character of man, of the passions of the human heart, of the many-coloured scenes of human life, or of the aspect, scenery and phenomena of external nature; felt and acknowledged to be faithful and affecting, in one age, or in one nation, retains its power to charm, wherever the language in which it is written, shall be understood, and so long as human nature shall endure.

Synthetical physics are constantly shifting, and the systems which are, at this time, most popular and authoritative, are perhaps fated, like their predecessors, to give place to more congruous concatenations of ideas, nearer approximations to the truth of things.

The atoms of Epicurus, the Vortices of Des Cartes, the Monads of Leibnitz, and the transcendental curve of Buscovitch, are forgotten, or are remembered only as day-dreams and romance: But the demonstrations of Euclid, still impress undoubting conviction on every understanding that comprehends their evidence: "Transport, still, storms the soul;" the "red current" still gushes, and will continue to gush, through the glowing arteries of every human creature, who has a soul,

When,

"The great shepherd of the Mantuan plain,  
"Rolls his deep majestic melody:"

When,

"Homer raises high to Heaven,  
"The loud, the impetuous song."

As poetry, in its pictures of life and nature, *resembles* mathematical truth, in its simplicity and immutability: In embodying the forms of moral fiction, it claims a faint and remote affinity, to divine truth.

When religion unveils the Arcana of the invisible world, it describes a new and ever-during state of existence, in another and a better world; in which good and evil are distributed amongst immortal spirits, according to the "deeds done in the body."

Most of his auditors, as far as he could learn, (although in relation to this point, he might have been misinformed,) thought favourably of the scheme: A few, (Judge Johnstone particu-

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In that state of existence, (the best or the worst, to which man can look forward, according to the “*deeds done in the body:*”) In that eternal world, so consoling prospectively to the votaries of piety and virtue, however baffled or unfortunate; so terrible to the impious and vicious, however prosperous and triumphant in their terrestrial pilgrimage; force, and fraud, and fortune, have no place: the claims of all are weighed in the balance of immutable justice, and each is rewarded or punished, according to the quality and measure of his deserts.

The moral fictions of poetry, (of all poetry that claims and commands immortal admiration; all poetry which will be more admired, as knowledge is more diffused,) exhibit a faint image of the invisible world.

In these glorious visions; the irregular and seemingly capricious and iniquitous, distribution, or sortition rather, of good and evil, is redressed: Virtue is crowned with glory, followed by reverence and love, and identified with happiness: Guilt is scourged by remorse, hunted and haunted by infamy, and identified with misery.

In this faithful and truth-illumined mirror; virtue and vice are reflected in their “true likeness;” divested of whatever can deface the loveliness of the one, or mask the deformity of the other.

In this mirror; the glare which fortune, in real life, to undiscerning eyes, often sheds around on prosperous apostacy, triumphant crime, and successful imposture, vanishes: These imps of perdition, resemble “their sin and place of doom, obscure and foul.”

In this mirror, illumined by rays “unborrow’d of the sun,” generous and ingenuous youth, behold,

“ How awful goodness is;”

Behold!

“ Virtue, in her shape how LOVELY.”

So inseparably is all genuine poetry connected with virtue; that its power to affect the heart, or amuse imagination, essentially depends, upon the verisimilitude of the incidents it records, and of the imagery, scenes and characters, which it describes and portrays.

larly,) expressed in decided terms their approbation, and their wish to see such a building erected.

But the opinion, that it would be impracticable to carry this design into *immediate* effect, seemed to approach unanimity:

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Throughout the progress of this divine art; from the rhapsodies of rude minstrelsy, to the sublime and sustained strains of the epic and dramatic Muse, no poetical production, has ever been crowned with immortal admiration, has ever even obtained an *extensive local* popularity; in which the poet, has attempted to propagate immoral sentiments, or, dared to blaspheme the divinity of virtue.

A vivid and faithful delineation of whatever is sublime, beautiful, picturesque, pathetic, or, otherwise affecting, in material or moral nature; hallowed by the spirit of an unsullied and Christian Ethics, constitute the essence of poetry, and its title to the admiration of "Gods and god-like men."

Verbal euphony, metrical skill, tasteful combination, congruous assemblage, lustre of imagery, felicity of allusion, beauty of expression; are the drapery, the sensible form merely, in which; or the "bright and balmy" medium, through which, the inspirations of the Heavenly Muse, ravish the senses and the souls of mortals.

But man is essentially, an imperfect and fallen being: The powers of genius are liable, (like every thing human,) to profanation, perversion and prostitution.

Poetical embellishments; the richest, the most costly and tasteful, may be construprated to emblazon monstrous characters, and circulate immoral sentiments.

Seduced by sin, which oft,

" With attractive graces, wins,  
" The most averse;"—

" Genius may conceive  
" A growing burthen;"

" Prodigious motion feel, and rueful throes;"

" The inbred enemy,"

May

" Issue forth, brandishing a fatal dart,  
" Made to DESTROY."

Nor did he converse with any one capable of divining, or even anxious to conjecture, at what period in time future, it would probably be practicable, to execute so novel a project.

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But it is the decree of God, that such monstrous productions, shall

“With conscious terrors vex their authors round,

“And rest or intermission—none **THEY** find.”

“From such terrors, good Lord, deliver us!”

Such miscreated monsters of genius, (like every thing else of divine origin,) are essentially immortal; but their immortality, like that of fallen and fiendish spirits, serves only to ensnare, corrupt and curse mankind.

Immoral sentiments and monstrous characters, embellished by poetry and eloquence, resemble the forbidden fruits of Eden; “fairer oft to fancy,” more adapted “to quicken appetite,” and more sweet, when plucked, to the taste; than the ripe, wholesome, unforbidden fruits, with which Paradise abounded.

They resemble forbidden fruit too, in their evil nature: They tempt, only to seduce innocence into guilt, and ignorance into error.

Pray, ingenuous youth, of both sexes! pray to “Our Father who is in Heaven,” that you may not be led into *this* “temptation.”

In that path, the arch-tempter lurks!—Shun, eschew it, therefore, as you deprecate, perdition.

‘Tis consoling, it is glorious, meanwhile; from the sunny summit of the Aonian mount; or from the solitary elevation, far, far above, the summit of that mount, to which, borne on “the seraph-wing of ecstasy,” the bard of bards has soared; even, on the loftiest elevation, aspiring to a loftier elevation, till the “living throne! the sapphire blaze,” “dark with excessive brightness,” extinguished his mortal vision, but inward “planted eyes.”

It is consoling and glorious, even from the summit of the Aonian mount, (for Milton’s adventurous flight we *may* not pursue!) to revert the “mind’s eye,” to the “Progress of Poetry.”

The august and memorable theatres, on which the votaries of the Heavenly Muse, have successively appeared: The “ever-new delight,” and admiration, with which their inspired and inspiring songs are chanted, in every age and nation, which have emerged from barbarism, and in which man has asserted the dignity of his nature: The persecu-

The candid reader will be unwilling to suspect, and the sober-minded reader will be unable to conceive, that at his time of life, (near forty years of age,) and with the opportunities he had enjoyed, of "knowing man as he is;" the narrator could

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tion, neglect, misfortunes and poverty, with which the guardians or "avengers of their native land," have been fated to struggle, during their lives: The vain honours that have been lavished, on the very ground, beneath which their ashes reposed, even *after* their very ashes had vanished, or mingled with "inglorious dust:"—The posthumous reverence; the emulous gratitude and love, which have embalmed their memories; the noble rivalry with which imitative artists have contended, in stamping with fidelity, on canvass and on marble, the semblance of their faces, their forms, their costume, their very attitudes and gestures: the fond affection, the almost idolatrous admiration, with which even their colloquial sallies have been recorded and repeated: and *all this*, after, ages after! the communities, of which they had been members, were dispersed or exterminated; after the cities, in which they lived, were levelled with the dust, and their very dust had been scattered by all the winds of heaven; after the languages, in which they sung, lived only in their works:—Their glorious, often, for a season, successful; but, alas! far oftener, unavailing struggles, to teach the "age to quit their clogs," to watch the vestal flame, guard the palladium, and preserve from subversion and decay, the principles and the spirit of LIBERTY:—The inconsolable sorrow, with which they have "tolled the knell," and beheld the "parting day" of republican freedom, (as the inhabitant of the polar zone beholds the semi-annual disappearance of solar light): The "glad hosannahs," with which they have hailed her re-ascension, and commemorated her triumphs; the generous devotion, the "noble rage," with which they have extolled her champions, denounced her foes, and anathematized her apostates:—The self-denial, the self-immolation, the self-oblivion, with which they have bent their willing knees, and often magnanimously bowed their necks, and laid their noble heads, on the altar of justice:—The inflexible and incorruptible integrity, the indomitable fortitude, the chivalric courage, with which; amidst every vicissitude of fortune, every crisis or portent of fate; they have consigned the apostles of truth, and the ministers of justice, to the reverence; and their apostates, traitors and betrayers, to the ex-

have suffered his mind to be so heated by romantic enthusiasm, as to have experienced keen and enduring anguish, from the frustration of his efforts to accomplish this design, in the metropolis of South Carolina.

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cration, of mankind. THESE are the causes, THIS is the attraction! which, like the polarity of the magnet, "turns" the enthusiasm of the Pindaric poet, and drew the genius of a greater than Pindar, to the "*Progress of Poetry*."

"Yes! her path, *where'er* the goddess roves,  
"Glory," *does* pursue, "and generous shame,  
"Th' unconquerable *mind*, and freedom's holy flame;"

And the wretch, whose soul responds not to the apostrophe, had better never been born—may gratefully drain oblivion's most lethargic potion to the dregs—and think himself happy to hide his ignominious head, in her "deepest" and darkest "grave."

The writer averts his attention from this captivating theme with reluctance. It is indeed consoling and delightful, to all the better and nobler feelings of our nature, to contemplate "*The Progress of Poetry*."

The glorious band of bards, triumphant over time, and invulnerable by death; embodied in forms of celestial brightness, and ethereal purity; crowned with amaranth, and glowing with the health of angels, pass in review before us.

The vast intervals of time and space, that intervened between the place and periods of their mortal career, seem to vanish.

Whatever elevated Homer, or Milton; Eschylus or Shakspeare; Pindar or Gray; Lucan or Glover; Lucretius or Akenside, above the level of mortality, yet lives and flourishes, and will live and flourish, till the

"Stars shall fade away."

To *Them*, the pangs of death were but the throes, that gave birth to a new and perennial life, even on this side the grave.

Having "shuffled off this mortal coil;" they ceased to "live, and move, and have their being," in corruptible matter.

Endowed with the privileges, and embodied in the shape, of mortals; they mingle, henceforth, with the tutelary Genii, that watch over

So prone, however, are minds of a certain temperament, (in spite of the “*iore*,” the “iron scourge,” the “torturing hour,” of adversity,) to indulge sanguine hope, and overlook inevitable difficulties; that this disappointment was followed by agony as

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the destinies of nations: The guardian spirits! that prompt the inspirations of genius, and execute the decrees of justice.

They become the inhabitants of every country, and the contemporaries of every age:—They are viewed, as companions in the career of glory, competitors for the admiration of all succeeding ages.

Unseen! their presence is every where recognized: Unheard! they incessantly instruct, expostulate, warn and enlighten.

At the same moment, they commune with innumerable minds, in every language, spoken by civilized man: In solitary contemplation, in the social circle, in legislative halls and academic bowers, they are ever at hand, to second the councils of wisdom, the lessons of experience, and the voice of conscience.

In reviewing the “*Progress of Poetry*,” the nature of man and the world he inhabits, are beheld under their most attractive attitudes and aspects.

Our attention is attracted and fixed only, on the eras and regions, which have been rendered memorable by illustrious characters; by grand achievements; by progressive civilization; by the ascendancy of justice; by the triumphs of freedom.

We willingly forget, that in comparison with the extent of the teraqueous globe, these *regions*, are but points: That, in the succession of ages, these *eras*, are but moments.

We gladly forget, (blessed oblivion! if it be but for a moment;) the immense majority of human beings, who have been doomed to perish in the apathy and impotence of barbarism; to groan and grovel under the yoke of arbitrary power; to bleed in the battles of ambition, or to prostrate their souls and bodies, before the altars of a bloody and infernal superstition.

We forget all this—Blessed Oblivion, if it be but *for a moment!*

In reviewing the “*Progress of Poetry*;” we contemplate, with reverence, the dignity of human nature, and proudly feel,

“ That not in humble, nor in brief delight,  
“ Not in the fleeting echoes of renown,  
“ Power’s purple robe, or pleasure’s flowing lap,

exquisite and protracted, as he ever remembers to have endured.

In a city, in which, (during four successive visits,) he had experienced every public and private attention, which hospitality,

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"The SOUL, can find enjoyment: but from these,

"Turns disdainful to an equal good."

And exclaim, with heart-felt exultation,

"Her path, where'er the goddess roves,

"Glory pursues, and generous shame,

"Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame."

When apostate bards; the scoffers at religion; the blasphemers of truth; the betrayers of innocence; the violators of virtue; the traitors of justice; the catamites of venality; the foes of freedom, and the fiends of faction—

The apostate bards! who,

"Are damn'd to everlasting fame;"

Who,

"What to oblivion better were consigned,

"Have hung on high, to poison half mankind;"

When fallen and apostate bards, survey the glorious band, from whose communion, *they* are divorced for ever:—What must be their torments.

The bard of bards, has described *their* torments.—Even in the presence of the "least" of *these*, they feel their impotence,

"Champ their iron curb,"

and

"Pine their loss."

Pindar, (Peter, I mean,) Moore, Byron!—"You execute justice—you punish yourselves." You are not suicides—you cannot die—but immortality is your curse—abhorred self-tormentors.

Nor can the writer close this note, without adverting to Johnson's stricture on the first stanza of this glorious ode.

He observes "that, although *willing* to be pleased, he was unable to find the meaning of the first stanza," and adds, "that Gray seems,

urbanity, kindness, and even friendship, could bestow; he indulged for many weeks a sullen misanthropy, an unsocial seclusion, a stern reserve.

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in his rapture, to confound the images of spreading sound and running water."

The reader is requested, if he does not recollect, to turn to this stanza.

The springs of Helicon, (according to the fine illusions of classical mythology,) were conceived, not merely to slake thirst, but to infuse poetical inspiration.

Nothing is more usual in poetry, (or more essential to the vivacity of its diction, to the distinctness, lustre and beauty of its imagery,) than the application of epithets to a cause, which are in *fact*, descriptive of its most striking effects.

The poetical nomenclature abounds with terms of this sort, the disuse or abolition of which, would annihilate whatever essentially discriminates prose from verse, or poetry from philosophy.

They constitute, not the wardrobe merely; but the "purple light," the "celestial rosy red," of poetical health and beauty; the nectar and ambrosia of its immortal health, and unfading beauty: without the use of these epithets, the genius of Shakspeare, would be

"A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost."

"A stream of music," Johnson adds, "may be allowed"—(and seems perfectly unconscious that, in *allowing* this, he admits the propriety of the very imagery, which he stigmatizes as nonsensical)—"But where does music, however smooth and strong, after having visited the verdant vales, roll down the steep amain, whilst rocks and nodding groves rebelow to its roar: If this be said of music, it is nonsense: if it be said of water, it is nothing to the purpose."

It is dangerous for dictators to assign reasons for their dicta.

Music and poetry are so intimately connected; so much of the charm, and even pathos, of poetical diction, depends upon euphony; that almost every term, peculiarly expressive of musical qualities, are, even in common language, applied to poetry.

It is usual to speak of melodious and harmonious numbers, as of melodious and harmonious airs.

He recollects his feelings and his behaviour on this occasion, with shame and sorrow: He can offer no adequate apology, unless he is allowed to use a phrase; which although it belongs to the dialect of the nursery, has a deeper import than many a pompous apothegm or sapient aphorism—"He could not help it.\*"

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If then, a *stream* of music be allowed, it will be allowed also, to be a stream from the fountains of Helicon; and as the water of Helicon, although it possesses the extraordinary power of imparting poetical inspiration, does not, on that account, lose the ordinary properties of that fluid; the peculiar qualities of the different species of poetry, may be appropriately shadowed and allegorised, by the vicissitudes of running water: at one time gliding in a deep and silent current; at another meandering and murmuring through verdant vales, and anon, descending in foaming torrents from the giddy steep, amid the mingled echoes of mountain, grove, and vale.

\* Whilst the narrator was involuntarily indulging these morbid feelings, he adopted a *mode* of testifying the sentiments he *really* felt, and ought to have manifested; which had a tendency, he hopes, to obliterate any unkind impressions which the behaviour, prompted by these feelings, might have left.

In witnessing a public examination of young ladies in Geography and Grammar; he was forcibly struck by the injudicious, circuitous, and inefficient method, in which these important branches of elementary literature were taught.

Finding that the methods of teaching, which he deemed so injudicious, were very generally adopted and approved; he suddenly formed the idea of exposing their defects and positive inefficiency *experimentally*.

He accordingly announced from the Rostrum, his willingness to instruct a class of young ladies, (not exceeding twelve in number, and from ten to twelve years of age,) for one month: giving the class his attention for one hour, three days of every week during that period: He undertook to impart, in that time, more knowledge of Geography and Grammar, than (according to the methods generally followed,) they *did* acquire in twelve months.

The class was readily formed, and he accomplished what he had undertaken.

He could not, meanwhile, have exhibited a more marked or unequivocal evidence of his respect for Charleston, and for the public spirit, intelligence, and taste of its inhabitants; than by making his first deliberate effort to accomplish this design, in that city.

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At the expiration of the month, the class were examined in the presence of a small, but select audience. The only gentleman present, who had any practical experience in the business of education, (Mitchil King, esq. of Charleston,) communicated to the public his opinion of the result of this experiment, through the medium of a public gazette.

As the narrator proposes hereafter to repeat this experiment, on a more extended scale; the article to which he now refers, is re-published in the appendix to this volume.

The method of instruction which he adopted in teaching Geography and Grammar, may be employed still more advantageously in teaching Logic, Ethics and Elocution; and when he repeats this experiment, he proposes to extend the application of the method.

In teaching Grammar, he was led to consider, with some attention, one of the few questions in philology, which the unrivalled sagacity and industry of John Horne Tooke have not settled and explained; in a manner, which must be satisfactory to every intelligent person, who peruses the "Diversions of Purley," with the impartiality and attention, (to which, from the originality, profoundness, and value of its contents) it has so peculiar a claim.

It is deeply to be lamented that the night of death, closed upon all that was mortal of this truly great, (but unfortunate and probably unhappy) man; before he gave to the world his promised analysis, of that part of speech, which is by way of eminence called *the Verb*.

With a deference and diffidence wholly unaffected, the following account of this "part of speech" is subjoined. The juvenile reader will find something better than idle amusement, in detecting its fallacy and incompleteness.

The verb is that part of speech, by which we declare the existence of the various subjects of consciousness; the existence of whatever we feel *within* the sentient, or perceive *without* the percipient being.

In such declaration, affirmation, assertion, (call it what you will,) verbiety essentially consists.

Sanguine as his hopes were, he had not however, entirely forgotten the motto which he adopted, when he undertook his oratorical enterprise, *Utrinque paratus*.

He closed this oration therefore by observing; that “with his present decided and mature conviction of the utility of this

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Tense, mood, person, number, voice; are mere adjuncts of the Verb.

Make any word the medium of affirmation or declaration, and it becomes a Verb.

A preposition, for instance—the preposition “near.” “He *nears* ‘the isle, and lo!’”

An adjective, “equal.”—Two equals two.

A proper name.—“Sternhold.”

Sternhold himself he outsternholded. Reverse this process. Abstract the property of declaring or affirming, and the verb vanishes; or verability is transferred to the word that has this property—“James loves Ann.”

“Loves” is a verb. Change the form of expression—

James, makes love to Ann.

James, is in love with Ann.

James, feels love for Ann.

And in each of the three instances, whilst the word *love*, ceases to be a verb; the words *makes*, *is*, *feels*, become verbs.

It will be easy, however, to divest each of the three, except “is,” of its privilege. We have only to say—James *is*, *was*, or *will be*, making love to Ann—or James *is*, *was*, *may*, *can*, *might*, *could*, *would*, or *should be*, feeling love for Ann—and *makes* and *feels*, not only resign their verability; but it is transferred and pertinaciously adheres, to the monosyllabic auxiliaries, which, whether by right or usurpation, defy every attempt to divest them of this privilege.

Good angels, guard us! we are on the very verge of a bog; deeper and vaster far, than that “between Damietta and Mount Casius Old.”

Beware, young reader! Retreat and run; mightier minds than yours or mine, lie buried in that bog.

Chase butterflies: anatomise insects: classify and designate plants: analyze minerals: “sigh for an Otho.” As Burke has observed, there is “no knowledge which is not useful.”

But shun Transcendant Ontology. Beware of “*Ens quatenus ens*”—

design; of the probable subserviency of such an edifice, in accomplishing purposes the most beneficent, the failure of his efforts *here*, will only prompt a more strenuous effort to carry it into effect, elsewhere.

If I fail here, I cannot sleep sweetly, while any effort within the compass of my power, remains untried, to accomplish this design, elsewhere.

If I fail here and die: The accomplishment of this design will devolve on some more fortunate successor in the career of glory, on whose Arena death shall arrest me, and with whose glorious dust, my ashes shall be mingled."

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'Tis sound without sense,  
Or, that very common sense,  
Y'clep'd NONSENSE.

If Mr. Taylor of Caroline county, Virginia; or Mr. Corea, or any other learned person, when they amuse themselves and others, by laughing at Metaphysics, mean, (and they probably do mean,) ontology; they could scarcely select a more appropriate or fruitful subject for jocularity and ridicule. As to what they, or any other persons, (learned or unlearned,) may think or say of metaphysics, in its proper acceptation; it is of consequence only, as it respects their own reputation for good sense and science.

But to return to the verb. If, then, by imparting *to* any word, the property of declaring or affirming, such word becomes a verb; and if, by abstracting this property *from* any word, it ceases to be a verb, it would seem to follow, a priori and a posteriori, by induction and analysis, by analysis and synthesis, that this property is the essence or quintessence of the verb.

Young reader! if this explanation be fallacious, detect the fallacy: expose it: denounce it. The pedantic jargon in which it is clothed deserves all your derision and scorn. But *think* on this subject: I pray you *think*; and if you have not already perused and studied, I pray you also to peruse and study Priestley's Introduction to English Grammar; Adam Smith's Essay on the Formation of Languages; Tooke's Diversions of Purley, and Richardson's Anatomy of the Sysyphian labours of Samuel Johnson, whose dictionary has every property of an Egyptian pyramid except its durability.

But he is not yet dead, and has not, therefore, *yet* relinquished this design.

Impressed as his mind is with a firm and decided conviction, that the erection of spacious and magnificent halls, in the principal cities of the American republic; (solemnly dedicated and exclusively appropriated to the exhibition of oratory,) would not only contribute to promote the revival and cultivation, but to check the licentious and factious abuse, and encourage the liberal and beneficent use, of the noblest of the arts: give dignity, permanence, attraction, and even popularity, to an amusement; incomparably the most rational, moral, and delightful, that has ever heretofore invited public attention: provide a theatre, (and open an avenue, through which it may be accessible to every duly qualified competitor for the honours of the Rostrum,) on which every variety of talent, for moral analysis, rhetorical declamation, pathos, wit, humour, or ridicule; every endowment of nature, or accomplishment of education, may be displayed through the medium of oratory, with the most brilliant effect, and for the most beneficial purposes: introduce, and auspice the introduction, of an amusement, congenial to the spirit of an enlightened age, and to the liberal curiosity, the awakened intellect, and diffused intelligence of a free people: an amusement not sensual and spectacular, but tasteful and intellectual, not exotic, but indigenous; the spontaneous growth of the tree of knowledge, not reared in the hot-bed of titled patronage, but expanding its branches, and ripening its blessed fruits, under the genial influence of an intelligent public; under the solar effulgence of an enlightened public opinion: an amusement, that claims and asserts its immemorially vacant and legitimate place, between the philosophical lecture-room, and the theatre, and is capable of blending the solid instruction and salutary lessons of the former, with whatever is innocently and morally attractive; with whatever is truly valuable and delightful in the latter: an amusement, which when it strikes root, and begins to approach the perfection to which it aspires, will exercise a tutelary and censorial controul over the style and manner of public-speaking, in every profession or pursuit, that calls for the constant or occasional exhibition of oratorical

skill: an amusement which, in its progressive advancement towards perfection; will be the auxiliary, not the adversary, the cordial eulogist, not the jealous rival; the munificent patron, the willing instrument, and zealous advocate, of every institution, accomplishment, art, or science, that ministers immediately or remotely to social happiness, to moral and intellectual improvement:

Cherishing an unshaken conviction, fortified by a personal experience of six years, devoted to the exhibition of oratory on the Rostrum: under circumstances too, that not only discouraged every hope, but precluded even the possibility of success, by any means or influence, except the intrinsic value and attractions of this species of amusement.

Cherishing a conviction, thus fortified and matured, that the erection of spacious and magnificent halls in the principal cities of the United States, for the public exhibition of oratory, would give "a local habitation and a name," an enduring habitation and an immortal name! to the ROSTRUM: would establish in the American republic a species of oratory indigenously American, and essentially republican, he would feel that he was not obnoxious to the charge of inglorious indolence, and wanton inconsistency, but of pusillanimous apostacy, and a base desertion of his post; if he did not, previous to his departure from the United States, strain every nerve, invoke the aid of every auxiliary, and employ every honourable means within the compass of his power, to provide an asylum for an exile, a home for a wanderer,

" Whose path, where'er" she " roves,  
Glory pursues and generous shame,  
The unconquerable mind and freedom's holy flame."

Far, therefore, from having abandoned, he will speedily renew, (and with added earnestness and energy,) his efforts to accomplish this design.

Previous to his departure from the United States, in the beginning of the succeeding year; he proposes to pay short and

parting visits to the cities of New-York, Boston, Baltimore, and the city of Washington.

In each of these cities, he will endeavour, (in a discourse which will be delivered gratuitously, in the presence of as many intelligent and respectable persons, as may do him the honour to listen to it,) to impart a persuasion, how appropriately, and how nobly, such edifices would embellish the capitals of independent and confederated states, and to how many beneficent purposes, such edifices would become subservient.

He would gladly make a similar effort in Philadelphia; but an assured presentiment of discomfiture, disarms and appals him.

The difficulty, or even the danger, of accomplishing an object which is, or *is believed to be*, grand and beneficent; serves only and *ought* only to try courage, to task fortitude, and fire enthusiasm; “To collect the soul and call forth all its power.”

But where discomfiture is certain, even courage quails: where exertion is hopeless, even fortitude is paralyzed: where success is impossible, even enthusiasm expires.

Nor does he yet despair of accomplishing this design in the metropolis of South Carolina. He proposes to sail from Charleston, to a British port, and previous to his voyage, to make another, a more seasonable, and he dares to hope, a more successful appeal to the patriotism and public spirit of a city; so endeared to every respectable stranger by whom it has ever been visited; so honourably distinguished for its taste, intelligence, liberality; for its elegant and unbartered hospitality.

Meanwhile, to accomplish this design; to *succeed* any where; is no part of his duty: But he feels it to be emphatically his duty, to leave no honourable, no possible effort, unexerted; no probable means unemployed, to secure and “deserve” success.

Nor is past, and even recent experience, altogether discouraging.

He recollects with delight, and delights to record, the unsolicited countenance of one distinguished citizen of South Carolina; whose conduct alone, (if he had no other motive,) would encourage him to persevere.

He will, he fears, wound the delicacy of general Hampton by stating, (what in a narrative of this sort, he thinks and feels, that it would be improper not to state;) that this gentleman, in a manner the most noble and unaffected, offered to supply the funds necessary for the establishment of an *independent* professorship of oratory in Columbia, on any plan which the narrator might deem most eligible, and on the sole condition, that he would undertake to discharge its duties.

Nor was this all—After listening to an explanation of the narrator's view of the advantages likely to result from the erection of Oratorical Halls; and being apprised of his intention to make an effort to accomplish this design in Charleston; General Hampton authorised his acquaintance, Mr. Adam Tunno, if a subscription for erecting such an edifice should be set on foot in that city, to subscribe, in his name, as large a sum as might be subscribed by any citizen of Charleston.

In stating this fact, it is proper also to add, that the narrator had no shadow of claim, on the score of friendship, or previous acquaintance, on general Hampton, and when he visited Columbia, (in the vicinity of which the general has a seat,) had not even the pleasure of being introduced to him by letter, or otherwise.

General Hampton's conduct in this instance, could be governed only by that public spirit, and active beneficence; which he has manifested more promptly and variously, than any other individual with whom the narrator has had the happiness to have any intercourse, in the course of his life.

When the “superflux” of that opulence, which, in the decline of years, crowns the exertion of indefatigable industry and sagacious enterprise, during the maturity of life, is thus appropriated; whatever is invidious to the vulgar, or revolting to the enlightened mind, in the spectacle of accumulated wealth, vanishes in the brightness that beams around its beneficent dispenser.

Were the opulent, (or even any considerable number of the opulent,) thus to appropriate superfluous wealth, the unsuc-

cessful or the less successful competitor, would cease to envy his more fortunate, or, more sagacious rival in the race: indigence, and misfortune would cease to murmur, at the apparently unequal distribution of the goods of fortune; which are goods or evils to the possessor, or to others, *only*, according to the motives and mode of their appropriation.

The actual good, however permanent and extensive, that may be done by such an appropriation of superfluous opulence, may be estimated and even calculated: but the benefit which the public and posterity reap from such an example, is inestimable and incalculable.

If the opulent, (or any considerable number of the opulent,) in any civilized community, were to feel and manifest the disposition, which General Hampton has felt and manifested; not only in the instance referred to, but in many others, of which the narrator has been the witness, the agent, or the object; the execution of any scheme of solid and acknowledged public utility, (however new or even romantic,) would be practicable even by the most indigent, and previously obscure and insignificant individual, who might conceive, propose, and unfold it.

Thus aided, an individual possessing only the limited and humble powers of the narrator, might execute an enterprise; in the attempt to achieve which, an adventurer who united the philanthropy of Howard, the eloquence of Cicero, the perseverance of Clarkson or Lancaster, the fortitude of Trenck, the address of Marlborough, and the moral energy of Tooke, might (without this ally), vainly exert and exhaust this aggregation of accomplishments.

Were any considerable number of the opulent, disposed *thus* to appropriate wealth: there would exist in the community of which they were members, for carrying into effect every design useful to the public, a fund more vast in amount, and more readily accessible, than the lawless lord of a mighty empire, could wring by exaction from impoverished and oppressed millions.

Were any, even *inconsiderable* number of the opulent, thus disposed to appropriate the “superflux of wealth,” that

"superflux" which is usually transmuted into toys, or consumed and evaporated, (annihilated, would be a more correct expression,) in fashionable expense: The narrator would indulge the delightful day-dream of beholding, before the earth shall accomplish two of her annual revolutions, in the principal cities of the American republic, temples dedicated to the noblest of the arts: Temples, dedicated to the Genius of Oratory, lifting their "starry pointing" spires to heaven, embellished with all the pride of architecture, perfumed with botanical odours, embosomed in groves of laurel, and arresting, by their sublime destination and rival grandeur, the homage and admiration of Transatlantic strangers!

The narrator, has in a previous part of this narrative, expressed unqualified contempt for unmeaning compliment: for idle or interested adulation. What he has now written, he *intends* as compliment and eulogy. He avows this intention: He *does* admire and love the features in general Hampton's character to which he now adverts: He *avows* this admiration and love: If what he has said *be* compliment, it *is* also fact: It is the debt of gratitude, and he delights to pay it: It is the effusion of genuine feeling, and he pours it forth not only freely but with pride: From misconstruction of motive, his *character* protects him: He would not, if he could, disabuse the wretch, who can misconstrue the motive, which dictates what he has said on this occasion.

In the prosecution of the design which he has undertaken there is a *fourth* stage; but it is altogether prospective: He can neither live to accomplish, nor even to witness its accomplishment: But *it will be* accomplished by his successors in this glorious career, and to them he consigns it.

He refers to the formation, in every part of the civilized world, especially in the regions which have been populated and civilized by the Magna Virum Mater, and above all, in the American republic: The formation of a fraternal band of youthful orators, trained by the "rigid lore of the stern and rugged nurse;" inured by the discipline of moral and metaphysical analysis to the use of the truth-tempered weapons of oratory,

(ponderous as well as missile;) practised in all the arts of philosophical rhetoric, and initiated in all the forgotten, and yet undiscovered mysteries of elocution; with minds enlightened by the beams of every science, a conscience guarded and guided by religious faith, and characters and manners formed and finished by social intercourse, by personal experience in the ways of the world, and a practical knowledge of "man as he is," and of the existing state of society:

The formation of a band of orators, spurning the "Auri sacra fames;" trampling on every degenerate and ignoble passion: Impelled and inspired in the race of glory, by the **Amor patriæ**, and the laudum immensa cupido:

In yon bright cloud that fires the western sky,  
What glorious scenes to hope's enraptur'd eye,  
Descending slow their glittering skirts unrul:  
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!  
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

To have advanced thus far in the prosecution of a design, which could have been achieved and prosecuted thus far *only*, in the American republic; is fame and felicity enough for the narrator. Let him but live, and possess a sufficient share of health and mental energy, to avail himself of an auspicious season, to vindicate the nascent glory of the Rostrum, in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin—Let him but accomplish this! and fixing—

"A last, lingering look,"

on the boundless Arena; as the youthful competitors for glory begin to throng its avenues, and intelligent auditors and spectators, are beheld advancing in every direction along the vast and ever-expanding area that "enrounds" the Rostrum.—Let him but accomplish *This!* and gaze for a moment on so glorious a spectacle! and he will be ready and willing to exclaim,

"Now let me die!"



## TO THE CANDID READER.

In a prospectus of the contents of this volume, (which has been extensively circulated by the polite and friendly attention of the editors of gazettes throughout the United States, and which will be found in the Appendix:) the writer intimated his intention of subjoining to the Essays, passages from the orations, and a few of the specimens of criticism; which he has pronounced from the Rostrum.

When, however, he came to transcribe and revise his Essays for the press, he found himself, (as the work advanced,) reduced to the alternative; of giving a very inconvenient size to the volume, or of contracting the limits of the original design.

Thus circumstanced, he deemed it most expedient, to narrow the extent of his plan.

Passages from his orations; specimens of criticism, and the "Essay on the Theory and Use of Moral Fiction," do not therefore, make their appearance in this volume.

He has been governed in this instance, by other motives.

The length of time which has been required to revise and transcribe the contents of this volume for the press, (a considerable part of the text, and nearly all the notes, having been written since the printing of the work commenced,) has been much greater than was expected, when the prospectus was issued.

He has found it inconvenient to appropriate so much of his leisure, exclusively, to the execution of a design; not only unproductive of immediate emolument, but necessarily involving considerable expense.

Having engaged in this business, too, in the first moments of convalescence from severe indisposition; having for the last four months, suspended social intercourse and bodily exercise; having scarcely, ever during this interval retired to rest, till two o'clock in the morning; or allowed himself while awake, an hour of respite from intense intellectual exertion; he has found the anxious, monotonous, life-consuming, soul-chilling drudgery of transcribing and revising for the press, and of correcting proof-sheets, injurious to his health and spirits.

To candid and intelligent readers, this explanation will, he trusts, be satisfactory.

With regard to the opinion, which persons of a different description may entertain and express, as to the propriety of the course which, thus circumstanced, he has thought it best to pursue; he well knows, that no apology or explanation, which he *could* offer; would avert, or even soften *their* censure.

He feels and acknowledges, that he is pledged to publish all that he originally announced: If he lives, a second volume, containing the "Essay on the Theory and Use of Moral Fiction," and orations previously delivered from the Rostrum, with Specimens of Criticism; *shall* make its appearance in due season.

In this explanation to the candid and intelligent reader, he asks leave to add, that in correcting the last proof-sheet of this volume, he felt his heart throb and his hand tremble with emotions, "unfelt before."

To say that he is conscious of *undue* deficiency, in the natural or acquired qualities of an author, is a piece of affectation, to which he cannot descend.

Assuredly, if he had thought himself *thus* deficient, the contents of this volume would not have been offered to the public.

He has reached the maturity of life, and although he may reasonably expect, by the aid of practice and the animadversion of criticism, to acquire additional skill in composition; to supply defects and correct errors in style, arrangement, and illustration; he would betray egregious weakness, even in indulging a hope, that he will hereafter be qualified, to think more accurately or deeply, than he is now capable of doing.

He has, too, for years, distinctly foreseen, that he would arrive at a stage in the execution of the enterprise which he has undertaken; when farther success would be hopeless or *worthless*, without the acquisition of permanent and extended celebrity as a philosophical writer.

But he has arrived at this stage somewhat unexpectedly, and has found it necessary to invite public attention as an author, in a tone of feeling, with an unpreparedness, and under circumstances; singularly unpropitious to the tranquil, energetic, deliberate, and vigorous exertion of his faculties.

The candid and intelligent reader will, he trusts, have the goodness to consider, that after passing twelve years in scholastic seclusion, the author of this volume, suddenly undertook a literary enterprise, new and anomalous; the execution of which was full of anxiety, delicacy, and difficulty; that in the prosecution of this design he has neither been guided by sage counsel, nor impelled by soul-awakening, spirit-stirring rivalry: that except through the medium of their writings, (and his opportunities for consulting these, have been scanty and incidental,) he has had no access to the society of the heroes and veterans in literary warfare; the living luminaries of philosophy and science; the dispensers of reward or punishment, to literary desert or delinquency.

In long-established pursuits, in regular and respectable professions, the road is obvious and beaten; the pilgrim has

fellow-travellers and competitors, and counsellors at every stage of his journey: if he travels occasionally alone, he finds sign-posts, and mile-stones, and lights, and directories; to measure distances, ascertain his relative situation, prevent deviations, and guide him on his way.

But it has been the destiny of the Author of this volume to traverse a pathless, and often dreary wilderness, without a guide to conduct, or a compass to direct him, and although the “string-siding champion CONSCIENCE” has never forsaken him; the “prime-cheerer” has often ceased to cheer, the “hovering angel” has often disappeared for weeks and months, and left the lonely pilgrim to languish on the couch of unpitied pain, with no companion, but

“Grim-visaged comfortless despair.”

He is painfully aware too, that his unaccustomedness, and consequent want of dexterity and skill, in the technical arrangement and formal preparation of whatever is submitted to the public eye, through the medium of the press; is a disadvantage of no ordinary magnitude: one too, from which younger and less daring literary adventurers, have far less to dread.

He cannot but fear, nor can he forbear to express an anxious presentiment, that the defects and blemishes of his style, (even the defects and blemishes which he can himself detect in almost every page of what he has written;) negligent or singular punctuation; looseness, infelicity, superfluity and inaccuracy of expression, and above all, the profusion of tropes, founded in fanciful resemblance, or faint analogy; are not merely inauspicious to the confirmation, but ominous of the disappointment, of all the sanguine and presumptuous hopes of literary celebrity, which have gilded his day-dreams: that have cheated whilst they charmed him, during the fitful visitations of romantic enthusiasm.

Video meliora, proboque—deteriora sequor.

Few living authors have, perhaps no author that ever lived had, a clearer conviction of the radical malignity of metaphor, and of all tropes founded on resemblance, than the writer of the preceding Essays: but early and inveterate habit in this instance, as in so many others, maintains her usurped ascendancy.

If he lives long enough and finds leisure to prepare for the press his “Lectures on Oratory;” he will endeavour to expose, in a clear and striking light, the inappropriateness and unfitness of metaphorical language, not only in philosophical disquisition, but even for the purposes of poetical and rhetorical embellishment.

Even candid and intelligent readers will perhaps be surprized; that in referring to the peculiar defects and blemishes of his style, the Author has not adverted to the length of his sentences, and the almost unprecedented frequency with which parentheses recur in his pages.

He has offered no apology for these peculiarities, because it is his deliberate opinion, that both are defensible and proper.

He hopes hereafter, to have an appropriate occasion, to explain analytically and in detail, his reasons for entertaining this opinion.

He will at present merely observe, that not only in philosophical disquisition, and rhetorical declamation; but not seldom, *even* in narrative, sentential length, is not less necessary to the perspicuous, connected, and even elegant statement of facts, and development of thought; than size of caliber to the momentum of the ball discharged from a piece of artillery, or length in the bow, to the distance to which an arrow reaches, and to the force with which it penetrates the object, which it strikes.

It seems to the writer, that a man might as well attempt to walk with dignity, without an ample stride; declaim impressively and delightfully, without a slow and measured utterance; or to dance gracefully, without a curvilinear flexion of the limbs, and free space for locomotion; as to reason closely, illustrate copiously and clearly, or narrate facts fully and distinctly, without the use of long sentences.

When this subject is fully analyzed and illustrated, it will probably appear, that the propriety of sentential length, and its indispensable adjunct, parenthetic clauses, rest upon the same foundation.

A hand without a palm; glands without absorbents; a chamber without closets; a coat or a pair of pantaloons without pockets; a side-board without compartments; a trunk without a boot; would scarcely be more inconvenient or incomplete, than the composition or structure of style, without the free and frequent use of parenthesis.

To bring this subject to the test of experiment, the writer begs leave to direct the reader's attention, (if he has leisure, or feels any inclination to examine nicely so comparatively frivolous a question,) to the sixth paragraph in page seventy, of the Supplementary Narrative in this volume.

That paragraph contains a sentence of unusual length, involving no fewer than three parentheses.

The writer freely acknowledges, that after various trials, he found himself unable to shorten this sentence, or omit any of the parentheses; without impairing the distinctness and connexion of the ideas which he wished to convey.

He has ventured to advert to this subject, as one comparatively frivolous, and such surely it is.

A fastidious, squeamish, and prurient delicacy to the beauties and blemishes of style, is one of the many evi-

dences of the polished littleness, the elaborate frivolity of modern taste.

To detect and expose error, to develop and illustrate truth, is the pride of intellect, and the glory of genius; the triumph of eloquence, and the duty of wisdom. Style, in its most enlarged acceptation, (with all its properties, adjuncts and embellishments,) is the atmosphere, not the light; the channel, not the stream of knowledge.

Whether that light shines through a clear or cloudy, a dry or humid air, concerns but little the industrious cultivator, the adventurous traveller, the healthful sportsman, or the hardy soldier: can affect deeply, only, the sickly and hypochondriacal valetudinarian, whose spirit is “ servile to all the skyey influences,” which

“ Do the habitation which his spirit haunts,  
“ Hourly afflict.”

Whether the stream rolls over a pebbly or a golden bed, concern not him, who languishes to quench his thirst at the crystal fountain; to bathe his limbs in the refreshing flood; or watches with the “ mind’s eye,” the silent, ever-active, all-pervading influence of the watery element, in fertilizing the soil, and nourishing all the luxuriancy of vegetation.

Meanwhile, he must in this volume, appear before the tribunals of criticism and taste, with this, and many minor literary sins upon his head, “ unanointed and unaneled;” appear not as a suppliant for mercy, (that he despairs,) but as a claimant for justice, which he demands.

And if the contents of this volume, from the precipitation with which they have been committed to the press, and the author’s unaccustomedness to the mechanical arts of composition, (in which skill can be acquired by practice only,) are unusually obnoxious to the attacks of verbal critics and low-minded cavillers: If the morbid sensibility of

its Author should be stung by the bees who have deserted the literary hive, from incapacity or indolence; or been expelled for malignity or impotence; if the defects and blemishes to which he has adverted, of which he is painfully conscious, should be unfairly or ungenerously exaggerated by malignant, envious, or illiberal animadversion; he not only indulges a hope, but avows an expectation, that the august and appellate tribunals of criticism will

“Send a glistening guardian, if need be,”

to chase these vermin, to more appropriate prey.

Throughout the United States, he well knows, and proudly feels, that he has faithful and zealous friends; who will every where protect his work from the attacks of illiberal animadversion and malignant misrepresentation: Friends, from whose partial affection he has perhaps more to fear, than from the attacks of cavillers and disparagers.

## APPENDIX.

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TO STUDENTS OF THE SENIOR AND JUNIOR CLASSES,  
IN THE COLLEGE OF COLUMBIA.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

WITH the consent of the Trustees of the College of Columbia, and of the Faculty, Mr. Ogilvie invites the attention of Students of the senior and junior classes, to the subjoined outline of a plan, for assisting them to acquire some knowledge of the principles, and skill in the exercise of oratory.

Although acknowledged eminence in any of the departments of eloquence is very rare, Mr. Ogilvie is induced to suspect that the capacities for reaching eminence, are more liberally bestowed by nature, than is generally imagined.

He appeals to any competent teacher of elocution, whether most young persons, betwixt eleven and fifteen years of age, are not capable of acquiring a skill in elocution; that cannot fail to astonish those who have not made or witnessed the experiment: He appeals also to competent, and much more to accomplished instructors of rhetoric, composition, and criticism, whether a much greater number of young persons than is generally believed, betwixt fifteen and eighteen years of age, who have access, *real access*, to the benefits of classical and liberal education, are not capable of a proficiency quite as striking in spontaneous declamation, and studied composition.

The union and combination of these accomplishments, in an uncommon degree; constitute the indispensable and sufficient means of eminence in public speaking, and as considerable knowledge, promptitude and skill, in the use of each of these co-essential instruments of oratory is within the reach of so many, why is their union so rare?

The solution of this problem, is to his mind as obvious as it is satisfactory. In most systems, or courses of liberal education, (even in those that are most valuable,) no means are provided to stimulate and aid young persons in the acquisition of these accomplishments, or the means are

provided, and these accomplishments are of course cultivated, separately and exclusively: Those who cultivate the one, too often, (in fact, very generally,) neglect the cultivation of its co-essential counterpart.

Those who cultivate elocution with enthusiasm and success, become fine actors; those who study criticism, composition, and rhetoric, become elegant writers merely: thus, although the natural constituents of oratory are richly and widely scattered, their union in the accomplished orator, is rarely exhibited.

The memorable and immortal triumph of Demosthenes, over difficulties in many respects organisational and seemingly insuperable, cannot fail to animate the efforts of every modern competitor for eminence as an orator.

Let him recollect, at the moment, when, with a beating heart and faltering step, he first ascends the Rostrum, that the eloquence which in the glorious days of Greece,

“ Wielded at will a fierce Democratie,  
“ Shook the arsenal and fulminated over Greece,  
“ From Macedon to Artaxerxes’ throne.”

That this transcendent, original, and hitherto unrivalled eloquence, was not the boon of indulgent nature, or the effusion of divine inspiration, but the slow, gradual, and progressive result of a series of energetic efforts, enlightened by correct ideas of the means by which oratorical skill may be attained, and stimulated and inflamed by that “ Amor patriæ laudumque immensa cupido,” which inspire and sustain all the sublimer efforts of moral and intellectual energy.

With intelligent readers, this speculation will pass for as much as it is worth. If Mr. Ogilvie, meanwhile, should execute in the College of Columbia, the plan of which he is about to subjoin an outline, the speculation which he has ventured to premise, will be subjected to the severest and most unerring of all tests,\* the test of experience.

To the result of this experiment fairly made, whether in Columbia or elsewhere, by himself or another, now or hereafter, he begs leave to appeal from the judgments of those who deem this speculation fallacious.\*

\*  On a subject of this sort the plausible, even the most profound speculation, is of little value. The results of practice, of experiment, ought alone to guide our opinions.

With this clear conviction, the narrator will form a small class of boys not exceeding in age fourteen years, and, by devoting an hour or two to their in-

But before Mr. Ogilvie proceeds to sketch his outline, there is one preliminary explanation, which he is eager and even anxious to offer. It may be perhaps conceived by some, that the subjects of his lectures are comprehended in the extensive department of philosophical instruction and exercises, which devolves upon the president of the college of Columbia, and must necessarily interfere with the academical labours of that gentleman.

Were the subjects of the course of lectures, &c. which Mr. Ogilvie is about to announce *thus* comprehended; could *this* interference, with any *shadow* of reason be anticipated, assuredly he never would have formed this design; or if he had, the college of Columbia is one of the last universities in the United States, in which he would have thought of announcing or attempting its execution.

Sincere sentiments of respect and esteem for the established character of Dr. Maxcy, would have prevented him from proposing to instruct students in the college of Columbia, on any subject embraced by his department, and even had Mr. Ogilvie been insensible to sentiments so generally felt and cordially cherished, prudence would have imperiously forbidden him to encounter so formidable a competitor: to expose his first attempt, to execute a design that so deeply interests him, to immediate comparison with the matured exertions of an instructor so accomplished, successful and revered. The fact is, that in the college of S. Carolina, as in every other seminary in the United States, there is no distinct professorship of oratory and elocution, nor any provision made for assisting students to acquire skill in the exercise of these striking and estimable accomplishments.

On Mr. Ogilvie's arrival in Columbia, he first opened his design to Dr. Maxcy, and it was hailed by that gentleman with the cordiality of a man, who feels and cherishes a deep and disinterested concern in whatever may be expected to promote, however faintly and remotely, the prosperity of the institution over which he presides, and the im-

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struction in elocution every day (Sundays excepted) during one month, will undertake to teach them to recite different passages from Paradise Lost, Comus, and the dramas of Shakspeare, in a manner far more striking and appropriate, than such passages are generally recited even by admired actors.

He will form this class in one of the cities (probably in Boston or Baltimore,) which he proposes to visit previous to his departure from the United States.

provement of the young persons who are entrusted to his superintendance.

Far from looking forward, even to the possibility of any sort of invi-  
dious collision or comparison; Mr. Ogilvie, (should he execute the  
plan which he is about to propose,) has the best reason to anticipate  
the most cordial concert and harmonious co-operation, not only be-  
twixt himself and the president, but betwixt himself and the professors  
of the college.

Miserably superficial and deficient indeed, must any course of Lect-  
tures on rhetoric be, which fails to illustrate the connexion that subsists  
betwixt every sort of scientific knowledge, and the acquisition of emi-  
nence in all the sublimer departments of oratory. But for his various  
and profound knowledge, Burke would probably have been nothing  
more than a turgid and superficial declaimer.

But enough, and too much, perhaps, of preface and explanation. It  
is full time to proceed to sketch the outline of the plan, to which the at-  
tention of students in the college of Columbia, is again invited.

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#### LECTURES ON RHETORIC, AND EXERCISES IN ELOCU- TION, CRITICISM, AND COMPOSITION.

MR. OGILVIE proposes to deliver, in the college of Columbia, a  
course of *LECTURES* on Rhetoric, accompanied by occasional ex-  
ercises in criticism and composition, and constant exercises in elocution;  
provided two classes can be formed from amongst the students, on the  
terms which he is about to subjoin.

He wishes to form two classes; a Senior and a Junior class. The  
attention of the Senior class will extend to every part of the course.  
The attention of the Junior class will be confined to the exercises of  
elocution solely.

He will deliver two lectures every week, from the commencement  
to the expiration of the course, at        hours of  
Each lecture will occupy from an hour to an hour and a half. He will  
devote an hour and a half every evening to exercises in elocution.

Should the design he announces be carried into effect, his course  
of lectures, &c. will occupy four months, commencing on the first of  
March, and terminating on the last day of June.

At the expiration of the course, the trustees of the college, parents,  
and public, will be enabled to judge of the utility of the plan, and the

proficiency of his pupils, through the medium of a public examination and exhibition.

The number of the senior class cannot exceed twenty, nor fall short of twelve. The number of the junior class may be confined to twenty, or extend to fifty. He will not only be perfectly satisfied, that the number of the senior class should be limited to twelve, and that of the junior to twenty, but would prefer this limitation.

The pecuniary compensation which Mr. Ogilvie will expect to receive for his services, will be twelve dollars from every member of the senior, and six from every member of the junior class, to be paid at the expiration of the course.

To young persons, who look forward to pursuits or professions that call for the constant or occasional exercise of public speaking, Mr. Ogilvie cannot hesitate in believing, that the course which he proposes, will be eminently useful.

Mr. Ogilvie would deem it impertinent to expatiate on the importance of those studies and exercises, that impart a knowledge of the principles of rhetoric and skill in the exercise of elocution. Under a government permanently and essentially popular, their importance, like whatever else, is remarkably obvious, and extensively useful, has become proverbial. Under such a government, superior ability and skill in public speaking, necessarily becomes equally valuable, as an instrument of personal distinction and public usefulness. Engaged for the last six years in pronouncing specimens of oratory from the Rostrum, in all the principal cities, and in many of the smaller towns of the United States, Mr. Ogilvie is willing to indulge a hope that his exertions have had some tendency to promote the cultivation of oratory.

He is, however, fully aware that much more may be achieved by a systematic and persevering effort on a defined scale, than by transient impressions on an over-varying and widely extended surface. Whilst the design which he now announces, will supply a remedy for this radical defect in the pursuit in which he is now engaged, its influence may, in a limited time, be extended to every university in the United States.

Previous, however, to the repetition of this course, &c. in any other American university, he will probably accomplish his long projected, anxiously anticipated, and often delayed visit to Great Britain.

Should Mr. Ogilvie continue to enjoy tolerable health and spirits, it will be in his power, in conformity with the scheme he has adopted, to visit six or eight universities in six years.

Thus executed, an individual effort might be made to produce a permanent impression on the national character, a passion for the cultiva-

tion of oratory might be rooted in the minds of a considerable portion of that class of persons who, by having access in their youth to the benefits of liberal education, are destined to become the legislators, the instructors, and the ornaments of the community of which they are members, and transmitted from that class, to a still more numerous portion of their descendants. The hope of being instrumental in promoting the cultivation of oratory, in the American republic and of rendering oratory subservient to the noblest purposes of utility, beneficence, and generous ambition, of assisting any number of that portion of the rising generation, who are destined hereafter, by their virtues and accomplishments, to exalt the national character, and enlighten public opinion, the hope of achieving or of doing aught that may have a tendency to promote objects so valuable and noble, inspires, and will sustain, a lofty and generous enthusiasm, and will assuredly call forth all the energy which Mr. Ogilvie is capable of exerting. Such are the views and motives that influence him, in the formation, and will animate his efforts, in the execution of the design which he now announces.

Students in the college of Columbia, betwixt fifteen and eighteen years of age, who possess ingenuous and amiable dispositions, and are capable of close and persevering application, who look forward to legal or political pursuits, are earnestly and affectionately invited to become members of his senior class.

P. S. Every student who may be disposed to become a member of either of the proposed classes, had better, probably, consult his father or guardian; before he annexes his signature: the president and professor, he will of course consult.

Nothing can be more contrary to Mr. Ogilvie's wishes, than to induce the student to annex his signature, under the influence of sudden impression. It is therefore his wish, that no student should annex his signature, previous to his (Mr. Ogilvie's) departure from Columbia on Tuesday next.

Mr. Ogilvie will leave in the hands of a few of the students, (who may have the kindness to take charge of them) printed copies of his proposals, which can be, in due season, transmitted by post to Mr. Ogilvie in Charleston, with the signatures of such students, as after mature reflection and due consultation with their friends and instructors, may choose to become members of the two classes.

As close and persevering application will be expected from every member of either class, Mr. Ogilvie is peculiarly anxious that every student in becoming a member, should act with the most deliberate vo-

lition. Previous to his departure from Columbia, on Tuesday next, Mr Ogilvie will be happy to converse for a few minutes with such of the students, as may think of becoming members.

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### FINAL EXAMINATION AND EXHIBITIONS OF MR. OGILVIE'S SENIOR CLASS, IN THE COLLEGE OF COLUMBIA.

THE course of lectures on oratory which, Mr. Ogilvie undertook to deliver in the college of Columbia, will terminate on the 21st day of this month.

In executing this design, he has borne in mind what was due to its dignity and to his own pretensions. All that could be achieved by talents and attainments, such as his, within so short a period of time, has been achieved. His exertions have been indefatigable, and his enthusiasm has never for a moment flagged.

But visionary are the hopes, and abortive must be the labours of an instructor, if his pupils fail to catch his enthusiasm and second his exertions.

The young gentlemen who compose his senior class in the college of Columbia, *have* caught the enthusiasm and seconded the exertions of their instructor: their ardour, diligence, and perseverance deserve decided approbation.

Twelve years of his life, devoted with assiduity and zeal to the instruction of youth in Virginia, taught him to confide in the efficiency of that sort of moral discipline, that appeals to the liberal curiosity, to the generous ambition, the unsophisticated honour, and to the warm and trusting affections of ingenuous youth.

His confidence in the efficacy of this sort of discipline, and his conviction of its adaptation to the political institutions and national character of the American people, have been rather strengthened than impaired by the result of his labours in the college of Columbia.

In order to exhibit as fair and complete a specimen as possible of the proficiency of his pupils, his senior class will, on Monday the 26th, betwixt the hours of ten and twelve in the forenoon, undergo a public examination, embracing an analysis of all the elementary parts of the course of lectures which he has delivered.

The young gentlemen who compose his senior class will also pronounce original specimens of composition from the Rostrum; this exhibi-

tion will occupy three successive evenings; the evenings, the order of succession, and the theses, will be as follow:

<i>On</i>	<i>evening, at 7 o'clock.</i>
1 Moral analysis of Gray's Ode to adversity,	Mr. Baker.
2 On the utility of Public Libraries,	Mr. Bevan.
3 On Criticism,	Mr. Buist.
4 On Female Education,	Mr. Winston.
5 Character of Cicero,	Mr. Gourdin.
6 On Elocution,	Mr. Johnson.
7 On Ridicule,	Mr. Pickens.
8 On the benefits to be expected from a cordial co-operation of the Senior Students with their instructors, to discountenance and suppress immorality and vice,	Mr. M'Colough.

<i>On</i>	<i>evening, at 7 o'clock.</i>
1 On Glover's Leonidas,	Mr. Barker.
2 On Oratory,	Mr. Boylston.
3 On pulpit oratory,	Mr. Gilbert.
4 On honour,	Mr. Elliot.
5 On the importance of chemical science,	Mr. Porter.
6 On a passage from Telemachus;	Mr. Maxcy.
7 On patriotism,	Mr. Simmons.
8 Are friendship and patriotism compatible with justice?	Mr. Wardlaw.

<i>On</i>	<i>evening, at 7 o'clock.</i>
1 On a passage from Byron's Childe Harold,	Mr. Folker.
2 On politeness,	Mr. Mauger.
3 On free discussion,	Mr. Taylor.
4 On academic order,	Mr. Holloway.
5 On the press,	Mr. Bird.
6 On envy and emulation,	Mr. Inglesby.
7 On the pleasures of literature and sense,	Mr. T. Gourdin.
8 Valedictory address,	Mr. Smith.

## THE SOUTH-CAROLINA COLLEGE.

July 11, 1815.

Messrs. Fausts,

I INCLOSE for insertion, in your paper, communications from the faculty of this college, and from the standing committee of the trustees, in relation to Mr. Ogilvie's Lectures on Oratory. These communications contain a spontaneous and distinct expression (by those who had a full opportunity to judge of the character and tendency of his course) of the opinion they entertain of his ability to execute the arduous design he has undertaken, and of the success which has crowned his first effort for that purpose.

As Mr. Ogilvie proposes (after delivering, successively, in the principal cities of the United States, three discourses on oratory, from the Rostrum,) to repeat his course of lectures, in other American colleges, the insertion of the enclosed testimonies, in your paper, and their re-publication in other gazettes, will have some tendency to facilitate the execution of an enterprise not less splendid than useful. Can any reflecting and intelligent person, in any class of society, but in that class more particularly, who are engaged in the education of youth, be insensible to the advantages which would result from the success of a systematic and extended effort to promote the cultivation of oratory, as a branch of liberal education, in a country that presents so many peculiar incentives to the acquisition, and opportunities for the exercise of oratorical skill: in a society where public speaking, next to the press, is the most authentic organ of public opinion, and contributes perhaps more than the press to influence the public mind? Nor ought it to be forgotten, that in this instance, one of the first, perhaps the very first systematic effort, to promote the cultivation of oratory in modern times, (by uniting lectures on rhetoric with regular and elaborate exercises in elocution,) has been made by a man who devoted twelve years, with unwearied assiduity, to the instruction of youth in Virginia; who from the moment when he shut the door of his academy, and ascended the Rostrum, has given continued and unequivocal proofs, that his exertions were stimulated more by the glory of the enterprise, and by a desire to render himself useful, than by any prospect of benefit exclusively personal or pecuniary; who has the satisfaction of recollecting, that there is scarcely a literary or charitable institution in the United States, to which he has not rendered substantial services; who in passing from the Rostrum to the lecture room, at the very time when his

oratorical exhibitions were most popular and attractive, and voluntarily undertaking to deliver an original and elaborate course of lectures on oratory, for a pecuniary compensation, that fell short of the emolument arising from the delivery even of one of his orations, has founded his hopes of success, solely on the disinterestedness of his motives, and the utility of his exertions.

Mr. Ogilvie commenced his lectures in shattered health, and in a state of great bodily debility, yet such was his enthusiasm, that his exertions were strenuous and indefatigable from the first hour to the last. The man who professes to act, and does act, under the influence of motives thus liberal and expanded, has a solid and indisputable claim to the countenance and co-operation of every good citizen, of every real patriot. He has a right to that portion of public patronage, which is essential to the execution of his plans.

I am, very respectfully,  
your obedient servant,

JONATHAN MAXCY.

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#### THE SOUTH-CAROLINA COLLEGE.

July 3, 1815.

THE underwritten consider themselves as discharging a debt of justice, in submitting to the public the following statement, concerning the course of oratorical lectures lately delivered in this college by Mr. James Ogilvie.

On his arrival at this place, he communicated his wishes and intentions to the faculty and board of trustees, and an arrangement was immediately made to accommodate his system of instruction. A class of twenty, which was afterwards increased to nearly thirty, was formed out of the two highest classes belonging to the college. Mr. Ogilvie began his lectures in March, and continued them until the latter part of June. He gave lectures twice in each week, on Wednesday and Saturday. After each lecture, questions, the answers to which would involve the principal points which had been discussed, were delivered to the different members of the class. These questions they were required to answer in writing, exhibit to the lecturer at an appointed time, and submit them to his inspection and criticism. This proved a very useful exercise in composition. In order to render his instructions substantially useful, Mr. Ogilvie, during the whole course of his lectures, exercised the class three hours every day (except Saturday and Sunday) in declamations and recitations. Mr. Ogilvie's exer-

tions in this, as in all other parts of his course, were constant and indefatigable; and their salutary effects soon became visible, in the just, manly, and graceful delivery of his pupils. On every Wednesday evening exercises in elocution, and specimens of criticism were publicly exhibited in the college chapel. The audiences on these occasions were numerous and highly respectable; and constantly gave the most decisive evidences of their approbation.

At the close of his course on the last week in June, Mr. Ogilvie's class sustained a public examination on oratory; and on the two evenings entertained very crowded and brilliant audiences, with specimens of original composition. On all these occasions the proficiency of his pupils evinced the superior skill and ability with which they had been instructed. Though the attendance of the young gentlemen on Mr. Ogilvie's lectures was entirely voluntary, yet such was their conviction of his real ability to instruct them; and of the advantages to be derived from a comprehensive and brilliant display of elementary principles, enforced with all the energy of practical skill; that their industry, ardour, punctuality, and correct deportment were probably never exceeded in any college.

In order to excite general attention, and to attract national patronage, to a new, or neglected, art, no plan can promise better success than the delivery of a course of lectures, illustrating its utility successively, in the colleges of any civilized nation. This plan judiciously executed, would impart to the Rostrum some portion of that permanent and diffusive influence, which belongs to the press. The witty lines of Hudibras,

“ That all a Rhetorician’s rules,  
“ Teach only how to name his tools,”

cannot be applied to Mr. Ogilvie's lectures. He has attempted to teach the student how to use these tools with dexterity and energy. He has done more; he has dared to attempt the fabrication of more efficient tools. He has in fact commenced at the stage, where preceding lecturers have suspended their inquiries and speculations; and advanced a step farther, analysed the elementary principles on which the efficacy of oratory in all its departments essentially depends; and in the progress of his analysis, concentrated the light; which the present advanced state of mental philosophy, has shed upon oratory. His lectures, of course, are not confined to oratory alone, but develop those principles of the human mind which are intimately connected with philosophy, rhetoric, logic and ethics. This course of lectures constitutes

but a part of a more extensive and arduous undertaking, which aims at the accomplishment of the same object, and which, should Mr. Ogilvie recover sufficient health and vital energy, we trust, he will be able to execute. His mode of lecturing, we conceive, deserves peculiar attention. It is singularly calculated to awaken and keep alive curiosity; to exercise not only the faculties of intellect, but the best affections of the heart: This has been fully proved by his having been able to induce the class to exert their minds with unabated energy during three hours at every lecture. Nor ought we to overlook his substitution of a species of moral discipline that almost wholly supersedes any recurrence to authority or coercion, in his controul over the minds of his pupils; a species of discipline which we believe to be peculiarly adapted to the education of young persons, destined, in the maturity of life, to exercise the inestimable rights, which republican liberty secures and perpetuates. Nor does Mr. Ogilvie omit, in his lectures, any opportunity to inculcate the pure and sublime principles of christian ethics, and to illustrate the preeminent rank which pulpit oratory is entitled to claim, and which, under the auspices of a regulated and moral freedom, it may be expected to attain.

Mr. Ogilvie's purpose is noble and elevated; his object grand and patriotic. We most cordially wish him success in his splendid enterprise of reviving, in the United States, the noble art of oratory; and we hope that other literary institutions may share in the same advantages which his eminent talents, learning, and skill have conferred on this.

JONATHAN MAXCY, President.

THOMAS PARK, Ling. Prof.

B. R. MONTGOMERY, Mor. Phil. and Log. Prof.

E. D. SMITH, Chem. et Phil. Nat. Prof.

*Faculty  
of the  
College.*

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### THE SOUTH-CAROLINA COLLEGE.

July 7th, 1815.

Sir,

YOUR connexion with the South Carolina college, has now ended; but before you take your final leave of it, the standing committee are desirous of expressing to you their sense of the services you have rendered that institution.

The improvement of your pupils, is a sufficient evidence of the merit of your plan of instruction in oratory. This improvement has been rapid: perhaps we might add unexampled. The most superficial observer could not fail to be struck with it, in witnessing their public exhibitions: There were none amongst them who could not recite with justness and intelligence; and some seemed to have made considerable advances in the higher walks of impassioned eloquence.

But the improvement of the students under your care, has not been confined to mere manner and delivery; the original compositions they recited, were of a character far superior to what we have been accustomed to hear from persons of their age. There was a spirit and correctness in their manner, which showed that they were not mere automata; they evidently comprehended the sense, and felt the force of what they uttered.

To produce effects like these, it was necessary that the instructor should be laboriously attentive; and we know that your industry has been indefatigable. Mere industry on your part, however, though joined to the profoundest knowledge of the science you professed to teach, would have been of little avail, had you not possessed some means of producing corresponding exertions on the part of those instructed. And this is one of your peculiar merits. We have never known an instructor who possessed in an equal degree the talent of exciting the enthusiasm of his pupils. You have taught them to love the science in which they were instructed; and improvement must be the necessary consequence of such a disposition.

Nor is this spirit confined to the science in which the students of this institution have been instructed by you. You have excited amongst them a general enthusiasm for literature; an enthusiasm, which we flatter ourselves will produce effects permanently beneficial to the college and the country. In this view alone we should feel ourselves bound to acknowledge in the strongest terms, your merits and services towards the South Carolina college. With the best wishes for your individual prosperity, and the success of the plans you have formed for the public advantage,

We are, sir, your obedient servants,

H. W. DESAUSURE,  
ABM. NOTT,  
WM. HARPER,  
WALT. CRENSHAW,  
HENRY D. WARD,  
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Mr. Ogilvie.

*Columbia, South Carolina, July 7th, 1815.*

DEAR SIR,

HAVING lately resigned my office as Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, in this College, I cannot affix my name to the well-merited eulogium of the president and the professors. You will please, nevertheless, to accept, with theirs, my sentiments of approbation and esteem. You happily unite two branches of instruction, which in this country, are of inestimable importance, and which I have never before seen combined in the same person, either in Europe or America. The compositions of your pupils, delivered from the Rostrum, with grace, with ease and dignity, are calculated to amuse, to please, and to delight. But you have done more; your private lectures on Oratory, embrace the widely extended circle of science: they enlighten and they expand the human mind; they excite the ardour and the emulation of youth. You possess, in an eminent degree, the power of animating them to run a glorious race.

Permit me to wish you continued success, and to subscribe myself,

Your friend,

GEORGE BLACKBURN.

To JAMES OGILVIE, Esq.

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FROM THE SOUTHERN PATRIOT, CHARLESTON.

MR. OGILVIE'S METHOD OF TEACHING GEOGRAPHY  
AND GRAMMAR.

ON the forenoon of Friday, the 17th June, 1816, a respectable audience of ladies and gentlemen, attended the examination, in Geography and Grammar, of the class of young ladies, who had been, for a short time, under the instruction of Mr. Ogilvie. When Mr. O. first announced his intention of forming such a class, and promised, that from his method of teaching, they should learn more in one month, than they could learn, in the usual methods, in twelve months—considerable curiosity was excited, to know in what manner that promise would be performed. The experiment has now been fairly made and it certainly must be highly interesting to the public to know the result. If that result bears any proportion to the undertaking, and the principles, by which it has been attained, be easily communicated, and easily applicable, the introduction of these principles into the education of youth, would be conferring an inestimable gift upon posterity, and entitle the

man, by whom they were first employed, to the lasting gratitude of society. In his method of teaching Geography, Mr. O. has unquestionably been triumphantly successful. Some of the young ladies never had studied before, and by attending him for only a few hours, during the space of a month, they had acquired more knowledge of the science, than can be acquired, by the usual methods of teaching it, not in one month only, but, it is confidently believed, in one year. The knowledge acquired by this method, too, is much more firmly impressed upon the memory, and associated with a chain of ideas, which can scarcely be effaced.

The plan which he has adopted, is, in the highest degree, simple and perspicuous, easily applied, and undoubted in its efficacy. It depends upon the clearest principles of the understanding, and could be completely explained and communicated to an intelligent mind, in less than an hour.

The writer cannot now enter into a full exposition of the subject: But it is certainly very desirable that the enlightened instructors of youth, in Charleston, should make themselves acquainted with this method—and there can be but little doubt, that were they to make any application to Mr. O. respecting it, that gentleman's known philanthropy would induce him to afford every information which they might require.

In Grammar, the improvement made by the pupils of Mr. Ogilvie, though much beyond expectation, was not so striking as in Geography. The method of teaching it, which he has adopted, is, the writer believes, entirely original. There is, perhaps, no part of education so persevering and universally cultivated, or in which progress is so slowly made, as in Grammar. Few studies have more exercised the faculties, and tasked the abilities of men. What would, to a superficial observer, seem level to the capacities of all men, a thorough knowledge of their vernacular language, is only to be acquired by the most discriminating intellect—and it is questionable whether one in ten of the youths who leave our schools, or graduate at our colleges, has acquired a complete knowledge of this important branch of education. It may, indeed, be doubted, whether the modes at present employed in attempting to communicate this knowledge, are at all adequate to the task; and it is surely worthy of inquiry, whether, after the lights which have been, within these few years, thrown upon it—some more effectual method of teaching it, might not be adopted. Under this view of the subject, the writer is decidedly of opinion, that great as the merit of Mr. O. is, in the plan which he uses in teaching Geography, his method of teaching

Grammar is much more ingenious, and requires a much more intimate acquaintance with philosophy, to apply it with success—and he has scarcely a doubt but that, in a fair experiment, the advantages of his plan, in teaching Grammar, would be as evident, as were the advantages of his plan in teaching Geography. He, in a great measure, disregards the technical denomination of words, and much of the jargon of the schools, entirely derived from the learned languages, and much of which is, in all probability, unnecessary in them, and most certainly is cumbrous, and worse than useless in our language. The elaborate apparatus of syntactical rules, which some have thought so indispensable in teaching Grammar, he deems to be, so far as respects the English language, almost wholly unnecessary, and that they rather load the memory of the pupil with an accumulation of words, than convey any clear, intelligible ideas. This is a point on which there will possibly be a considerable difference of opinion. What we have ourselves acquired, with much labour and perseverance, we are unwilling to believe of little importance—and we can scarcely be brought to think opinions erroneous, which we have long considered as founded upon incontrovertible arguments. No physician, of the age of 40, alive when Harvey published his theory of the blood, ever became an acknowledged convert to his system. Abstract reasoning alone, (and this is the only proper mode of investigating it;) the very nature of our language, nearly destitute of concord and inflection, would perhaps settle this question in favour of Mr. O. But he is also supported in his opinion by the very high authority of Priestley and Johnson, the latter of whom expressly says of our language, “that its construction neither requires nor admits of many rules;” and accordingly four are all that he gives.

Mr. Ogilvie applies the luminous and profound speculations of Smith, and the discoveries of Tooke, to the explanation of the principles of Grammar; and his method is entitled to great consideration, as the first attempt to make the labours of these gifted and eminent men, directly subservient to the purposes of instruction. By this means, the pupil acquires a correct view of the origin and progressive improvement of language. Many of the most intricate questions in Metaphysics—, as, for example, the dispute between the Realists, the Conceptualists and the Nominalists, are incidentally introduced to the attention of the learner, and really settled, without his being acquainted with even the existence of the controversy.

The mind is trained to habits of reflection and analysis; and the study of Grammar in this method, is rendered in the highest degree in-

teresting, and prepares the pupil, by the best possible discipline, for the study of Logic and Metaphysics. Indeed, great progress will be made in both, without their names being even mentioned.

Unfortunately for this plan, it requires a highly cultivated intellect to carry it into execution. Few, very few, possess that luminous discrimination; that philosophical power of analysis, and accurate information, which is probably indispensable for its successful application: But the writer has no hesitation in declaring, that, in his opinion, it is incomparably superior to the common modes of instruction; and that the youth reared under such discipline, could scarcely fail of acquiring no ordinary share of mental sagacity. He is disposed to think the time allowed to himself by Mr. Ogilvie, for making his experiment in Grammar, much too short; and though the young ladies did display a considerable degree of improvement, and that improvement of a far higher kind than they could have made by the usual modes of instruction; yet he fears that Mr. O.'s plan cannot be immediately rendered useful. Many of the teachers of youth would themselves require to be taught—and that not superficially, but profoundly, before they could venture to undertake so arduous a task as that of teaching Grammar by this method: whilst, at the same time, he is thoroughly convinced, that the plan is perfectly practicable, and that, could it be universally adopted, it would be an improvement of the very highest order in education. But the improvement must begin at the fountains of knowledge, in our colleges, among professors of Grammar, Logic and Metaphysics.

#### A FRIEND OF YOUTH.

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The following observations were published, in consequence of a sudden reduction in the number of his auditors, during his second visit to the city of New York.

Hitherto, in announcing the orations he proposed to deliver, Mr. Ogilvie has confined himself to the use of language, the most simple and concise. He has scrupulously, and even fastidiously, avoided any expression, that could exhibit the semblance of artifice or ostentation: He has trusted exclusively to the impression which his orations, and the manner in which they are delivered, produce on the minds of the many intelligent and respectable persons, who have done him the honour to listen to them. In departing, on the present occasion, from

his accustomed style of notification, he pursues the course, which propriety appears to prescribe.

Divested of the charm of novelty, the pursuit in which he is now engaged can lay claim to the continuance of public patronage, only on the ground of its intrinsic utility and attractions. On this ground, Mr. Ogilvie willingly, and even gladly, rests its claim; and it affords him peculiar satisfaction that he has an opportunity of exhibiting its pretensions to utility, on the theatre where his success has been brilliant and animating.

The object of the pursuit which he has adopted is, the introduction of a new, an innocent, and an elegant amusement, uniting, in some degree, the pleasure afforded by theatrical representations, with the instruction derived from a philosophical lecture: an amusement, in which the deductions of reason, and the effusions of fancy, and feeling, may be embellished by the attractions of an appropriate and impassioned elocution: in which, the old and the young, the studious and the fashionable, the clergyman and the layman, may participate with equal satisfaction: in which, every variety of talent, whether for reasoning, wit, humour, pathos or ridicule, may be displayed with the most brilliant effect, and for the most beneficial purposes; an amusement calculated to excite, in young persons of both sexes, a lively taste for purer and more exalted pleasures, than such as spring from fashionable and expensive dissipation; an amusement, over which public opinion may exert so vigilant an inspection, so efficient a controul, as to preclude the possibility of its permanent perversion for pernicious purposes.

But it is not in the light of an amusement merely, that the pursuit in which Mr. O. is engaged ought to be viewed: It occupies an higher rank: It aspires, through the medium of amusement, “to raise the genius, and to mend the heart.”—It aspires to restore the Rostrum to that station from which so many causes have combined to degrade it, to open a new avenue, an ampler and more attractive field for the exhibition of all the powers of rhetoric, and for the revival and cultivation of the noble art, on which, in the opinion of Demosthenes, the energy of eloquence essentially depends: It aspires to establish a pursuit, in which eloquence necessarily becomes the advocate of virtue, and the adversary of vice, in which the orator dares not prostitute his talents for the purposes of venality or faction, in which the violation of his duty, or the desertion of his post, must be followed by an instant forfeiture of patronage and countenance. The more earnestly he reflects on the nature of his pursuit, the more clearly does he perceive

the valuable purposes to which it may be made subservient, especially at *this* time, and in *this* country.

Of all the modes, provided by nature, or invented by art, for awaking liberal curiosity, and imparting useful information, oral communication is confessedly the most forcible and attractive. Valuable ideas, thus conveyed, suggest useful reflections, through the medium of agreeable sensations, amuse the imagination, whilst they enlighten the understanding, are adapted to minds of every dimension, and blending imagery with argument, and embellishment with analysis; interest alike the indolent and the active mind; the man of reflection and the man of feeling; the votary of pleasure and the disciple of reason. The astonishing influence of philosophy, eloquence and amusive literature, on the taste, character and manners of the ancient Greeks, particularly the Athenians, was, perhaps, principally owing to the superior vivacity and attractions of oral communication, to that habit of solitary reading, which, in consequence of the invention of printing, and the multiplication of books, has been, in modern times, so widely extended. Not that he would, for a moment, overlook the transcendent utility of the press, or the vast superiority of reading, judiciously selected, and steadily pursued, to every other method, by which knowledge can be acquired. Books, from the facility with which they are multiplied and renewed, the immortality they impart to the discoveries of science, and the productions of genius, the infinite value of the matter they contain, and the cheapness of the form they assume, must always be the purest and most copious fountains of intellectual improvement.

The utility of books, however, must be, in a great measure, latent and prospective, until, by the dispersion of valuable libraries, the formation of philosophical societies, and above all, the extensive establishment of scientific schools, a taste for the attractions of literature, can be generally excited, and a conviction of the value of knowledge deeply rooted and widely diffused.

In a country, where from obvious causes, institutions of this sort have not yet been sufficiently multiplied and matured, the utility of those modes of communicating knowledge, that unite solid improvement, with immediate gratification, must surely be obvious to all. The charm of elocution, the vivid language and electrical influence of looks, tones and gestures, rouse the curiosity of innumerable minds, which, from natural or habitual indolence, the neglect of education, during their earlier years, or the want of elementary information, are unwilling to explore, or unable to comprehend, the methodical disqui-

sitions of science. In such countries, oral communication may be employed as a temporary substitute for the agency, and an auspicious harbinger for the introduction of more permanent and efficient institutions for the diffusion of knowledge.

Through this medium, the elementary truths of moral and political philosophy may be analyzed; the principles of speculative Ethics and practical morality illustrated; the vices that spring, not "from the rankness of oppression, but from the luxuriancy of freedom," may be successfully assailed; prevailing errors and immoralities may be arraigned before the tribunal of public opinion; in fine, through this medium eloquence is probably destined to recover and display the elevation and energy, the boldness and fervor, which characterized this noble art, in the glorious days of Greece and Rome. Recover! why not surpass? Do not the topics he has enumerated, afford ampler scope for the exhibition, and more animating motives, for the exertion, of all the powers of rhetoric and elocution, than those which exercised the ingenuity of ancient orators, and agitated the passions of their auditors?

Such is the nature, and such are the objects of the pursuit in which Mr. O. is engaged. To indulge a hope, or insinuate an expectation, that he possesses abilities or attainments adequate to the execution of a plan, so novel in its nature, so vast in its extent, so various in its objects, would betray a degree of arrogance and weakness, of which he would anxiously avert the imputation. He does not indeed indulge so presumptuous a hope, so weak an imagination. To execute this plan, in all its extent, variety and grandeur, demands the combined and successive efforts, of confederated minds. But such a succession and combination of efforts must commence.

Mr. Ogilvie has commenced, and conscious of the purity of the motive by which he is governed, encouraged by the success which has hitherto crowned his exertions, and convinced of the utility of his pursuit, he is determined to persevere. It is his deliberate and determined purpose, to devote the prime of his life, and the maturity of his mind, to the prosecution of the design he has undertaken. The errors into which he may be involuntarily betrayed, by temerity, or inexperience, he will acknowledge, and endeavour to correct: Liable as he is, both from temperament and habit, to sudden vicissitudes of energy and apathy, of inspiring hope and cheerless dejection; unexpected difficulties and disappointments may disconcert, but cannot divert him from the prosecution of his design. Solitary, and unaided by every sort of factitious patronage, as his exertions are, he is contented to rest his hopes of success, solely, on the impression which his orations, and

the manner in which they are delivered, produce on the minds of the intelligent and respectable persons who may listen to them.—“He could not, if he would,” and assuredly he would not, if he could, rest his hopes of success on any other foundation, or look for aid from any other auxiliary. In the orations he delivers, he will scrupulously avoid the discussion of any subject, calculated to excite party animosities. Topics connected with taste, with ethics, with political economy, with education and practical morality, afford ample scope, and admirable materials for the purposes of oratory.

The illustration of these topics, must be alike interesting to intelligent persons of both sexes, and of all denominations. On these, the orator may speculate with independence, and speak with sincerity. Such have been the selected subjects of the orations which Mr. Ogilvie has heretofore delivered, and such will be the subjects of those he proposes hereafter to compose and deliver. In the progress of an extensive excursion through the principal cities of the United States, he has delivered orations, on *Happiness, Duelling, Gaming, Suicide, Education, Beneficence, Luxury, The Progress of Civilization, Public Libraries and War.*

In none of the cities which Mr. Ogilvie has visited, was his success more flattering than during his former visit to New York; in none, was he indebted for this success so exclusively to the impression produced by his orations on the minds of his auditors; and in none, did he evince, with a sensibility more awakened, or in a manner more unequivocal, that he valued success, principally as it had a tendency to enlarge the sphere of his usefulness.

## ERRATA.

ALTHOUGH the author has been anxiously attentive, and he believes unusually assiduous, in correcting the proof-sheets of this volume; although he has spared no possible pains, he is painfully conscious that the errors are unusually numerous.

Amongst the many unanswerable arguments that may be urged to prove, that the notion of perfectibility is of all the visions of an undisciplined imagination, the most visionary; the acknowledged impossibility of acquiring dexterity and skill in any of the arts and employments, manual or mental, of civilized man, without practice; is perhaps the most striking and satisfactory.

Knowledge is power: as knowledge is increased, our ability to do good or avert evil, to enjoy or impart happiness, to avoid, alleviate, or endure misery, is increased also: As knowledge is increased too, it is simplified in its processes, and becomes more compendious in its methods: Its acquisition consequently is facilitated, its circulation is at once *accelerated* and *extended*, and its beneficent applications and uses are multiplied and diversified, whilst the abuse and misapplication of the *power* which it confers, are counteracted and corrected.

All this is true; and these truths are grand, sublime, and ineffably consoling, animating, and even inspiring. The man who perceives not the evidence, who feels not the sublimity and inspiration, of these truths, is such only in form and by name: Of the true dignity of human nature, he *can* know nothing.

But it is true, also, not only that dexterity and skill in the practical application and use of knowledge can be obtained solely, but that the very knowledge which is proverbially and pre-eminently most essential to happiness; (to the performance of our personal and social duties,) can be acquired solely by personal experience; by the actual repetition of the identical process and operations, by which such dexterity, skill, and knowledge were originally obtained and acquired.

## ERRATA.

Such dexterity, skill, and knowledge, can neither be transmitted from the ancestor to his descendants, from the parent to his children; nor transferred by any conceivable improvement in the art of education, (without time and toil,) from the instructor to his pupils.

An experienced mathematician, may communicate in two years, to a young man of good talents, and capable of severe application, all that is most valuable in the mathematical science, which the human mind has been toiling to attain during successive millenniums, and by the combined and successive exertions of millions of gifted intellects: But, in building a ship or a house, in fabricating a nail or a pin, in constructing a press, or correcting a proof-sheet, every succeeding artist must repeat the very movements and operations, and can acquire practical dexterity and skill, solely by repeating the very movements and operations, by which such dexterity and skill were originally acquired.

No sage at fifty years of age, however profound his wisdom, or persuasive his eloquence, can impart the results of his wisdom, his self-command, prudence, and knowledge of the world, to a young man of twenty-five.

These observations will, he trusts, convey to liberal minds, an apology for the unusual number of typographical errors in this volume.

A few of these errors are noticed in the following list:—

In page xiii, line 22, read *the orbs*.

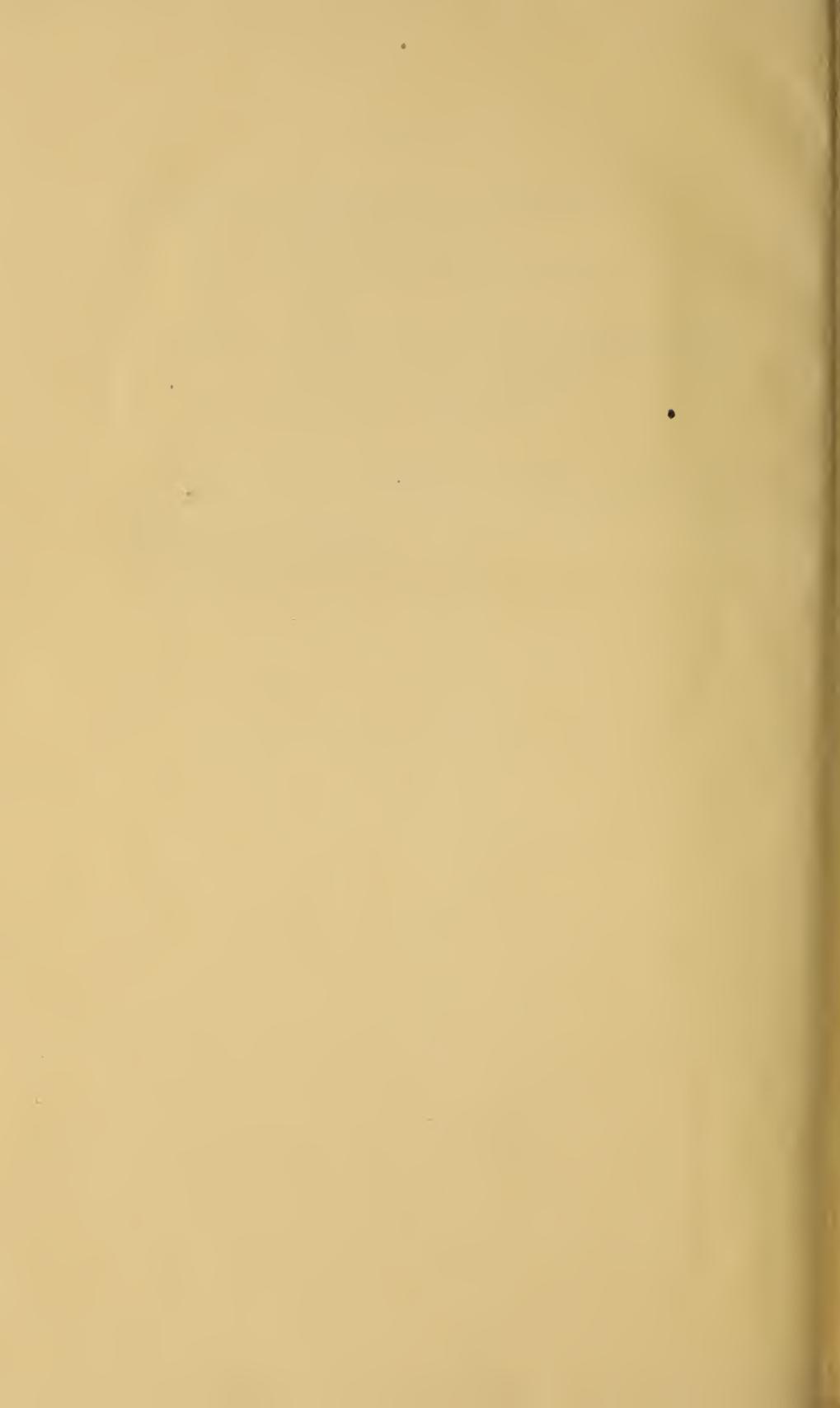
- 35,      18, omit *the*, before *events*.
- 54,      13, for *human*, read *manual*.
- 57,      1, for *divisible*, read *indivisible*.
- 57,      19, for *theatre*, read *arena*.
- 60,      6, for *defined and definition*, read *explained and explanation*.
- 64,      3, from the bottom, for *phenomena*, read *phenomenon*.
- 77,      2, for *interspersed*, read *interposed*
- 78,      11 and 12, omit the words, *a series of*.
- 78,      18, for *preserves*, read *preserve*.
- 96,      19, omit the words, *the most genial element and*.

## ERRATA.

- In page 105, line 6, read *as the individuals who compose*.
- 109, 24, for *could*, read *can*.
- 175, 13, for *faces*, read *face*.
- 177, 8, after the word *reach*, read, *of their natural attraction*.
- 184, 11, read after *merely in*, &c.; or omit the words, *not for deficiency merely in, but often for the total exclusion of*, and substitute, *for the negation of*.
- 241, 15, read, *grew*, in place of *grow*.

 The reader is respectfully requested to "remember to forget," the incongruous jumble of metaphors in the fourth, fifth, and sixth paragraphs of page xiiith.—Laugh at it, young reader; it is truly ludicrous.







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